FEB 27 1929

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MARCH, 1929
Volume XLVI, Number 3

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

10 Cents

By subscription $1.00. In the United States and in Canada

"Rules 'n' regulations"... *now turned into play*

New ways of guidance that many mothers are using

Miriam Finn Scott, author of "How to Know Your Child," and "Meeting Your Child's Problems"

"There's a game for teaching almost every habit to children," says Miriam Finn Scott

FROM the moment little feet thud on the floor in the morning till they go to bed at night—how busy their owners are! Impatient of everything that interrupts the one important business—play.

But there are ways, now, by which mothers can use this very spirit of play to form lasting habits.

"Open the vast mine which contains the new riches of play," says Miriam Finn Scott, renowned psychologist and author. "There's a game for teaching almost every habit to children."

For instance, you want right habits of eating to become second nature. Particularly breakfast habits. A series of school tests has shown this arresting fact: children are definitely handicapped, at work and at play, unless they start their day with a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. Over 70,000 teachers have hung this rule on their classroom walls:

"Every boy and girl
needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Mothers are apt to feel their duty so strongly that they are sometimes too earnest at the breakfast table. They may even let anxiety creep into their voices when they talk about hot cereal.

Then children resist. They believe they don't like Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever *hot, cooked* cereal is served them. But what they really don't like is the dead seriousness of the whole business.

One of the ways to change all this is a children's club—called the H. C. B. After a mother has sent for free membership for her children she needn't do anything else—except cook the hot cereal!

Youngsters respond with enthusiasm to the play material of this club. Brightly colored posters, glittering gold stars, shiny badges. All free, sent direct to the child. They love the game and soon they love their cereal too.

Let your youngsters play the H. C. B. game. Your own day will be brighter when you see them eagerly spooning up their Cream of Wheat. Send the coupon in today.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Recommended for 32 years by leading authorities

Authorities on child health have for 32 years recommended Cream of Wheat as ideal. Here are three of their reasons:

1. *It is rich in mental and physical energy—all real food.*
2. *Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and easy to digest, for it contains none of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain.*
3. *Raisins, dates, or prunes, easily added while cooking, vary its creamy goodness.*

Make this a habit with your children—a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.

FREE—*the plan that works wonders*

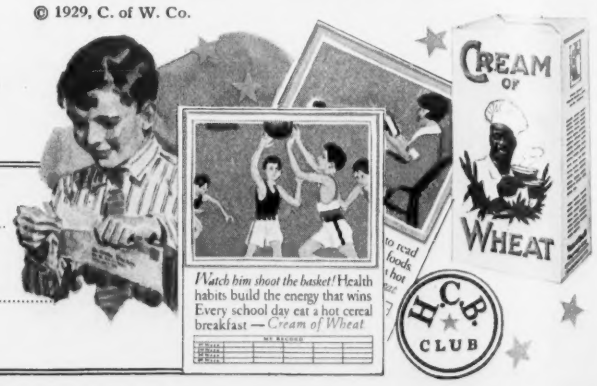
A *PLAN* that arouses your children's interest in *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngsters' club with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children together with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Just mail coupon to Dept. B-34, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

© 1929, C. of W. Co.

Name of child.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....


CREAM OF WHEAT
H.C.B. CLUB
Watch him shoot the basket! Health habits build the energy that wins Every school day eat a hot cereal breakfast — Cream of Wheat

We Are More Lazy than we like to admit

One thing we didn't like . . . you had to wind it.

MAYBE it isn't laziness so much as the fact that we Americans are accustomed to modern conveniences. We press a pedal and a mechanical hand cranks our motor-cars. We turn a switch and an electric cleaner takes the dirt out of our rugs, with a minimum of effort. It's really an electrical age, as Bert says.

One thing we didn't like about our old talking-machine was that you had to wind it. Sometimes you would forget to wind it and it would die like a sick calf in the middle of a piece. Then, again, you were always getting up and down to change records. We decided that if Victor ever brought out an Orthophonic Victrola that was *automatic*, we would buy it . . . provided, of course, we felt we could afford it.

Well, that's just what happened. We have an Automatic Orthophonic Victrola and I want to tell you the thing is positively uncanny! You simply put on an armful of records, press a button, and listen to a continuous program of your favorite music. It puts the records on, plays them and sets them aside . . . you don't have to touch it after starting it. Nothing to do but sit down and enjoy it. Bert says it does everything but think. (I'm not so sure it can't do *that!*)

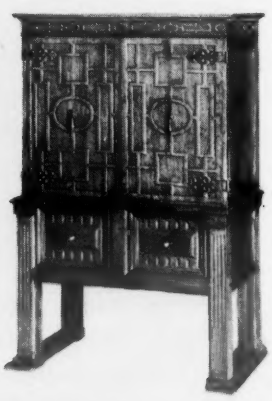
We Americans are accustomed to modern conveniences.

You'd think an instrument like ours would cost thousands of dollars. Well, it was only $365 . . . and our local Victor dealer allowed us to pay even this in small monthly amounts. You doubtless know how faithfully the Orthophonic Victrola reproduces music. Just think of having this, *plus* a mechanism that changes the records for you! We wouldn't part with it for love nor money. I mean, it's really marvelous.

The thing is positively uncanny!

Model Nine-fifty-four plays record-music electrically, with volume that may be adjusted. It changes its own records. In addition, it is the new Radiola Super-Heterodyne with the wonderful non-fading compensator. See it!

Model Nine-fifty-four is, without a doubt, the world's most comprehensive musical instrument. It gives you *everything* in entertainment. Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.



Model Nine-fifty-four. Victor Automatic Electrola Radiola—$1350, list, with Radiotrons.

The Automatic Orthophonic Victrola

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

SLEEPING HOURS BRING *fresher beauty* after this simple bed-time care

For 8 hours of the 24, your skin should have a quiet, unhurried beauty-treatment. Luckily, these 8 hours can be your sleeping hours. And the treatment can be given by the beauty-workers *in your skin*.

In your skin are marvelous little glands of oil and moisture which nature put there to keep your complexion soft and smooth and cool as a flower petal. During your waking hours these little glands struggle with clogging soot and dust, with the cream you use for protection and the powder and rouge you use for beauty's sake.

But—at night? *Then*, they can and should be free to create the next day's loveliness. But alas, too often, they are compelled still to struggle on with tiny unremoved particles of dirt, or traces of soiled cold cream left behind in the pores. What wonder that morning complexions are often duller and older-looking than they should be?

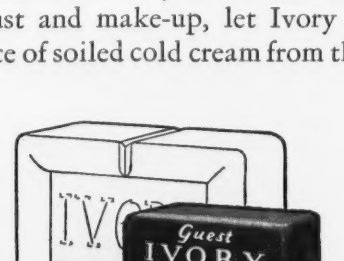
For a fresher,
more wideawake complexion

Ivory-cleansing can set free the tiny beautifiers in your skin. If you use cold cream to soften dust and make-up, let Ivory remove every trace of soiled cold cream from the pores before you go to sleep—this is important.

The pure Ivory lather—clear, foamy as a cloud, without the slightest greasy "feel"—goes down into the pores. Then on its flood of buoyant bubbles it carries away all the deep-in soil—very gently; and lets nature's beautifiers do their refreshing work unhindered to make your skin younger and more radiant than it was the evening before.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different skins? For hair, hands, figures? The 'why' of wrinkles." Send a post card for "On the Art of Being Charming" to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VJ-39, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY 

SOAP

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

. . . kind to everything it touches · 99 44/100 % Pure · "It floats"

THE PRICE *of the* HOME JOURNAL

PUBLISHED once a month. 10 cents the copy from all newsdealers. By subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain, Uruguay and Venezuela, $1.00 the year. Remit by U. S. money order, express money order, check, or by draft payable in U. S. funds.

To Canada, by subscription, $1.00 the year—Canadian or U. S. funds. Single copies, 10 cents. A shilling *anywhere in England.*

To Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, postpaid, $2.50 the year, remittance to be by postal or express money order or by draft payable in U. S. funds.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
(THE HOME JOURNAL)
THE FAMILY MAGAZINE OF AMERICA
Registered in the United States Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President*
GEORGE H. LORIMER, *First Vice-President*
JOHN B. WILLIAMS, *Second Vice-President*
WALTER D. FULLER, *Second Vice-President and Secretary*
PHILIP S. COLLINS, *Second Vice-President and Treasurer*
FRED A. HEALY, *Advertising Director*

LORING A. SCHULER, *Editor*
EMILY KIMBROUGH WRENCH, CHESLA C. SHERLOCK, DOROTHY C. MILLS, MILLICENT YACKEY, PAMELA COYNE, STUART O. BLYTHE, *Associate Editors*

Copyright, 1929 (trade-mark registered), by The Curtis Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain. London Offices, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. All rights reserved. Entered as second class matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Columbus, O., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., San Francisco, Cal., Seattle, Wash., Houston, Tex., Des Moines, Ia., Los Angeles, Cal., St. Louis, Mo., Saginaw, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Portland, Ore., Louisville, Ky., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Young Mrs. Greeley

A New Novel

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrated By George Wright

"WELL, HONEY," HE SAID, CHUCKLING HAPPILY, "I GOT THROUGH IT SOMEHOW AND I DIDN'T GET SHOT!" BUT STELLA RESPONDED TO HER HUSBAND THUS: "YOU OUGHT TO'VE BEEN!"

THE Warwicke Armes was almost exactly like the other apartment houses that stood in a row at the suburban end of the new Lincoln Boulevard. All of them were great flat-faced cubes rigidly honeycombed into cells; the cells were all of about the same size, all subdivided in the same manner, all decorated—if the leasing agents' enticement was true authority—in the same "Olde Englysshe Style"; and they were all called by the same name, "kitchenette apartments." We need find no very startling evidence for telepathy, then, in the fact that at one time or another almost every woman living in the Warwicke Armes and its kindred cubes likened those buildings to a row of beehives, and, pleased with herself for the simile, wondered if her husband's intellect could ever be lifted to the true appreciation of a poetic mind. Mrs. Henry Hedge, of Number 42 on the fourth floor of the Warwicke Armes, gave her husband many opportunities to display this kind of appreciation, although he was nearing forty and after twelve years of marriage—she had really given up his intellect.

"It came to me in the night again," she said one summer morning at breakfast. "It comes to me again and again, Henry."

HER tone was wistful and a little melancholy; so was her expression; but Mr. Hedge, a thin, patient-looking man, always somewhat preoccupied with his own thoughts, made only a mechanically courteous sound of interest.

"Thasso?" he murmured, and with care placed a fresh slice of bread in the electric toaster upon the white-painted metal table at which they sat. "Thasso, Aurelia?"

"I woke up thinking it," she said dreamily. "It was about halfway between midnight and dawn, I judged, and you were snoring of course; but it was the idea that woke me up, not the noise you were making. I lay there in the dark, going over it and over it, Henry, and if I hadn't been afraid of disturbing you I'd have got up and written it down."

"Thasso?" her husband murmured again; and she too easily perceived that she failed to win his attention. Naturally he heard what she said and upon challenge he could have repeated it, as she knew by experience; but he was not really listening to her; he was thinking of something else. Moreover, this absent manner of his had long since become habitual with him whenever she talked; but she was never reconciled to it.

She sighed heavily, and her voice became plaintive. "I wonder what it would seem like to live with a man who entered into some companionship of thought with me; I do wonder what just one day of that would seem like!"

Her husband's mild glance, still preoccupied, rose momentarily from his toast to her face. "You mean you were thinking some more about beehives, Aurelia?"

"In the night," she said. "It comes over me oftenest then. I wake up and lie there thinking and thinking about it while you go on snoring and not caring whether I'm alive or dead. I get the feeling like I'm trapped by life—trapped in a row of beehives!"

"'S too bad," he said, speaking into his coffee cup. Then, as he lowered it from his lips, he added, "Bees wouldn't trap anybody though, Aurelia."

"You'll never understand," she informed him. "You never have understood and you never will. It's so strange! I'm living my life out in a cell in a row of beehives and when I wake up and think of it like I did last night it seems to me I'll just go crazy!"

"It does?" he said, not alarmed. "What's wrong?"

"Beehives!" She sighed more profoundly and shook her head. "All these flats just exactly like this one—all of 'em with exactly the same maroon in the furniture and rugs, the same beds that fold up behind false doors, the same hardwood floors, the same kind of linoleum in the kitchenette, the same records for the phonograph, the same programs every night on the radio ——"

"WHOA up!" Mr. Hedge interrupted, showing suddenly a little interest. "They don't have to get the same program if they're willing to take a little pains. I got WPY tuned out last night with no trouble at all, and after that I got seven stations in different parts of the country, some of 'em hundreds of miles away. I got WAP and ZOR and ——"

"Oh, dear!" his wife sighed. "You just don't know!"

"I just don't know what?"

"You don't know what I'm talking about, Henry. You never do, for that matter, and I don't know why I still go on expecting that some day you will." Mrs. Hedge's melancholy increased; she uttered a sigh louder than those preceding it, and returned to poesy. "Just poor driven bees in hives, that's all we are!"

"YOU DON'T BELIEVE THE CORNFLOWER EYES HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT," AURELIA INTERRUPTED ARCHLY

"'Driven?' I don't see how we're driven exactly, Aurelia."

"Don't you?" Mrs. Hedge shook her small brunette head in an expressive way she had. "I wish I could ever find time to write down my thoughts, or else could find somebody to write them down for me as I have them. If some good writer could just take down my thoughts and put them into a book I believe it would make a fortune."

"You mean your thoughts about beehives, Aurelia?" her husband inquired; but his tone was respectful and he had no satiric intention.

"Yes; but that's only a little. I have thoughts I don't believe anyone else ever had since the world began."

"What like?" he asked politely but somewhat mechanically, for she had often said this to him.

Aurelia shook her head again. "You wouldn't understand, Henry. You don't even understand about the beehives. You don't understand how shut in and bound down by life I feel when that thought comes over me. I'm just one driven bee in this terrible row of giant beehives."

Henry had an impulse to question the word "driven" again; he was vaguely conscious that it disturbed her metaphor; but he was wiser in not pressing the point, and said nothing.

"Just driven bees," Aurelia repeated sadly. "Bees, bees, bees, bees!"

SHE meant the commonly known honeybees, immemorial models of communal industry; and thus her metaphor failed upon another point of accuracy. She should have had in mind the mason bee; for to that more selfish insect the resemblance of dwellers in the Warwicke Armes was clear. The mason bee lives in a community but not for it; she repels intrusion upon her own cell but shows no distress when that of her neighbor is raided or even destroyed; she does not love her neighbor; she stores no honey for the general treasure; and all her sweetness is spent upon herself.

Aurelia Hedge and the other ladies of the Warwicke Armes were unacquainted with the entomological studies of M. Fabre or they might have come upon his passage concerning the mason bee and improved the shining hour by meditation upon their greater likeness to that individualist than to the more generous Little Busy Bee they had in mind. The further conversation of Mrs. Hedge, this morning at breakfast, proved how little of her honey was for the inhabitants of the other cells about her.

"Of course they're all talking about it," she said abruptly, after a pause.

"About bees?" her husband asked, a little surprised.

"No. Don't be such a dumb-bell! About our getting left on the dump heap like this."

"Dump heap?" He looked up a little testily. "I don't think much of that way of putting it, Aurelia. I'm making just as good a living for you as I ever did, I guess! We're no worse off than we were before, are we? Just because Bill Greeley gets a rise I don't see that we have to look at ourselves as being on the dump heap."

"Don't you?"

"No, I certainly don't," he returned stoutly. "Bill Greeley's made the best record in the business that ever went on the N. K. U. books; he's actually a commercial genius, and the Big Boss knows darn well that the best thing the N. K. U. can do is to put Bill way up. Bill's made good in every rise he's had and, what is more, everybody in the whole N. K. U. likes him and pretty soon they'll all realize that he's entitled to this big lift to the top. Bill Greeley gets along with every man that's under him; he never puts on any airs with anybody, yet he knows how to make things hum! That's another reason the Big Boss has lifted him again and ——"

Mrs. Hedge took the word from his mouth. "And passed him over your head!"

"Well, what of it? I haven't lost anything and Bill deserves it. I'm not demoted just because he's promoted, am I?"

"Aren't you?" she asked bitterly. "He's left you behind in the race, hasn't he? You got him his job with the N. K. U. and at first you had him under you. He passed you long ago; but from now on you and everybody else take his orders, don't you? He's got that to crow over, hasn't he?"

"Oh, look here!" Henry said; and he had become irritated. "Bill Greeley isn't crowing over anybody."

"Well, his wife is. Stella's crowing, isn't she?"

"I didn't see a sign of it when we talked to them last night—not in either of 'em. Naturally they're glad about it and she's proud of the showing Bill's made and delighted that the Big Boss appreciates his worth. Who wouldn't feel that way? I did myself. They're nice people and they're our best friends and I'm mighty glad to see them getting on in the world."

"At our expense?"

The irritation of Mr. Hedge was increased by this question. "Listen!" he said sharply. "It isn't at our expense or anybody else's expense. We're doing just as well as we ever did. My salary isn't lowered by Bill Greeley's getting lifted. You act to me like you just couldn't stand seeing friends of ours grow more prosperous than we are. Honestly, it seems to me like you're simply jealous, Aurelia."

SHE looked at him for a moment with the air of one too proud to make any defense against so low an accusation; then she rose and began to remove the breakfast dishes to the kitchenette. Her husband watched her gloomily; but, after a little while, went to a closet for his hat and prepared to depart for his place of business. At the door he paused.

"Honestly," he said, "that's the way you act, looks to me, Aurelia."

She made no reply other than that conveyed by a proud, hurt glance; then she turned her back to him, busying herself with the dishes. Upon this, Mr. Hedge sighed, opened his mouth to speak again, thought better of it, and went forth. She turned sharply to the closed door.

"That's a nice idea to have of your wife!" she whispered fiercely.

But in truth Mr. Hedge's idea of his wife's emotion was not so far afield. To be surpassed by a protégé and to bear with grace such a surpassing, no small generosity of soul is needed; Aurelia Hedge was not gifted with that amount of generosity, and Stella Greeley had been her protégé. When the Greeleys, a younger couple and newly wedded, had come up from a small town, they had been in straits for a time, until Henry Hedge, a distant cousin of the frightened bride, Stella, persuaded the National Kitchen Utensils factory manager to give young Greeley a trial in an unimportant position at a more unimportant salary. Aurelia had taken Stella under her wing and had kept her there during the years of the young husband's steady rise. The reversal of that position appeared unendurable; but it had to be faced, for now Greeley had been appointed factory manager and Henry Hedge was still an assistant in the "distribution department"—the same position he had occupied when he brought his young friend into the business.

AURELIA was melancholy as she washed the dishes in the kitchenette sink. When the Hedges, followed obediently by the Greeleys, had moved into the new apartment house, she had been a well-satisfied young woman. She had regarded the Warwicke Armes as a "step up" in fashion and in luxury and in brightness of living. Moreover, this ascent had been accompanied by another: She had persuaded Henry to sell their hardy but cheap little automobile and to replace it with a used sedan of a more important appearance. In such a vehicle a lady living at the Warwicke Armes could be imagined as driving forth to tea at even the ponderous stone house of the Big Boss, Mr. Milton Cooper. Aurelia had day dreams, picturing herself in action among the important commercial personages who to her view moved upon the highest summit of the city's social range. Her indulgent fantasy reached its topmost pleasure when she imagined herself returned from one of Mrs. Milton Cooper's intimate dinners and sweeping into the Greeley's beehive cell to tell Stella all about it.

The fantasy was benevolent toward the protégé: "When the gentlemen had gone into the marble smoking room for their coffee, I took Laura Cooper to one side and had a private talk with her," Aurelia day-dreamed on, continuing the imaginary narrative to her friend. "I told her a lot of nice things about you and Bill. 'Look here, Laura,' I said. 'The Greeleys are regular people; they're really our own kind. They've never seen the inside of your house. Look here, Laura,' I told her,' Stella Greeley is just about the nicest little

woman in the whole N. K. U. outfit and she wouldn't be any more liable to commit a social error in this house than you or I would ourselves. I absolutely know she'd be awf'ly congenial and I'm going to bring her here to afternoon tea tomorrow—just us three—so you can get real acquainted with her. And then you're going to ask her to the very next one of these intimate small dinners you give. I absolutely insist upon it, Laura.' That's what I told her, Stella, and of course when I put it that way she was perfectly sweet about it and said if I liked you she knew she'd like you too."

Pleasing fancies of this kind were no longer possible for Aurelia; it was much more probable that the wife of the new factory manager of the N. K. U. would some day address Mrs. Cooper as "Laura" than that Mrs. Henry Hedge ever would; and Aurelia's melancholy, this morning in her beehive cell, was not sweetened by that realization. Her little friend Stella was gay in the cell directly under foot; through the floor of Aurelia's kitchenette there came faintly the sound of jazz pulsated by radio. Stella was probably dancing in and out of her own kitchenette just below.

"Upstart!" Aurelia murmured. Then she sighed heavily as she thought of her husband and wondered how it had ever come about that she was married to a dull and plodding drudge.

II

AURELIA was unfortunate within herself. At thirty-four, a fresh-colored small brunette, she had still a piquant prettiness of face; she was graceful and shapely, and she was mistress of the little personal art of dressing herself to display her shapeliness becomingly. She could drive an automobile; she danced well and cooked capably out of cans. She had not read a book of any kind for several years; newspapers bored her, except for their Sunday supplements; she sometimes bought a fashion magazine or one of the specialized periodicals concerned with motion pictures; but there her reading ended. A month before her wedding, when she was eighteen, she had graduated from the high school of the little town where she and Henry lived until they moved to the city; but Aurelia could not have passed any of the first-year examinations in that high school now. She had no interest at all in anything that affects general mankind unless she clearly saw how it affected herself; her mind was like a little sand pile under a sieve; whatever was of any weight or size was rejected by the sieve and only the tiniest and most inconsequent particles came through. In the supplements she eagerly read the names of ladies who had subscribed for boxes at charity concerts, women probably never to be of her acquaintance; but for Aurelia columns concerned with war in China might as well have been printed in Chinese. So might political columns, scientific columns, musical columns, literary columns and columns devoted to history or discovery; Aurelia's eye glazed itself at sight of them and passed to "Beauty Hints." She spent several hours of every week at a "Beauty Shoppe" where her dark hair was curled, her face kneaded, oiled and pinked, and every finger nail made into a rosy little mirror. She liked to see the tiny bright glistenings of her nails when she gestured, and was often preoccupied with them rather than with her cards when she played bridge. She took a lesson in bridge once a week but fatigued her mind with no other studies.

Sometimes she said she wished she could "find the time for French or music or something"; and she frequently complained that she was "rushed to death." Henry always lunched at the N. K. U. restaurant; they dined three times a week at the cafeteria of the Warwicke Armes, and on the evenings when they had dinner in their apartment not much more than an hour was needed for the preparation of the meal, eating it and washing the dishes.

HENRY used the trolley cars to go to the factory and return, leaving the sedan at the Warwicke Armes garage for Aurelia. Almost every morning she drove downtown, left the car in a hired parking space, and walked to a department store, taking note of her reflection in all the plate-glass show windows on the way. In the store, she might spend an hour pricing things and perhaps matching a shred of silk, buying a pair of stockings or a small vial of perfume or a box of scented powder. Then she would hurry to keep an engagement to lunch indigestibly with Stella Greeley at a confectioner's.

"My dear!" Aurelia would exclaim, "I'm half dead with shopping!" Then, if it didn't happen to be one of the days for hairdressing, manicuring and facial beautifying, they would go to the movies and stay until after five; and in the evening they would persuade their husbands to take them to a movie where there was dancing for the patrons.

Stella Greeley, four years younger, and following her leader's example—as she usually did in everything—formed the habit of saying, "I do wish I could find time to take French or music or something!"

III

STELLA'S radio was still loudly jazzing that morning, when Aurelia came into the Greeleys' apartment; but Stella was no longer dancing in and out of the kitchenette, as her friend had correctly pictured her. Instead she sat at a dressing table, combing and brushing her short and wavy bright fair hair. The pale-blue blouse and straw-colored skirt she intended to wear lay upon a chair near by; and the fact that she wore no wrapper in this interval of dressing, but sat before her mirror almost unclad, produced an effect somewhat irritating upon her friend.

Aurelia had long ago realized that this younger woman was beautiful "in a big blonde way"—thus Aurelia qualified the beauty and she frequently added another qualification by thinking of Mrs. Greeley as a "beautiful dumb-bell." The dumb-bell was not so dumb, however, as to be unaware of the beauty; indeed Stella was often provokingly fatuous about it, and this was not the first time Aurelia had found her enjoying a mirror's ample revelations of loveliness.

"Caught her at it again!" was the visitor's thought—not quite a fair one, since Stella had voluntarily stretched forth an arm to the door, close beside the dressing table, as soon as she recognized the voice asking admittance. But her very willingness to be "caught," so to speak, was productive of additional irritation in Mrs. Hedge; it seemed to imply that Stella's satisfaction with the mirror was visibly so warranted that it would be shared by a female friend. The female friend in question gave no outward sign that it wasn't.

"Stella Greeley!" she exclaimed. "You certainly are the most gorgeous looking thing in this town! If I had just about a tenth of your looks I know where I'd be!" She crossed the room, snapped off the radio and seated herself upon the maroon-colored sofa. "I wouldn't be living in any kitchenette apartment I tell you!"

"Wouldn't you?" Mrs. Greeley said, cheerfully interested. "Bill and I were talking that over last night after you and Henry'd left. Bill asked me if I'd like something bigger, or maybe a house out on the Boulevard, because he feels that now we can afford to spend prob'ly about three times as much as we ever have before; but I said, 'No. Let's not decide anything like that in a hurry. Let's take our time,' I told him. 'We're comfortable enough the way it is and the Warwicke Armes is still good enough for us until we get our bearings and see what we really want to do.' Don't you think that's the sensible way to look at it, Aurelia?"

WHAT Aurelia thought of that way of looking at it she was not so tactless as to say; for "Upstart!" was again the word in her mind. Already the Warwicke Armes was not good enough for the new factory manager and his wife, it seemed. A slight flush appeared upon Aurelia's forehead, though the lady before the mirror did not observe this token, nor, for that matter, would she have been able to interpret its meaning. Stella was of an amiable, credulous and simple turn of mind; she was usually cheerful, and now she was radiantly happy in the glow of her husband's success. Regarding Aurelia not only as her guide and counselor but as her dearest and most intimate friend, she had no perception that jealousy might be only natural under the circumstances.

"Don't you think that's the way to look at it, Aurelia," she repeated.

"Well"—Aurelia said, and paused. "Of course in your new position you've got to consider yourself, Stella, and be careful not to take any false steps. Naturally things are

(Continued on Page 225)

"I'M CRYSTAL NELSON, MRS. GREELEY," SHE SAID. "I HOPE ——" "NO DOUBT YOU DO," STELLA INTERRUPTED

Mrs. Hoover Knows

By FREDERICK PALMER

YOUNG Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover might be making a very good play at appearing like old married folks; but it was soon noised about among their fellow passengers on that long voyage across the Pacific thirty years ago that they had been wed only the day before they came on board the steamer at San Francisco.

Elderly ladies, reclining on long chairs when the sun shone kindly on a glassy sea, had plenty of time to indulge in the reflections which are the propensity of elderly ladies as they cast the eye of experience on newlyweds.

Did this pair have the team play of mind and spirit making for success and happiness in the long pull in what elderly ladies knew was a most practical world? Elderly ladies did not have to wait on Barrie's play What Every Woman Knows to realize the importance of a young wife knowing how to manage her husband for his good and their common good.

At twenty-four, Herbert Hoover was already a marked man in his profession. In college he had met the coed who was the woman for him. That was all settled in the definite way he has of making decisions. Her knight who had gone forth to the world's ends had brought home the bacon.

If he might not take her to the West Australian desert, where he had won such instant success, he could to China, where he had been made director of mines for the Chinese Government. For China seemed perfectly safe in 1899.

In the late nineties women college graduates were still unusual. We were just at the beginning of the present great educational movement. Some of the elderly ladies held that college women did not make good wives; that they would not know how to run a house and would be lost in abstract intellectual processes when they should be ordering their husbands' dinners.

And that depends upon the woman, college educated or not. Young Mr. Hoover did not have to talk down to young Mrs. Hoover. She was there with him on any subject as she was with the college professors on board and the salty ship's captain who had begun his career as a sailor before the mast.

A Leader, Not a Follower

TO HER the number of the latest books on a wide range of subjects was a more important item in her baggage than the number of her gowns. This pair were more than up to date. They were many years ahead of date in their scientific outlook, nearer the realistic younger generation of our day than of their day, pathfinding prophets of the age to come rather than following intellects.

Clearly their common college background was the cement of their intellectual companionship. They would always be seeking more education. Clearly the Hoover family policy would be of joint action after council; and they would miss seeing no opportunity on its approach, and two pairs of hands would take fast hold of it.

He had a little chuckle and she a happy smile which proved that they had a sense of humor which meant a sense of proportion about themselves in relation to the world which they meant to make their oyster. If he appeared shy and wordless, or if when he became interested in any subject he were too incisive and intense in his swift logical processes, her smile was in play to bridge awkward silences.

Next I met the Hoovers at Tientsin, a year later, in anything but the calm of Pacific seas. They had been sharing the most terrible ordeal that can test courage and fortitude. With Europeans and other Americans behind the hastily raised barricades, they had faced the raging Boxer hordes who would kill all the "foreign devils" in China.

Famished refugees, young and old, who had fled from the human hurricanes which would give no quarter to women or children, added to the sum of misery for the polyglot gathering in Tientsin. Worry about the fate of friends and relatives in the outlying country increased the strain.

In the breathing space, after the arrival of the first succoring contingents of sailors and some Japanese troops, I heard more about Mrs. than Mr. Hoover. She had been popular among all groups from the diplomatic circle in Peking to the missionaries and trading communities at the treaty ports.

It was evident that the organizing ability was not all on her husband's side of the house. Through the days and sleepless nights of alarms, when the next hour might mean a general massacre, she had kept up her spirits as an example to others. She had been a tower of strength among the women and helped to nurse the wounded. There was the particular concern of her husband's many white and Chinese subordinates, for which both felt a personal responsibility.

"We are not working just for Mr. Hoover," said one of his young engineers, "but for Mrs. Hoover too."

It happened that I was a witness of an example of her coolness which leaves no doubt that if the White House catches fire she will not throw the china out of the window and carry the sofa cushions downstairs.

While we waited for more American and European soldiers to raise the siege, the foreigners in the Treaty Concession were still under fire. In the adjoining native city, from whose high walls riflemen kept up a persistent sniping, the Boxers had three five-inch guns of the latest German type whose shells had the range of the length and breadth of the Concession.

The shells were always fired in one-two-three order. Happily the three were not scattered. After the first shell struck we knew that the next two would drop in the same section. This allowed a few seconds after the first to seek shelter before the others burst.

While the Hoovers themselves were living at the house of a friend they had given two fellow correspondents and myself the use of their own little frame cottage. One day Mrs. Hoover had come to the cottage to get something which she wanted when a crash told us that a Number One shell had exploded warningly close. Mrs. Hoover ran to the back door to see where the shell had burst. This was evident enough in a hole in the back yard.

The response of her curiosity was perfect justification of the complaint which one heard on all sides from the male members of the community. Some of them were quite willing to admit that women were braver than men at the same time that they often devoutly wished that they were not.

The companionship of women under fire added shudders to the trials of the siege. Possibly the male nature felt its superiority threatened in its one exclusive sphere because the feminine nature was not properly frightened and dependent. Women have a way of taking fire very lightly, of exposing themselves unnecessarily and of making joking remarks when bullets pass close to their noses—at least many women did at Tientsin. However, their attitudes of making a new and merry social experience of the danger of general massacre was better for morale than if they had played a shivering clinging-vine part.

And here was Mrs. Hoover making a light remark while she was in the back of the house when the shells were coming in that direction, and when Number Two was due on the regular schedule in a few seconds and bound to strike in twenty or thirty yards of the other.

Calmness Under Fire

THE cottage had four rooms on the ground floor, where we were at the time. Impact against the outer wall would detonate a shell so that all the force of the burst would be dissipated in the back room. Behind the second wall, in a front room, therefore, you were fairly safe.

Mrs. Hoover realized this well enough from experience, when reminded, after her curiosity was satisfied. It was a relief to see her back disappearing into the living room in front just as Number Two heralded that it had arrived at its destination. This sounded as if it were on the road that ran past the house.

I had had a glimpse of a company of Japanese infantry marching in close order on that road. The two thoughts connected themselves. I went to the window, to see a ghastly picture which haunts me still. The shell had burst on impact with the road fairly under the front ranks of the Japanese, tossing them as shattered and shredded human débris.

Then came Number Three. There was no need of looking out of the window to see where it had burst. It was in the house; it had detonated on the newel post of the stairs. I leave the mathematicians to estimate how many slivers it made of the newel post; but about seventy fragments and bits of the shell were on the floors or embedded in the walls.

Going to the living-room door, I saw Mrs. Hoover in the fog of dust from disintegrated plaster keeping right on with a game of solitaire she had started, although I noted that some of the cards had been dropped on the floor by the shock.

"I do not seem to be getting this," she said looking up with a smile. "That was Number Three and the last in this neighborhood for the present, anyway."

Despite the smile her chin seemed a little prominent as she looked over the wreckage of her home. For, anyone who has seen the Hoovers, or has looked at their pictures, has visual evidence that there are two chins in the Hoover family.

The only time I ever saw those two chins in uncompromising opposition was one day at Tientsin. This time there was no council in the partnership when the subject issue was that of temporarily breaking it in danger.

"You will go out," spoke her husband, meaning that she should take a steamer down the river and then proceed out of the country to security in Japan.

"I will not," she replied.

"You will!"

"I will not until you go!"

(Continued on Page 242)

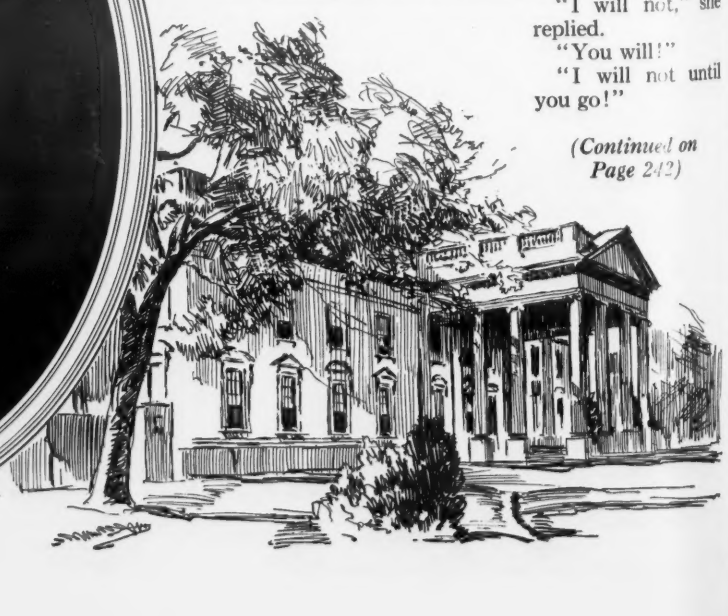
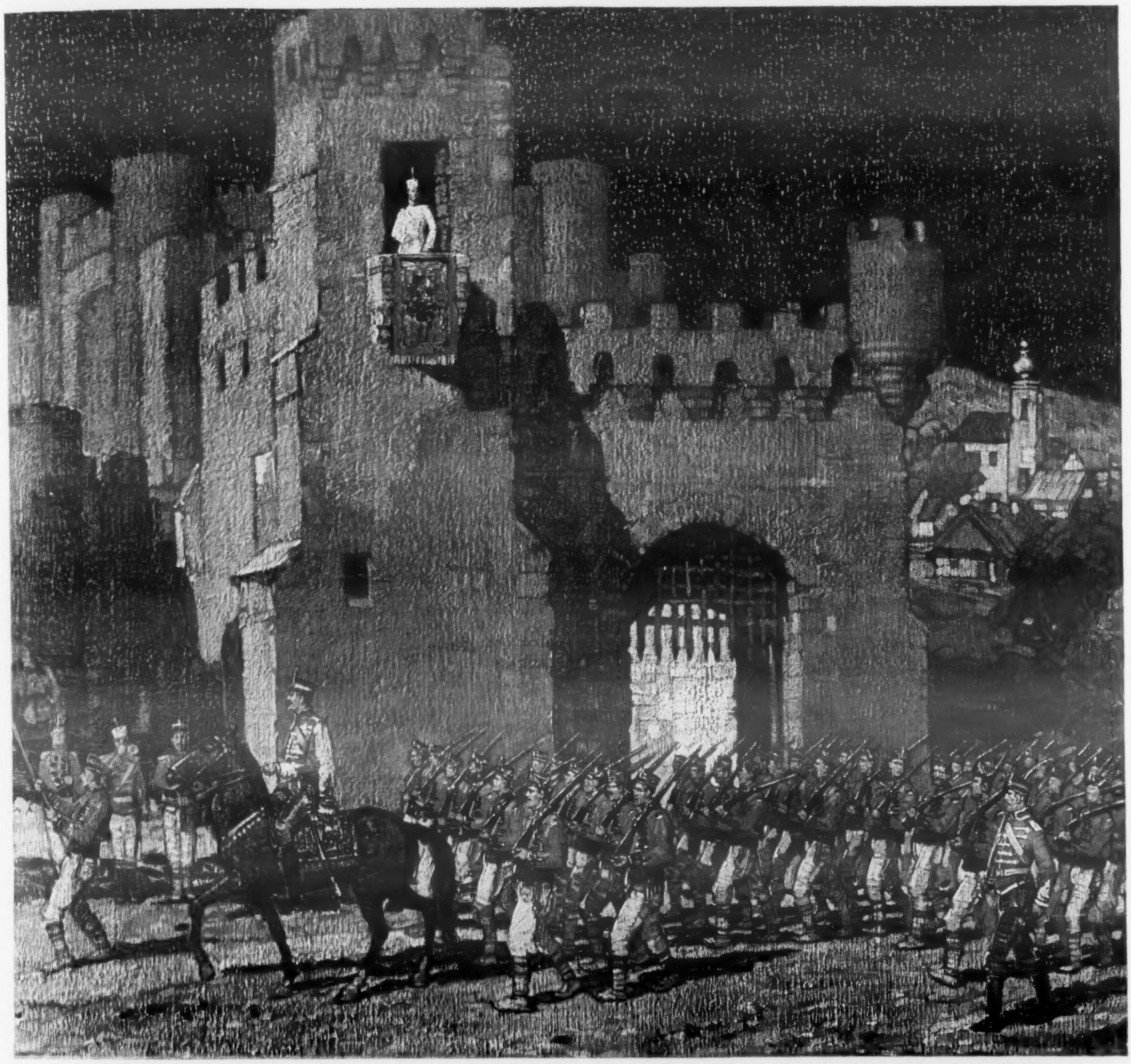


PHOTO. BY WIDE WORLD STUDIO
DRAWINGS BY F. SANDS BRUNNER



HE SEEMED LIKE A VERY YOUNG MAN AS HE STOOD THERE IN A COLONEL'S UNIFORM, VERY YOUNG AND VERY MUCH ALONE

"Open Season"

By BERNICE BROWN

Illustrated by Henry J. Soulen

IKE BERNSTEIN was perhaps the one producer in Hollywood with a passion for accuracy. A man of small education himself, he had an inordinate humility before what the world calls experts.

If he were doing a historical picture he hired the dean of history in a great university to see not only that the dates were authentic but that so also were the costumes and the architecture and the manners of his actors. He had been known to throw out an entire scene, which had cost the company one of those figures with which the movies are always appalling us, because the sleeves of the coat of a minor character were leg-of-mutton and the leg-of-mutton sleeve did not devolve upon fashion until some fifty years later.

Lots of people considered Ike Bernstein a crank, but the box-office receipts of his productions justified his crankiness.

When he started to do Zenda, however, the people who worked under him drew a sigh of relief. A revolution in one of those mythical small countries in the Balkans was open season. Anybody who had seen The Chocolate Soldier could direct it. No experts need be hired whose business it was to make trouble for scenario writers, costumers and set artists. Surely a revolution in a musical-comedy country like that was anybody's hunch and the belabored underlings of Mr. Bernstein relaxed accordingly.

A young actor whose birthplace was Little Rock, Arkansas, had been engaged to play the part of the king. He was lean and handsome, with a profile that would have looked royal on the most depreciated currency; in fact, Lew Collins was what a king should look, and almost never does.

Indeed, Jim Sully, who was Mr. Bernstein's partner as well as casting director, was delighted with all his selections. "They may be low-brows," he admitted, "but they look as though they had all kicked the slats out of royal cradles."

Ike Bernstein nodded.

"We're all set to begin shooting," said Mr. Sully, "and we ought to break the speed limit on this picture."

It was late in the afternoon and Jim Sully was preparing to leave his office. As he crashed down the roll-top of his desk he looked at Ike Bernstein and grinned. "Thank heaven, there are no trouble-making experts in on this deal!"

Mr. Bernstein carefully knocked the ash from a cigar and shot a brief interrogatory look up from under shaggy eyebrows.

Then the door opened and a young man stepped into the opening. He was sandy haired and slender. His face was thin and lined more deeply than the face of a man his age should ever be. His clothes were old, but they bore about them the unmistakable signs of a Bond Street tailor.

For a second he stared; then his thin face was lightened by a smile that was at once half apologetic and half scornful. "Gentlemen ——"

Mr. Sully nodded. "Thank you."

The young man smiled again. "I hear," he said at length, and his words had the clear-cut enunciation of a foreigner, "you are producing a picture which has to do with a revolution in the Balkans."

"We are," said Mr. Sully, "and we don't give a rap who knows it."

Again the young man smiled. "I wondered," he went on, and there was sardonic amusement in his pale gray eyes, "if perhaps you could not find a part for me in your production."

(Continued on Page 159)

Life Isn't Like That

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Illustrated by Thomas Webb

BERT COSLEY lived what he supposed to be a normal American existence. At college he'd performed creditably in athletics, though tennis, his particular interest, wasn't a major sport and brought one no newspaper fame. He sang well enough to make the glee club, and could strum jazz music acceptably on the piano. In the show they gave during his senior year, a pretty good imitation of The Follies, he'd made quite a hit in a daring female impersonation. He'd always taken some pride in the fact that he carried his liquor well. He'd tasted a modest popularity. And he'd even won his diploma, which was more than you could say for a lot of the fellows. After all that, who could question that he was an educated man?

Naturally, after graduation, he'd gone into business in the neighboring city. The huge, impersonal, sobering machine of commerce caught him up and, at its own deliberate but ruthless pace, dragged him along. It was a grind, of course, but it was what you had to do if you were ever to make any money. And you had to make money to be anybody at all. There were ways in which the spirit could escape. Evenings there were parties, and night clubs and road houses with snappy orchestras; and Sundays you could usually pick up a few sets of tennis at the country club. Though there wasn't a person in town, really, who could give him a game. He had, he felt, a good deal of character. Sometimes, when he found himself drinking too much bootleg stuff, he'd deliberately quit for a few days or even a week or so. Just to prove to himself that he could.

The girls bothered him some; didn't wear any clothes to speak of and were primitive if amusing little animals, always running you round in their cars and pawing you and begging for gin. There were times when, thinking about them—how could he help it?—he sensed the indications of demoralization within himself. Then he would catch himself longing vaguely for some other sort of girl than the existing kind. Someone he could look up to. Gentle qualities. Poise. A touch of mystery. Even modesty (he'd read a little, when he was a youngster, in some queer old out-moded books). Take Tot Quinby, who'd been running round with him lately. Really a good little scout. Danced divinely. But now and again, when he kissed her, thoughts of all the other fellows who had kissed her would stir round uncomfortably in his mind. You really had to steady Tot down at times. Especially when she was drinking. An adventurous, headlong streak in her that would have scared her parents half to death had they perceived it; but she knew how to handle them; in fact, when in the mysterious process of Nature's engineering Tot's personality was assembled, the rather important little item of braking power seemed to have been overlooked entirely. But she was good company. Always getting a big kick out of mere living. And without kick what would life be?

THE groping, hesitant thoughts of marriage which crept at times into his mind he fended off. You'd want to be awfully sure of the girl before you sewed yourself up like that. Sure you could stand her at thousands of breakfasts. There was always divorce, to be sure, but it was a pretty messy device. Distasteful. And it might hurt you in business. Prejudices hung on so. The bungling old world had made a good deal of progress but hadn't by a long way caught up with itself yet. Balancing it all up, as he did now and then, he figured that he could have a rather better time just playing round.

Bert lived with his mother in a pleasant house about a mile from Coventry Center. Charles A. Cosley, the father and husband, built the place a few years before his death. He was an expert accountant and extremely exact about little things. Mrs. Cosley was a conscientious little woman, interested mainly in housekeeping and church work (funny how all that old stuff still ran on into this new, enlightened age). Like the rest of the older folks she lived in a world of quaint illusions. Rather easily shocked. There'd been a good many occasions when Bert, finding actual life a bit confusing, would have liked to confide in her. But it wouldn't do. She'd merely get all stirred up and utter parental precepts that never, even remotely, met the facts. It was no use trying to make her understand. All you could do was to keep your personal life to yourself and play up to those illusions. So Bert kept his liquor locked up in a cupboard in the garage, behind the house.

It was attractive country out in that section of the town. Not built up as yet. Mildly hilly, with fine old trees. Indeed, over beyond the private road that led into the Hubert place, the woods extended solidly for nearly a mile, clear to the state farm at the penitentiary. Foxes were glimpsed now and then, and occasionally a deer.

ONE Sunday morning, after Mrs. Cosley had gone to church in the coupé and Bert was eating his breakfast and reading the sports section of the Sunday paper, Doctor Hubert called. Bert saw him walking up the drive—with his firm, almost prim stride—and bolting his coffee with a grimace went to the door.

A queer one, Doctor Hubert. Not a physician, but an LL.D. or something. He'd been a professor of English literature somewhere or other, and looked it. Wore whiskers in an era when you just didn't. Oh, he kept them trimmed down pretty well most of the time, but there they were. And he persisted in trying to combine high shoes with knickerbockers, which you couldn't do. With the tabs sticking grotesquely out at the back too. Though nobody in Coventry knew him well—his house wasn't a year old, and he was still blasting out stumps and rocks for his garden—he was understood to be queer. A sternly dogmatic man, who'd lectured altogether too many years at youngsters that couldn't talk back. Rather a famous bridge player (he'd written for publication on auction). Sometimes he lost his temper and roared at the workmen about his place. Bert had heard him. For the rest of it, he was wealthy and a widower, with a daughter being educated in England. It was whispered about town that he had settled out there in the woods in order to apply himself to some monumental work of scholarship or other. A personage, undoubtedly, but not in any way an appealing one.

"Good morning," said he from the top step.

"Good morning, Doctor Hubert," replied Bert politely. "Won't you come in?"

"Why, no. No, I won't. I merely took the liberty of stepping over for a bit of advice. You are a tennis player, I believe."

"Well, I—I play at it."

"As you may have heard, my daughter is returning shortly from England ——"

Bert's pulse fluttered a little. For no particular reason, except perhaps that the prospect of a new girl always opened up a fresh vista of the imagination. But that dry voice was still going on:

"—— and as she is extremely fond of the game I am building a court for her. If it isn't too much trouble, would you mind stepping over and advising me in the matter of selecting a site?"

Bert said he'd be delighted. On the way over they talked in formal phrases of the comparative value of different surfaces for courts. Doctor Hubert remarked that the *en tout cas* surface had been strongly recommended to him and that therefore he had ordered it. Bert said he thought it was as good as any and would undoubtedly give satisfaction. They walked round the house and along a curving driveway toward the garage. The pines closed in about them and overhead, enveloping Bert's spirit in a cathedral stillness. It seemed a shame to destroy any of these stately trees, but Doctor Hubert said that it didn't matter. His daughter's welfare was uppermost in his mind.

"PORTIA and I have much in common," he explained. "Really similar tastes. She has, in fact, for several years been preparing herself to assist me in my work." Bert's spirits drooped at this. "But she is a firm believer in healthy outdoor exercise, and as we are to live here together, I naturally wish to do everything possible."

Stolidly Bert tramped homeward. So the daughter's name was Portia. Portia Hubert. Something vaguely familiar about that. He'd seen it somewhere. Or perhaps he'd known a girl with a name that sounded a little the same. What of it! A four-eyed she-grind. "A firm believer in healthy outdoor exercise." And he'd had to promise cheerfully to play with her. Already their two lives were slightly entangled. Gosh!

But he made it a point to keep in touch with the work on the court, seeing to it that the afternoon sun would hit it at

"BUT HE'S SHOT! MR. COSLEY'S SHOT!"

"YOU'VE GOT A GRAND FOREHAND," SAID SHE. THEN: "OF COURSE YOU'RE OUT OF CONDITION"

the side and making sure of plenty of room behind the base lines. This merely as a matter of courtesy. As the time of her arrival drew near, a Saturday in July, that curious fluttering in his thoughts became rather a nuisance. But there it was. No good assuring himself it was absurd. It made him distrait at home, and at times even irritable. Mrs. Cosley feared that he was working too hard. For that Saturday evening he deliberately planned a party. It would almost be reasonable to say that he went about it defiantly. Certainly he was in an odd state of mind and nerves. He and Tot with Jim Wilbry and Maidie Ross at a road house over in Ackland. The girls liked to get Jim drunk because he said and did amusing, irresponsible things. Jim had a gift at drumming and playing the traps, and with enough liquor in him could easily be persuaded to oust the traps man in the orchestra—in this case a negro—and perform lustily. It was close to four in the morning when Bert scraped the coupé into the garage and, removing his shoes, crept unsteadily up to bed.

DOCTOR HUBERT woke him at noon, over the telephone, with a stiff invitation to come over at three and play tennis with Portia. Bert's head ached and his mouth was fuzzy. It was a muggy, hot day. He muttered, "Oh, drat Portia!" But he went. That absurd inner defiance mounted within him. So she was literary. Well, she'd see that he was too! A romance by E. Phillips Oppenheim lay on the table by his bed, and he tucked it under his arm. To impress her further, he carried two rackets and a whole box of balls. And in spite of the heat he threw over his shoulder his college sweater with the class numerals on it. "We may as well," ran his confusedly uncomfortable thoughts, "put the she-grind in her place here and now." And he walked with an almost angry stride out to the road up Doctor Hubert's winding drive.

What the Japanese man said, or tried to say, seemed to mean that they were out on the court. So he walked, more decorously—they certainly wouldn't know that he was ruffled—round the house and out through the pines.

Met by the picture in the clearing his step faltered and his thoughts fluttered quite out of hand. Doctor Hubert, with those ridiculous tabs sticking out of the tops of his shoes, was walking thoughtfully about the court, trying the resilient smooth surface. But on the rustic bench at the shady side sat a girl reading. She wore white—a sleeveless modern tennis costume. That he caught first. Next he perceived that she was extremely good-looking. Short hair, light brown; not cut close to her head, like Tot's, with curls plastered out over the ears and pointing into the middle of the cheeks, but fluffy and halolike in the light. A slim strong body he saw. And prettily tanned arms that looked as if there was muscle under the silky skin. A detail that nettled him was the heap of three rackets on the bench beside her. Three! He was nearly on the court now, but almost stopped dead. They hadn't seen him. It was a picture of serenity, of beauty. It suggested a world he didn't belong in, a remote world he was only dimly aware of.

She looked up. Put a marker in her book. Smiled. His heart bounded unhappily. She was young! He hadn't once even dreamed that she might be. Now the doctor was presenting him, proudly gruff. He was uncomfortably conscious of his book. You didn't take books to a tennis court. She had, of course, but —— He dropped his on the bench. She glanced at the title. "Oh," she remarked, "Oppenheim."

"Ever read him?" He asked that.

"Oh, a little. He's amusing." In that one word she dismissed the author, and Bert Cosley, as well. He couldn't help flushing. She was so blamed offhand about it. A cool, lovely, incalculably aloof person. By way of an outlet he picked up her book. He'd never heard of title or author. He looked inside, noting that it was closely printed and very long. The thing to do, of course, was to exhibit himself as a man of the world.

"Good?" he asked.

"Oh, absorbing. Haven't you read Dorothy Trumbull?"

"No—er—haven't seemed to get around to her." That was the way to talk.

"It's all in that stream-of-consciousness vein. I like it. Digs into actuality."

What on earth was a stream of consciousness? What was she talking about anyway? For a nickel —— If that damn professor hadn't been all over the place, he'd have picked her right up in his arms and shown her a little something of what a pretty girl was meant for! "Stream of consciousness!" H'm-m-p!

WHAT she talked about next was tennis balls. To cover his confusion he'd been opening the box. "I'll probably have a bit of a time getting used to these American balls. You'll have to be patient with me, I imagine. Shall we knock them about a little?"

They certainly should. Get her out on that court and give her one neat little lesson!

"Hot, isn't it?" said she cheerily. "I shall have to get used to that too."

She moved beautifully. He couldn't take his eyes off her. Fairly tall she was, but light on her feet. The next thing he knew he was gripping the handle of a racket and spreading his feet along the base line. He'd show her! She sent over a firm forehand. To his surprise, it proved to be a real stroke, with top spin and a dirty, reaching bound. He missed it entirely. His eyes weren't good today. And there were awkward shadows on the court. He bit his lip and squared around. She said "Sorry!" and sent over another. She could hit that ball. No doubt about it. More, and worse, in this preliminary practice she unfailingly sent it straight at him. The disconcerting thought popped up that she might be able to place it elsewhere with the same deadly accuracy. And then where'd he be? His wind had gone off lately. He knew that. You couldn't work hard in an office all day, every day, and keep your wind. He said to himself: "This is upsetting. Thing to do is to watch my mental attitude. Don't know but what she may be able to give me a game, after all. H'm!"

YOU have seen a small boy showing off when the girl of his choice passes. If there is a convenient limb he will, perhaps, hang by his knees. A similar impulse picked this rather unfortunate moment to seize upon Bert. He ran nimbly forward for—so he put it to himself—a little practice at the net. And there, as she drove them firmly at him, forehand and backhand, he leaped and twisted and bounded, pulling off a number, he felt, of rather remarkable shots. He was dripping with sweat, but he didn't mind that. What he did mind was that she appeared not to notice him at all. Just kept her eye on the ball and her mind on the business of hitting it cleanly.

"Shall we play?" she called. Not having any surplus breath for words just then, he nodded, and walked—not ran—to the base line. She served. Underhand, in the old-fashioned English way. It looked easy. But there was spin on it. Instead of bounding high and wide, like her forehand, the ball hugged the ground. He barely stopped it. Puffing a little, he hit the next one into the dirt. The third found the net. The fourth dropped over the net, touched the ground within two inches of the sideline and hopped away. He dove, but missed it by five feet. She had won the first game at love in exactly four shots. "Oh, well," he thought, "I haven't steadied down to it yet."

It was his turn to serve. She took a position—carelessly, it appeared—five or six feet inside the base line. He tossed up a ball, but caught it and waited for her to step back. "I'm all ready," said she. "And please don't spare me. I like speed." So she was figuring on taking his service on the rising bound. Who'd she think she was? Dick Williams? All right! Let her have it!

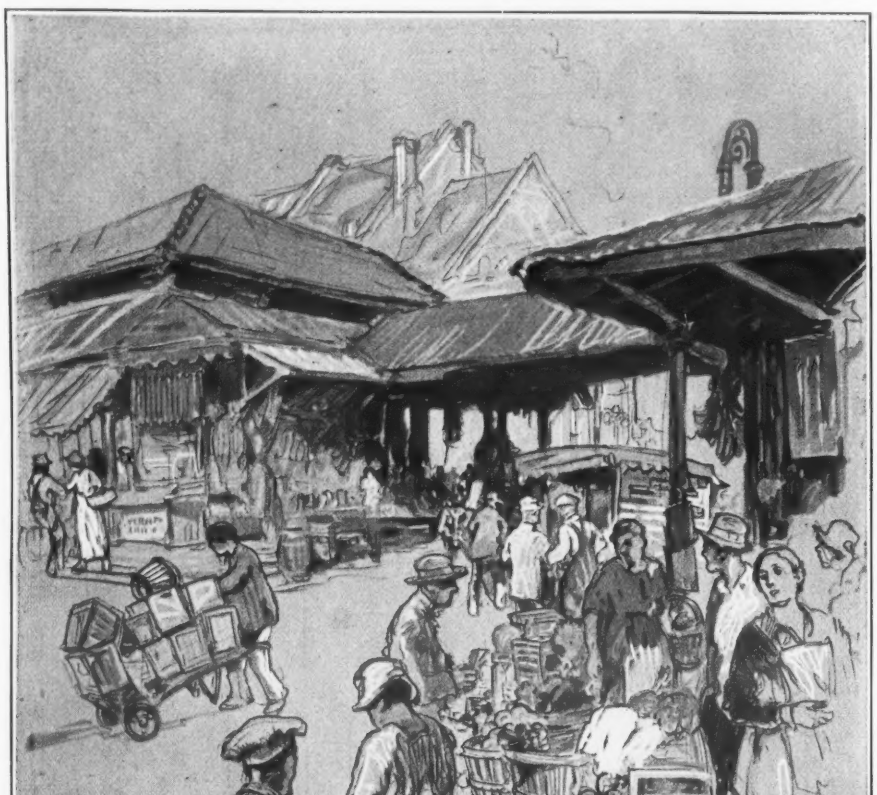
Bert was a bit proud of his service. Now was his chance to show her where she got off. He sent over a flat one, putting all his strength into it, and raced for the net. She stroked that rising bound and nearly passed him. He cried "Good shot!" for you had to keep up a sportsmanlike front,

(Continued on Page 124)

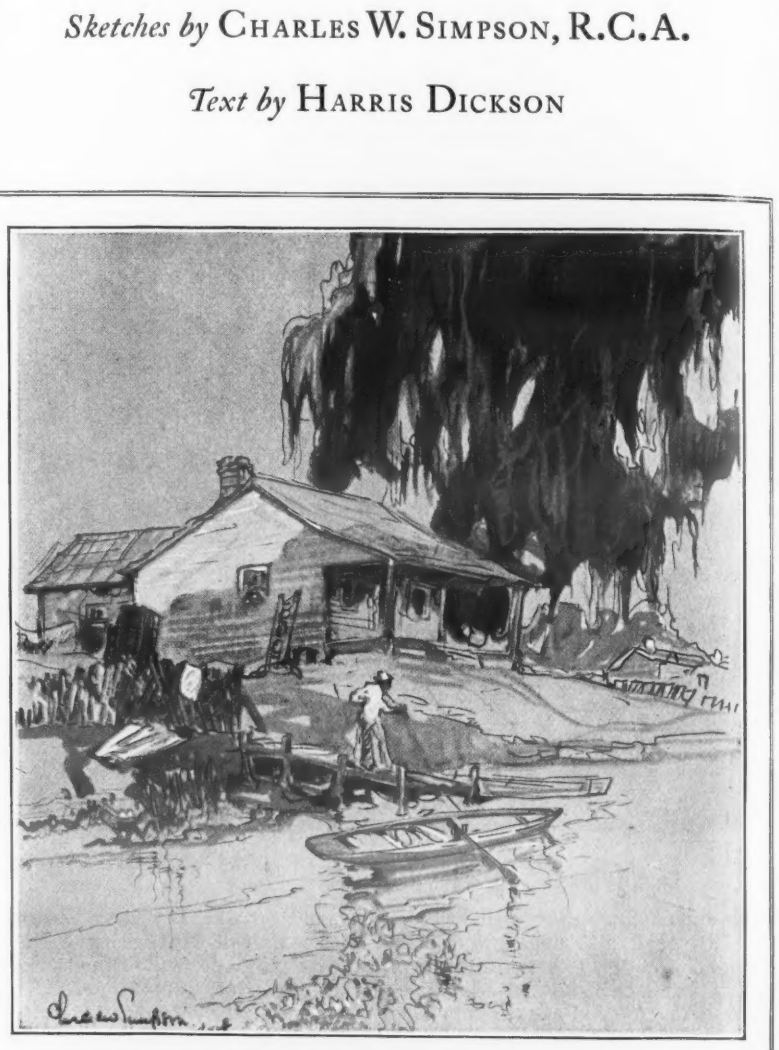
New Orleans

Sketches by CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.C.A.

Text by HARRIS DICKSON

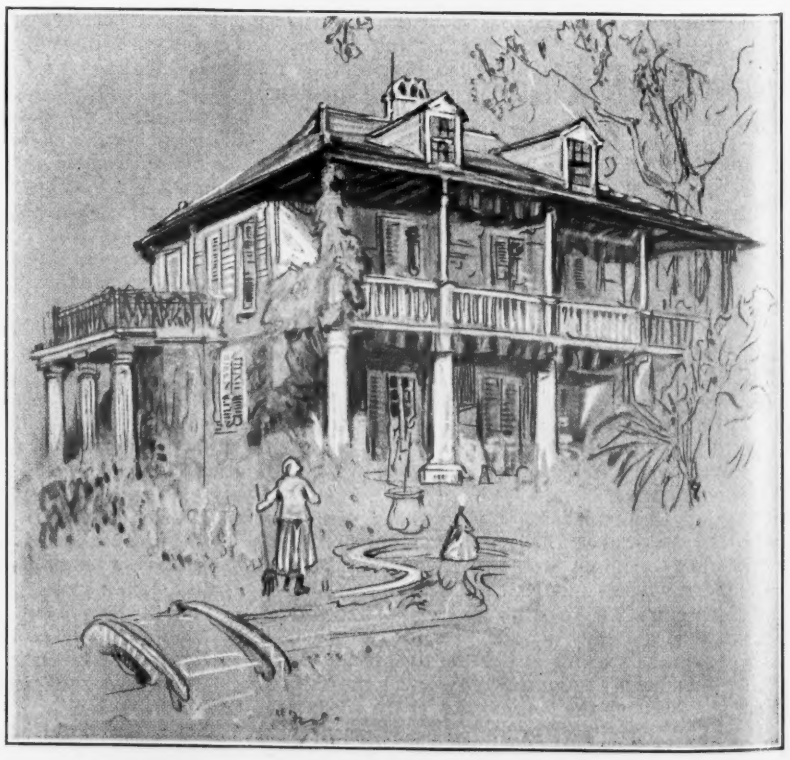


THE SEETHING FRENCH MARKET WHERE THE CREOLE HOUSEWIFE BARGAINS SHREWDLY FOR TABLE DELICACIES MID A BABEL OF TONGUES



WHERE BAYOU TECHE WENDS ITS SLUGGISH WAY ANCIENT LIVE OAKS, HEAVY HUNG WITH MOSS, STAND SENTINEL

AN UNDRAINED SUBSOIL COMPELS BURIAL ABOVE GROUND, AND SO TOMBS TAKE THE PLACE OF GRAVES IN THE CITY'S CEMETERIES



THE OLD SPANISH CUSTOMHOUSE, NOW A PRIVATE RESIDENCE, STANDS UNCHANGED BY THE YEARS BESIDE BAYOU ST. JOHN

BUSINESS men rush to New Orleans because it is the second port in the United States, whose far-flung trade reaches every corner of the earth. But the stranger will turn aside from skyscrapers, forget the vociferous Cotton Exchange, leave the clamor above Canal Street, and ramble through an atmosphere of tradition in Bienville's *vieux carré*.

For a century and a half this quaint old Creole quarter has stood drowsily unchanged—blocks of stuccoed buildings with grille-worked balconies overhanging the scanty sidewalks, jealous garden walls, solid gates painted green or blue, bananas, oleanders, hibiscus and the fronds of waving palms.

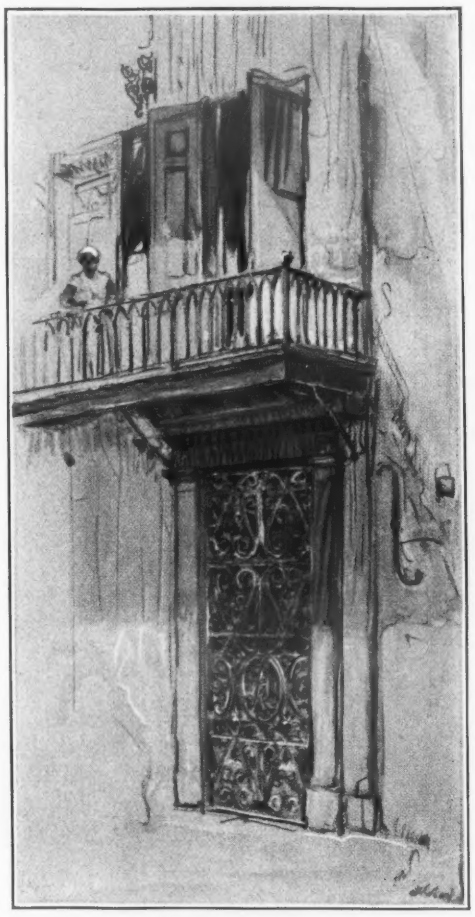
But let no stranger expose his ignorance by speaking of "sidewalks" or "blocks." At one damp period of their existence these city squares were known as "islets," because of water that meandered through the streets like Venetian canals, and the squares became islets in fact. Hugging the edge of houses ran narrow walks, called "banquettes," or little banks, and banquettes they remain, although now laid in concrete beside an asphalt thoroughfare.

For the Creole housekeeper life begins at dawn. At break of day she stirs herself, and stirs everybody else. Madame is the motive power, family manager, keeper of the purse. If she sends out a picayune, five cents plus comes back in value.

Glance along St. Peter Street when morning sunshine splashes against Madame's garden wall, a brick wall covered by plaster of salmon yellow. Bricks show in spots, giving it a mottled effect. The gate is green, and solid to secure privacy. Over the wall a banana tree droops its glistening leaves. From within comes the scolding of a parrot. A monkey chatters.

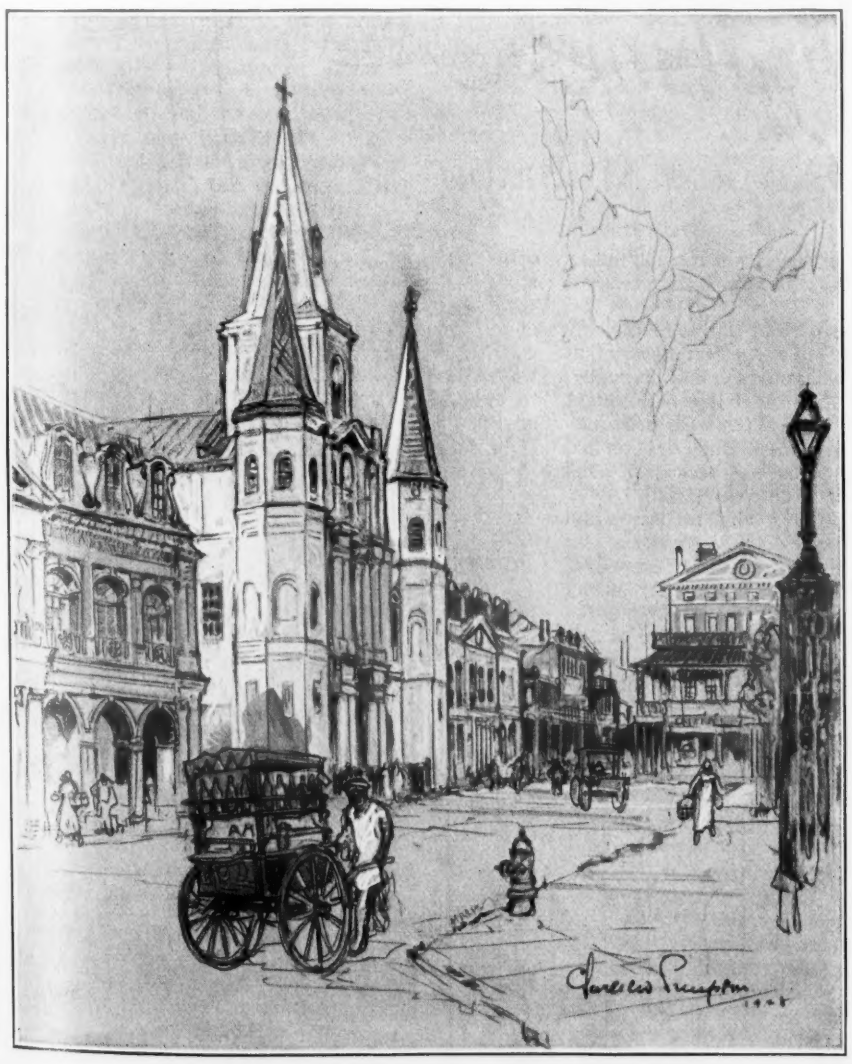
Sunday morning. The gate opens. Madame emerges, followed by a waddling quadroon

(Continued on Page 68)

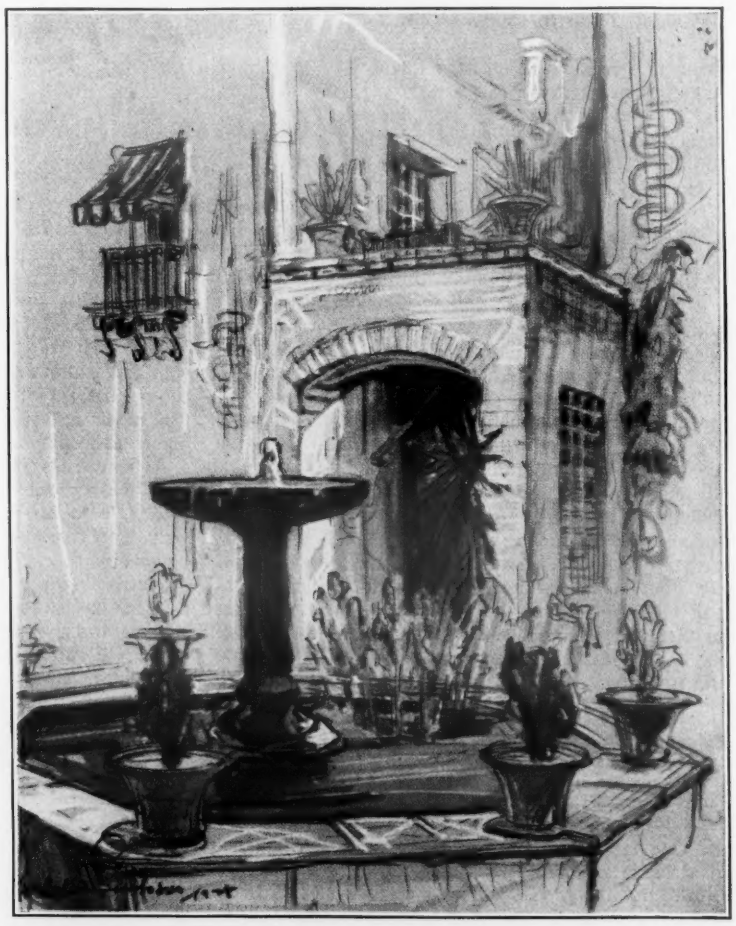


TYPICAL OF THE CREOLE QUARTER IS THIS DOORWAY ON ST. PETER STREET

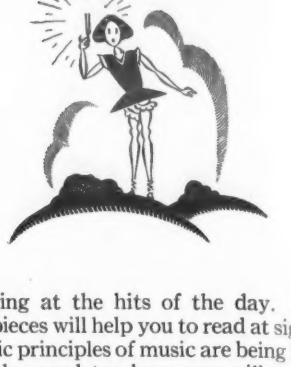
CATHEDRAL ALLEY IN THE SOMNOLENT VIEUX CARRÉ, WITH ITS GRILLE-WORK BALCONIES AND SCANTY WALKS



JACKSON SQUARE—THE CABILDO, GRIM AND GRAY (LEFT), AND THE CATHEDRAL FACE BIENVILLE'S PARADE GROUND, PLACE D'ARMES



THE STUCCOED RESIDENCE OF DON MANUEL DE GAYOSO, SPANISH GOVERNOR, NOW HOUSES THE LITTLE THEATER



Lopez Speaking

Announced by MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE

ON THE very top of the big pile of mail the postman handed me this morning was a neatly written letter—and only one word misspelled—from a little boy out in Ames, Iowa. This little boy has heard my orchestra play over the radio several times lately and has decided he wants to be an orchestra leader himself when he grows up.

"But I don't see how I can ever be one," he complains, "because my teacher and mother won't let me play popular music. They say it will spoil my touch. Won't you please, Mr. Lopez, get my mother to let me play jazz so that I can learn to be an orchestra leader?"

A good many of you boys and girls have written me your troubles, and some of your fathers and mothers have written too. All of you seem to be bothered about jazz, and I hope you will tune in today, because I'm going to answer your letters and tell you and your parents what I honestly think about this much-discussed jazz question and its effect on you.

When I was a little boy, almost before I could talk, I wanted to learn to play the piano. I suppose I inherited the love of music, for my dearly loved father and mother were both fine musicians. Father had been bandmaster in the Navy and I thought he knew more about music than anyone else in the world.

He and mother worshiped music, too, but they didn't want me to be a musician. That was because they knew that a musician's life was not always an easy one. Indeed, they had often found it to be difficult, scantily appreciated and not very profitable. Besides, they wanted me to study to be a priest.

But because I teased them so hard for a musical instrument of my own they gave me a mandolin and a guitar and taught me the fundamentals of music, starting with the mandolin for melody, followed by the guitar for harmony. At six I finally reached my heart's desire and began to take piano lessons. Under the stern but loving guidance of my father I practiced six hours a day—six lonely, tiresome, uneventful hours.

At least they were uneventful hours until the day I made up a new game. It was a better game than marbles or baseball, I thought, yet it may seem dull to you, for it was just trying how many scales I could run without making a mistake. When I made a mistake I had to begin all over again, and each day I tried to better my record. I succeeded, too, and at the same time, though I did not realize it then, was developing what is called the "technic" which in after years helped me to become a musician.

One morning I played my scales with unusual care and then sadly closed the piano. Father and mother had decided to send me away to a monastery to study. At the monastery there were many new interests and tasks but no instruction in music. The father director, who had a tender understanding of all boys, let me use a piano during recreation hours, but there was so much else to do that I couldn't spend much time at the keys and I was homesick all the time for lessons and practice.

Jazz Requires Thorough Technic

THIS may sound strange to boys who hate to practice, but music was so much a part of me that it actually hurt to be without it. One day the director talked to me for a long time about my dreams and ambitions and finally sent for my father to take me away. Two mighty influences had been tugging at me, music on the one hand, and love of the church and its teachings on the other, but the father director saw that music was the stronger.

"Since you don't want to go into the church, we'll make a business man of you," father said when we got home.

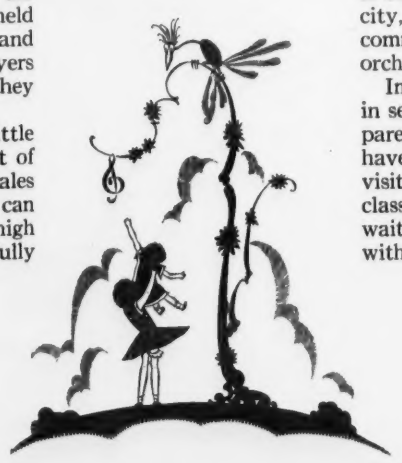
So the fingers which ached for the piano were taught to tap the typewriter. I finished the business course in time and got a job as secretary to the head of a big business concern, but evenings I played the cheap, rather tinny piano in a restaurant. Though I wasn't paid a cent for it, that was the best part of the whole day for me. I was making music, and I used to keep on until they reminded me that it was time to lock the place.

After a few months somebody told father about my music making in the restaurant. He warned me sternly that I must stop it. Because I knew I couldn't, and be happy, I ran away from home. After that the only jobs I sought were musical ones. They did not always pay well, and sometimes I had no work at all and no money. But I kept on and was never really downhearted. That was because I loved music and knew it was the thing I could do best.

At length the chance came to lead a small orchestra, and later a large one. They were dance or jazz orchestras, and thus I, who had been firmly grounded in the best music, went into the so-called jazz business. As a matter of fact I was able to get ahead in the jazz business only because of my early training in scales, exercises and classics. For jazz as it is played today requires the very best classical background and a complete knowledge of the fundamentals of music. It calls, too, for all the interpretative skill that the best artists can bring to it. Sitting in the good dance orchestras are men who have held responsible positions with symphonies, and yet the very best of these symphonic players had to learn to play all over again when they took up jazz.

So you see I have a surprise for the little boy out in Ames, Iowa, and all the rest of you who want to substitute jazz for scales and exercises. The surprise is that you can never play jazz well until you possess a high degree of skill gained by hours of faithfully running scales and monotonously repeating finger exercises. In short, you must practice, practice, practice as hard as ever you can if you want to play jazz.

At the same time it wouldn't hurt, when lessons and practice have been well done, if you were allowed to have a little fling at the hits of the day. Playing popular pieces will help you to read at sight, and if the basic principles of music are being instilled into you by good teachers, you will naturally, even though unconsciously, apply those principles to popular as well as classical music.



That playing popular music does not detract from the ability to perform classical music is proved by the fact that one of the greatest and most beloved of concert pianists plays jazz for practice as well as enjoyment and plays it so superbly that the whole neighborhood gathers under his studio window to listen.

The wife of a great violinist complains that she cannot get her husband to stop playing jazz long enough to rehearse his concert pieces. These musicians believe that jazz develops the ear, builds up technic and brings out musical individuality. It does too.

The other day I walked into the studio of an excellent New York piano teacher and found him ending a lesson period by giving his pupil a fifteen-minute drill in playing by ear. First, the boy was made to pick out a melody—one he had heard at the movies—with the fingers of one hand and then to improvise the accompaniment with the other hand. This method heightens originality, speed, skill at harmonization and improvisation and helps the mind to react quickly. Many teachers use it after a pupil has advanced far enough.

In this discussion, of course, I am assuming that jazz is synonymous with modern popular music. This jazz, with its rhythm and extraordinary instrumental effects, is America's national music; and mark my words, youngsters, some of these days you are going to be very proud of it. Do not mix it up with the old jazz to which every musician added as much noise as he could, neighing like a horse, mooing like a cow or crowing like a rooster and getting paid for it.

The jazz of today, which reflects the spirit of our time and expresses our country as no other art has done, is played from carefully orchestrated scores for each instrument, made by musicians thoroughly versed in harmony and counterpoint. The good jazz players of the time are able to produce great beauty in the way of colorful, harmonic tone volume and have vastly improved the technic of wind-instrument players. A musician must really know music to achieve the perfect rhythm coupled with abandon which is necessary to the success of dance music these days.

A Musically Minded Country

AMERICA is going to be a musical nation. All signs point that way. Symphonies, opera companies and home-town bands are better supported than they ever were before, but the greatest change is in what is done for you boys and girls. The like never was known in this country. Girls of your grandmother's day "took lessons" if there was a piano at home, but boys thought music was sissified. Today music is being taught in nearly all schools, whether city, town, village or country, and every community is organizing children's bands and orchestras.

In the big cities music classes are being held in settlement houses, so that children whose parents can't afford to pay for lessons will have a chance for additional instruction. I visited one of these settlement houses when classes were being enrolled and found a long waiting line of earnest-faced boys and girls with violins, horns, and music rolls under their arms. There was very little pushing and shoving, I can tell you, for if anybody did shove he had to step back to the end of the line and take the chance that the time of the teacher he wanted might be all filled when he got in.

(Continued on Page 163)

The Three Ruths in Congress

By ANNE HARD

AND so we shall have seven women in Congress. As many women as there are representatives from the states of Arizona, Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico and Wyoming combined. More than Utah, New Hampshire and Vermont together. More than enough to form a delegation from Maryland, Connecticut, Nebraska or West Virginia.

Are we going to have a woman bloc?

Are these women, old congresswomen and new congresswomen, the kind to broaden and deepen the future of women in politics? Will it be easier and easier for women to get their political chance because of them? Will the established prejudice of the male politician be lessened by the sight of them?

I made a little tour of observation. What about the women already on the Hill? What about the three Republicans, Mrs. Kahn, of California, with five years' experience; Mrs. Rogers, of Massachusetts, elected now three times; Mrs. Langley, of Kentucky, who took her seat in 1927? What about the Democratic lady from New Jersey, first elected in 1924, Mrs. Norton?

What have they shown in action?

And what about the three Ruths who are coming along, the two Republican Ruths, Ruth Hanna McCormick, congressman-at-large from Illinois; Ruth Baker Pratt, only "real" Republican congressman from Manhattan; and the Democratic Ruth Bryan Owen, whom they now call in Florida and elsewhere the "First Lady of the South?"

© HARRIS & EWING

MRS. RUTH HANNA MCCORMICK, OF ILLINOIS

What do they think about things, these women who have opened the cynical eyes of the male politicians to the fact that women have at last begun to arrive politically?

Let us track them to their homes and find out, beginning with the newest—the three Ruths.

A Day of Independent Thinking

INTO my mind, as I ring the doorbell under a tall arched portice of an old Georgetown house where Ruth McCormick lives while in Washington, there flash the amusing resemblances of the three Ruths to one another.

PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

MRS. RUTH BAKER PRATT, WHO WILL REPRESENT A MANHATTAN DISTRICT IN THE NEXT CONGRESS

They are all tall and handsome. They all are women of unusual vitality of body and mind. They all had the confidence in life of your real romantic and so married young. They are all first-rate, bang-up mothers. They like and admire one another. They like to surround themselves with pleasant and beautiful rooms and to wear good-looking clothes. But the door is opening and I am at once in a living room hung with curtains of Italian silk, age-faded crimson.

A woman whose eyes are her most beautiful feature is sitting at the tea table. She is dressed in flowing chiffon of rust and saffron colors. She has an open book on her lap; she is reading aloud; a tall, bright-eyed boy is by her side, a fairy-like little girl on the sofa; another girl, almost a young lady, standing by the fire, is evidently just in from a horseback ride.

My coming shatters the domestic scene. The children give me a polite greeting and go away. I sit down on one of the red twin sofas by the fire and hurl my first question. Meanwhile I look at Ruth McCormick. I have heard that in the campaign she has just closed she spoke in one hundred of the one hundred and two counties in her state; that she traveled 16,000 miles by motor and often made as many as seven or eight speeches in a single day. I have heard of her management of two great estates, of her successful development of a big dairy farm, of her publication of a small-town newspaper along big-town lines. I have heard that she knows as much about horses as any one and rides them better than most, that she has a score of other interests and accomplishments.

"What about women in politics?" she repeats. "And will there be after this campaign a Woman Party or a Woman bloc in Congress? Certainly not.

"I don't think women should be recognized as women. The women of the country should not urge Mr. Hoover to put just a woman in the Cabinet. Just being a woman shouldn't qualify you for office. Your training and experience for a particular job are what matter, whether you're man or woman.

"If Mr. Hoover finds a woman who in his judgment would make a good cabinet officer, by all means let him appoint her. If he can find one who has had equal training and education and experience that the man possible appointee has had, by all means let him appoint her. A woman should not be discriminated against because she is a woman, nor should she be put in because she is a woman.

"When you are running for office the voters make exactly that kind of decision about you. And the voters are now getting used to making it. They don't elect you because you're a woman and they are fast getting over not electing you because you are a woman."

"Then do you think that women as women don't really make any difference in politics?"

"Of course I mean no such thing. They make a great deal of difference—as women.

"What men don't realize is that the woman motive in politics is different from the man motive. Women want better government and not special privileges. They are active in politics not because they want jobs, but because they want to raise the standard of government servants and to have the people as a whole represented in government, not special privilege.

"Women make personal sacrifices which men would never dream of making to help along an issue or a personality in a campaign. A woman I know took the money she had saved for a new winter coat to pay her own expenses to work last summer. Women poured into Chicago during the campaign from all over the state of Illinois, buying their own gas and driving their own little cars, and packing along their own lunch to eat in the car because they couldn't afford to eat in a restaurant."

She paused, and I interjected: "Still, a lot of men must have worked and voted for you to put you over by the big majority you got. And how about that? Do you think this campaign with its big woman vote and its thousands of independently working groups of women in both parties means a new era for women in politics? Or are we going to just drop back into the same old thing—indifferent women and a few women idealists who won't work with the parties, and women who, inside the political organizations, are rubber stamps for the men?"

That question gets a flash from the seal-brown eyes of Ruth Hanna McCormick and the left eyebrow goes up.

"This campaign shows that women voted independently and expressed their own convictions, on both sides, to a greater extent than ever before. Party women are beginning to function independently of the organized political party leaders in many places. They will maintain their loyalty to the party, but they will exercise an independence in the future which will startle the old leaders. You can see it happening in the organizing of independent women groups within the party, and the movement is spreading."

PHOTO. BY FREDERICK O. BEMM

MRS. RUTH BRYAN OWEN, FROM A PORTRAIT BY HENRY S. HUBBELL

Women and National Defense

"WOMEN have begun to think for themselves politically. And this is no contradiction of my statement that there won't be a woman bloc and that there won't be a woman party. Women will go on working with men, not against men. But they will do it in their own way. They will raise the standard of public life and demand qualifications which the older men leaders didn't dream of."

"What about women in business and the professions?" I asked.

"Well," her ready laugh breaks through at that question, "what about them? They are in business. They are in the professions. I myself am a professional politician. I myself am engaged in the business of farming and of publishing a newspaper in Rockford, Illinois, and I'm a member of several business and professional clubs. Of course I think women ought to be in business."

"But do you think it's any more admirable in a woman to go in for success in a career than it is to stick to the business of homemaking?"

"Of course not. Women can make as important and valuable a success by making homemaking their business as in any other line. But they've got to do it conscientiously and with the same steadiness and devotion as that with which they would conduct any business outside the home. It isn't enough just to stay at home. They must work at it, give their energy and thought to it, to make it a real career. Then it'll count."

"Well, I guess I've left the most exciting question to the last. Well-known subject: National Defense. Mrs. McCormick, are women in Congress going to be paci——"

I get no further. She is talking again.

"Limitation of armaments depends on what the other fellow is doing. America cannot afford to have an Army and Navy less effective and efficient than any other nation. We must be second to none. However, we must not engage in competition with others in a war building program. And all this is not inconsistent with being for the treaty outlawing war—which, by the way, was the original idea of a citizen of Illinois, Mr. S. O. Levinson. We have to work out a broad policy which will carry on America's traditional desire for peace and yet satisfy her honorable right to national defense."

Mrs. McCormick's words were running through my mind while I waited for a second Ruth—Ruth Baker Pratt—in the little reception room of her house just off Fifth Avenue in East Sixty-first Street, in New York.

It was a charming little room in which to wait. Some fine etchings and engravings upon the wall to look at. But in a moment we were seated by a fire in a great living room, whose long windows let in the pale New York sun, whose book-lined walls shut in the coziness of thick soft chairs and sofas, of handy little tables and shaded lamps.

(Continued on Page 218)

"LET ME MAKE YOU UP," SHE COMMANDED, AND MARGERY STOOD DOCILELY

A Daughter of the Arts

By MELLA RUSSELL MCCALLUM

Illustrated by W. E. Webster

OF COURSE Margery Gault would have a career. All the Gaults had them. She lived with Lillian Gault the sculptor and Kenyon Gault the novelist. They happened to be her parents. The studio really belonged to Lillian, who did huge things for libraries and parks and clubs. But they all shared the kitchenette and bath, and each of them had a bedroom. Kenyon wrote his realistic novels about the joylessness of American life, up in a cubicle on the twenty-seventh floor of an office building, and Margery was in school most of the day. So it was an excellent arrangement all around.

Lillian and Kenyon Gault had two other children—Kate and Nicholas—who had their own studios. Some people might have called them mere rooms, but a Gault didn't have a room; a Gault had a studio.

Kate designed gowns for a shop, which was something of a disappointment to her parents, since designing is only an applied art. But Kate made up for that defection by paying most of Nicholas' rent. Nicholas was a tenor, and there was hope eternal that he might some day make the Metropolitan, if the American invasion continued. In the meantime he got an occasional concert engagement, and went on a Chautauqua circuit in summer. He really sang very well.

Every day from nine to teatime Lillian hung a "Busy" sign on her studio door. And sometimes, if she happened to be doing some perfectly tremendous thing like that "Motherhood" group for the women's clubs, the sign would hang there until long past teatime. Then the child Margery, coming in from school, would skirt around the hall to the kitchenette and get her own tea. And after a while Lillian would come out of the studio, very tired and cross—but Margery knew that would soon wear off—and they would go and have dinner at "The Glad Pig."

Sometimes Kenyon Gault would join them at dinner, if he wasn't busy criticizing some young person's manuscript. Kenyon was wonderfully helpful with manuscripts, especially young women's . . . but Lillian was in no position to complain about that, for there was one person who could always get past her busy signal, and that was Uncle Dart, who wasn't really an uncle at all. His name was Dartwell Harmon, and he was sometimes an inspiration and at other times a soothing influence and at all times a distinguished, iron-gray presence.

Margery got out of Miss Wilkes' school at one, and lunched by herself at a properly caloried tea room. Lillian had arranged that, and paid for the lunch weekly. Then Margery went on to her drawing lesson if it was Monday or Wednesday, or her voice if it was Tuesday or Thursday, or her dancing if it was Friday. After which she proceeded to a recreational school till teatime, and did interesting things with balls and bars and a trapeze. On Saturday she could visit her sister Kate, or read, or anything, just so she didn't bother Lillian.

And so in that fashion the years had gone by. At seventeen she could draw as cleverly as Kate, and had made some rather remarkable models.

She could sing too. Nicholas admitted that his sister had a voice.

And she could write. She could turn out a poem or a graceful prose description with a mock sophistication which was the despair of Kenyon Gault's protégées. Kenyon was willing to admit the flair for figurines, and the voice, but he was serenely certain that when his younger daughter should really settle down she would be a writer.

With all these gifts, Margery was a physical credit to the Gaults as well. She would never dazzle like dark Kate, nor arrest a jaded eye as did Lillian's cool, frosted beauty. But she was fully as individual as they: straight and slim, with a healthy, cream-like pallor, and dark eyes that were more green than anything else. Her plain bob was the color of *café au lait* with a great deal of *lait*. More perfectly featured, she would have been less pleasing, for there was a captivating irregularity of mouth and brow that is never seen in a doll. She generally wore green frocks.

So you can see that this daughter of the arts came into an adult world fairly well equipped. There was no necessity for her family to worry about her. It was merely a question which career to choose.

(Continued on Page 130)

The Enchanting One

By GERALD MYGATT

Illustrated by W. Emerton Heitland

CARTER TRANE'S slim secretary walked quietly into his office and laid a sheaf of papers upon his desk. The uppermost paper bore figures in neat columns.

He thanked her impersonally and took the uppermost paper in his hand. Then he whistled softly. He scowled over the figures. At length he said, "Are you sure there isn't some mistake here, Miss Ellis?"

"I don't believe the adding machine is wrong, Mr. Trane. And Miss Holtz is always careful."

"I know she is, darn it. She's the most accurate cashier in seven counties." Now he brightened. "Maybe my own figures are wrong somewhere."

"Do you think so?" said his secretary.

"No, I don't. I know they're not. I only wish they were. Well"—he paused, and then laughed a little unsteadily—"I guess that ends that; no use talking about it further."

"You mean your European trip?"

He nodded soberly.

"Oh, that's a shame," said the girl. "And Mrs. Trane was looking forward to it so."

He said dully, "We both were. It was going to mean a lot to us." After a silence he spoke again: "Better get her on the phone, Miss Ellis. She might as well know the verdict before she makes any more plans."

He sat thoughtfully until Miss Ellis said "Here she is, Mr. Trane"; then he took a deep breath and seized the telephone instrument. He tried to speak cheerfully:

"Bad news, dear—the figures won't stretch. No, I know I can't add, but this was done on the machine. . . . Adding machine. . . . No, we'd have to take four hundred out of Junior's school fund and another four hundred out of the building fund. . . . No, I don't think that would be quite right either. . . . Gee, I know it's a shame. Makes me feel like the dickens, after all our planning and everything. . . . Yeah, I know. I feel the same way."

AFTER he had hung up he turned to Miss Ellis. There was a glow of pride in his eyes. He said solemnly, "Miss Ellis, she's the best sport I ever knew. For five years I've been promising her this trip, and she just takes it like a soldier. It's—it's—well, you know."

The secretary observed him with laughing eyes. "You might as well be told that you and Mrs. Trane are the office pets," she informed him. "I mean among the girls. You know what I mean. We like it. There aren't too many of the men around here—around anywhere, I guess—who are really in love with their wives. It's nice."

He blinked at her, his mouth a little open. Since the day she was assigned to him he had been perfectly aware that Miss Ellis was a rather exceptionally personable young woman. Occasionally, in his most private reflections, he had been a little disturbed that he could be as much in love with Hazel, his wife, as he believed he was and still possess an undoubtedly appraising eye for the sheen of Miss Ellis' silk stockings and the indubitable femininity which she so pleasantly radiated.

It had worried him a little, this awareness of his, and there were times when he was guiltily half certain that he was not being so successful in keeping his secret thoughts to himself as he meant to be. The last thing he would have had happen was to have Miss Ellis guess. Just the same—and now the thought came to him again—you couldn't expect to shut a man and a woman into the same room seven hours a day, week after week, month after month, and not have him realize she was a woman.

In answer to her remark he said steadily, but with a light laugh, "Considering the fact that Mrs. Trane and I have been married nine years, I think you will have to admit that we're doing pretty well."

SHE WAS REALLY AS ENTRANCING AS HE HAD KNOWN SHE WOULD BE

At the same time his eyes were fastening themselves, in spite of anything he could seem to do to prevent, upon the brooch that nestled exceedingly softly at Miss Ellis' throat. He swung his eyes away, as with an effort. He found he had turned them upon the arch of Miss Ellis' nearer slipper.

She said conversationally, "Oh, anybody could tell, Mr. Trane. I mean any girl could. You know most men look at a girl—well, sort of different from the way you do."

Carter Trane's jaw opened all the way. But he closed it and said, "My gracious, am I getting as old as that? Just because I'm married doesn't mean I'm blind when I see a pretty girl."

She said gently, "Oh, I don't mean that. You—you're just nice about them. That's what I mean."

On the way home that evening he reviewed this conversation in his mind and decided, with a faint bitter taste of shame, that he must be nothing better than a whited sepulcher. Because, after all, the fact that girls were attractive to him did bother him a little. It wasn't only Miss Ellis. It might be a totally strange girl—a girl on the street, a girl on a bus, a girl in the lobby of a hotel. Something, some devilish thing in him that he hated, made him want to turn and follow her with his eyes. He didn't like the idea. It humiliated him. Besides—darn it!—he was in love, and thoroughly in love, with Hazel.

He knew perfectly well that he didn't really give a rap about any other girl on earth. He was completely satisfied with life as it was and with Hazel as part of that life. He enjoyed Hazel, liked to go home to her, liked to be with her. She was familiar to him, and the very familiarity was a comfortable, satisfying thing.

Hazel herself, still undeniably pretty, though perhaps the least bit plumper than she used to be, was waiting for him on the lawn. He ran to her, took her into his arms, kissed her warmly. Ah, she was solid gold—a good loser!

Rather bitterly he said, "A hot guy I am! Letting you think it was all O. K. to go and then finding out we can't."

SHE patted his cheek. "We'll go next summer, dear," she told him cheerfully. Then she said, "I've put all the folders and maps and things up in the attic, so we can't see them and be reminded of it any more."

"You did want to go just terribly, didn't you, Haze?"

She nodded slowly and said, "It—it wasn't just that, Cart. I—well, we're not getting any younger, and it seemed about time."

"We won't be decrepit by next summer, I guess."

"I know that"—she seemed to be speaking half to herself—"but it's a long time between now and next summer, and almost anything might come up. Of course, I really don't think we ought to use Junior's school money or the building-fund money either. I know you're right about it; and yet"—she hesitated—"you can't measure an experience like that entirely in terms of cash."

"Naturally not," agreed her husband. "There's the broadening value and the educational value and the contacts and ——"

"I was thinking more of us," said Hazel.

"What do you mean, us?"

"You and me, Cart. Oh, I don't know!" And she smiled briefly. "Maybe it's just imagination on my part, honey, but I've had an idea it would sort of—I don't know—stir us up, sort of."

"Stir us up?"

"Do you think that would hurt us?" she asked him gravely.

"I don't get you."

"Out of our rut, I mean. It's a nice rut, Cart, but still it's a rut. I've thought about it a lot sometimes. What I've thought was that maybe doing something big and exciting together, like seeing Europe for the first time, would—well, I don't know how to say it exactly, but it seems to me that after a while two people who really like being married to each other get taking each other too much for granted, like nice comfortable pieces of furniture or something."

HE LAUGHED good-naturedly. "You're crazy," he said; and then with less assurance, "Is this a confession that you can't keep on loving me without a trip to Europe, Mrs. Trane?"

"Stop being a goose. You know we take each other for granted. We have to. I mean it's the way you get. You know it as well as I do."

(Continued on Page 207)

"I NEVER DID SAY SO," CRIED MILD LUCY, ALMOST—FOOLISH CHILD—IN TEARS

The Golden Pound

By A. S. M. Hutchinson

Illustrated by Nancy Fay

WITH good girls left at their boarding-school for the first fortnight of the holidays because in quarantine after mumps I would have sympathy. With idle, mischievous, stupid and ignorant girls in like condition I have none. I would not, indeed, demean my pen by writing of such were it not that in the case of the five whom I now bring beneath your notice retribution followed their ill behavior; and I hope I shall always be willing to point a moral even if I cannot adorn a tale.

I do not, mind you, blame all these girls equally. Lucy Clare was a mild child of twelve, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired; Constance Jones was a stoutish lump of thirteen, placid and bovine. In better company both these, I think, would have been inoffensive and dutiful; but bad example is, I need hardly say, no real excuse for bad behavior. Because Bradda King sought to lead them astray, is that any reason why they should have gone astray? Of course it is not.

"BUT I DON'T WANT ALL THE JOLLY FUN, NOT THE WHOLE OF IT"

Bradda, a headstrong, wretched child, aged, alas for one so steeped in errant ways, but fourteen years, started to lead the whole party astray on the very first night when, the rest of the school having broken up and gone away, these five were left, as Hetty Smith, one of the number, and despite her ill character a somewhat scholarly girl, said, "to their own devices."

I very rarely make a joke, and this story certainly is no occasion for the introduction of levity; but a pungent witticism I do sometimes permit myself, and I cannot resist saying that if Miss Hetty had cast out the first two letters of her word and made it left to their own *vices* she would have been very much nearer the actual prospects when five such girls, led by one such girl as Bradda King, were abandoned to the perils to which such characters as theirs were exposed by the withdrawal of the wholesome discipline of term time.

ACTUALLY—if I may be believed—referring to this indulgent withdrawal of discipline by the coarse word "larks." "Larks!" cried Bradda, bouncing upright in her bed the very moment the kind mistress, Miss Watch, who remained in charge, had left them to compose themselves to slumber. "Larks! If you ask me it's going to be a jolly spiffing time for us. No bounds, no lessons, no rules—we can go where we like and do what we like; and if you ask me when we are able to go home we shall be jolly sick to have to go; and to begin with, that loathsome rule about not talking after lights out is over, as Watchdog has just told us, so I vote one of us tells a story; and as you've only just come in with us, Lucy, you can be the one; we've told all our own till we hate them. Go on!"

Mild Lucy Clare, you must know, not only had been till now in another sick room from that occupied by the other four, but also, a new girl that term, and in a different house, was only very slightly known to them. "I cannot," she now said mildly—"I cannot tell a story, Bradda, but I can tell poetry."

"Tell poetry, then," commanded Bradda, and plumped herself down on her back to listen to it.

Mild Lucy gulped her nervousness with a very loud gulping sound and began.

Gulp. "'A chieftain, to the Highlands bound ——'"

"What's it called?" interrupted Bradda.

"'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' Bradda."

"What, the same name as mine?" demanded Bradda. "Are you making this up?"

"No, indeed I am not," cried mild Lucy, alarmed. "I learnt it. I don't know what her name was. I'm sure it couldn't have been Bradda because ——"

"Well, why did you say it was?"

"I never did say so," cried mild Lucy, almost—foolish child—in tears.

"Look here," cried Bradda, bouncing up in bed and speaking in the hectoring way that was her habit. "Look here, you certainly did say so. 'Lord Ullin's Daughter Bradda' you said as plain as life; and if you think you've come in here to make a fool of me you're mightily mistaken. Now then!"

"You ass, Bradda," vulgarly said Hetty, the scholarly one. "She didn't mean that. She used the vocative case and what she really meant was 'Lord Ullin's Daughter, O Bradda'; not that the daughter was *called* Bradda."

"Well, she shouldn't speak so thickly, then," said Bradda, lying down again, mollified. "It's a loathsome name, anyway—Ullin—and a very stupid poem so far. Go on, Lucy, and don't gulp so much."

Mild Lucy, none the less nervous, as may be imagined, for this unfortunate beginning, did as bidden.

Gulp. "'Lord Ullin's Daughter.'" Gulp. "'A chieft——'"

"Don't *gulp*, I tell you!"

"Bradda, I think it must be these mumps."

"Rubbish. I've had mumps and you don't hear me gulping every time I open my mouth. Go *on*, will you!"

Gulp.

"A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry.'"

Further than that the poor child never got, for such were the captious and quarrelsome dispositions of her companions that a most stupid wrangle now at once broke out. "What did he want to cross the ferry for?" inquired Constance, the stoutish, bovine one.

"WELL, that comes next," replied mild Lucy. Gulp—"Wait a minute!" commanded Elspeth McGee, a sharp, red-headed Scottish child whom I have not yet cared to introduce. "Wait a minute. If there was a ferry, what," she went on with Scottish acumen, "did he want to hire a boatman for? Why didn't he go on the ferry?"

"Oh, please," cried Lucy, "I really don't know. Perhaps the ferry wasn't working or perhaps the boatman was the ferry. Shall I go on, please?"

"Not yet," ordered Hetty Smith, the scholarly one. "If it all goes on as badly as that it's a very bad poem and I can't imagine who made you learn it. It's simply shocking poetry because 'ferry' doesn't rime with 'tarry' and never could. If you want to make it rime you must either say, 'Boatman, do not terry,' or you must say, 'To row me o'er the farry'; and everybody knows there are no such words as 'terry' or 'farry.' Who wrote this rotten poem?"

Whether poor Lucy knew that the notable poet, Thomas Campbell, wrote these most pleasing verses I cannot say. Before she could conclude the gulp with which she began her reply, sharp Elspeth, the red, Scottish one, must needs be at it again.

"Another rotten thing about it," pronounced sharp Elspeth, "is this ass saying he would give the boatman a silver pound. Who ever heard of a silver pound? There's no such thing. Why there isn't even a golden pound."

"GOOD GRACIOUS, I MUST HAVE STEPPED ON IT"

FRANTICALLY SHE WAVED HER HANDKERCHIEF

And now you will see how one stupid wrangle will lead to another.

"Oh, yes, there is, though," cried Bradda King. "There certainly isn't a silver pound, but there certainly is a gold one."

"There isn't. There's only a paper one."

Up, of course, bounces Bradda in her fiery way. "Well, that's all you know. There is a golden pound because I've seen one, and before the war there used to be heaps and it was only because of the war that they made paper pounds. I've got an uncle who's the manager of a bank and he told me and he's shown them to me."

"Well, *I've* never seen one."

And so on, and so on. I really cannot debase my pen by further reporting the unladylike, absurd and stubborn wrangle which, Lord Ullin's Daughter completely forgotten, now went on long into the night—Bradda, who had seen a gold pound, against all the others who never had, except mild Lucy, who took the opportunity, and was very thankful for it, of gulping herself off to sleep. I move, instead, to certain correspondence which the Post Office bore to and fro on subsequent days:

Dear Uncle: Please send me a Golden Pound from your bank.
from,
Your affectionate Niece.

Dear Niece: Why should I send you a Golden Pound from my bank?
from,
Your affectionate Uncle.

Dear Uncle: To show the other girls who have had mumps.
from,
Your affectionate Niece.

Dear Niece: If you will send me twenty shillings I shall have pleasure in sending you a Golden Pound from my bank to show the other girls who have had mumps.
from,
Your affectionate Uncle.

"OF COURSE," said Bradda, exhibiting this last letter to the others—"of course he's just trying to play the funny goat, imitating me like that; but I might have known he'd never send it without I paid for it because my father has often said it's like getting a stone out of blood to get money from him, he's so stingy. But I tell you," she went on, "what would be the most frightful lark I've thought of out of all this, *and* would get a golden pound for you all to see; and that is—you know this Pound Day they're having down at the vicarage next week in aid of the Cottage Hospital? Everybody brings a pound of something which is either given to the hospital or sold for it, and there's a prize of a pound note for whatever the committee think is the best pound value. Well, you couldn't possibly have a more valuable pound than a golden pound; so what I vote is that we collect twenty shillings, send it to this goat uncle of mine, get a golden pound for it, present the pound and, absolutely for certain, win the pound note—four bob each. Eh? What do you think?"

They all thought "Fine!" They all thought, also, that no possible way of collecting twenty shillings was apparent to them; but here again bold Bradda was readily inventive.

"I've thought of that. It's as easy as nothing. We'll have a jumble sale."

A jumble sale, headstrong Bradda in her impetuous way proceeded to explain, is simply a raking together of unwanted things and a sale of them to the villagers who, according to Bradda, simply tear one another to death in order to buy them. They had had one, she said, in her village last holidays and had made twenty pounds. "We only want one pound, so I can't think of anything that will be easier."

If this was true, and Bradda really could not think of anything easier, I can only say that she could not have thought much. A jumble sale out of the castoffs of several well-to-do homes is one thing; a jumble sale from between the walls of a boarding-school in vacation, all the classrooms locked and all clothes in the keeping of the matron, is quite another. At the end of some hours, diligent search having been set in train forthwith, all that had been collected was eighteen toothbrushes abandoned, and rightly so, by their owners in various dormitories, and five shreds of soap.

"How loathsome!" was Bradda's elegant comment, referring not, as she might have been justified in doing, to the deplorable appearance of these outworn aids to personal hygiene, but to the embittered prospects of her brilliant scheme. "However," she then said, her impetuous nature coming to the rescue of her gloom—"however, it's not so bad after all, for a start. A new toothbrush costs at least a shilling, so if we sell these for sixpence each it will be a real bargain for the poor and nine bob for us. Sixpence, say, for the soap makes nine-and-six, and there's jolly nearly half our pound after only one day's search. I say," she went on, fired by these sparks of her own imagination, "it really is rather good, come to think of it. Tomorrow we'll sell off this lot for nine-and-six, and the day after we'll give up to searching again, and so on. I say, larks, eh?"

WILD, stupid Bradda! The morrow, as all wise readers will have seen, brought no larks, nor yet one single penny toward the golden pound. Three cottages two miles and a half along a hot and dusty road were nearest habitations to the school; and as it was clearly impossible to attract the cottagers to the sale, necessarily the sale had to be taken to the cottagers. The door of the first, round which the little party, hot and weary, but now brightly expectant, grouped itself, was opened by a very old woman whose appearance suggested that purchase of the soap would indeed be wise and beneficial; and Bradda, nine toothbrushes in each hand, greeted her brightly and cheerfully.

"Good morning," said Bradda. "Do you, if you please, want a nice toothbrush?"

"No," said the very old woman tartly; "nor yet a nasty one; I ain't got no teeth."

She slammed the door and the expectant little party retired, dashed.

"The only comfort," said Bradda, as she closed the gate and surveyed her followers, "is that even when she did have teeth I bet she never washed them."

Precisely what order of comfort was to be derived from this supposition I am afraid I cannot tell you. None at all, even by Bradda, was found in the second cottage which was abandoned as empty after ten minutes of fruitless knocking; and discomfort only was forthcoming from the third and last, provided by a highly unpleasant-looking dog which lashed itself into such fury on its own side of the gate that the jumble sellers decided to remain, not only on theirs, but as far away on theirs as, with one accord, hasty flight could take them.

Ah, if only they had then learned their lesson and abandoned their foolish enterprise in favor of quiet walks and talks mingled with gentle recreations and studious application to a bracing holiday task, how much happier they would have been, how much further discomfiture they would have saved themselves! But no. Object to further jumble selling that day they did, but that was only because they were lazy. Find fault with Bradda's suggestion that on the following day a near-by gypsy caravan should be tempted with the toothbrushes, also they did, but that only because after lunch they were torpid and sulky.

"Gypsies don't wash their teeth," protested Constance, who, stoutish, had suffered most from the heat and burden of the long walk.

"Well, nor do you three nights out of six," cried Bradda, "but you have to have a toothbrush all the same, so why shouldn't the gypsies?"

"Go and ask them and find out," retorted Constance, stung. "But you won't catch me going with you. If you think I'm going to spend my time lugging toothbrushes about the country you're mightily mistaken."

"Very well then," pronounced Bradda; "very well then, *you* won't get your four bob and so much more for the rest of us."

THIS sentence she pronounced with a would-be icy calm; but, incapable of preserving even affected dignity, in gust of wrath she then turned on the others, and, such was her crazily inconstant nature, in full blast of the gust changed as suddenly to wildest new enthusiasm.

That was the kind of girl she was; and this, as follows, was the manner of it:

"And if any of you others," cried she, rounding on them, "want to back out of the golden pound, back out of it. I'm perfectly capable of getting it myself without your help; but I'm not perfectly capable of standing the grumbling and whining that went on the whole way back from those vile cottages. I do my best for you to make you happy by showing you a golden pound which you've never seen in your idiot lives before, and by getting you four bob each for nothing, and all you do is to hinder and hamper in every way you can. It's enough to give anyone a fit."

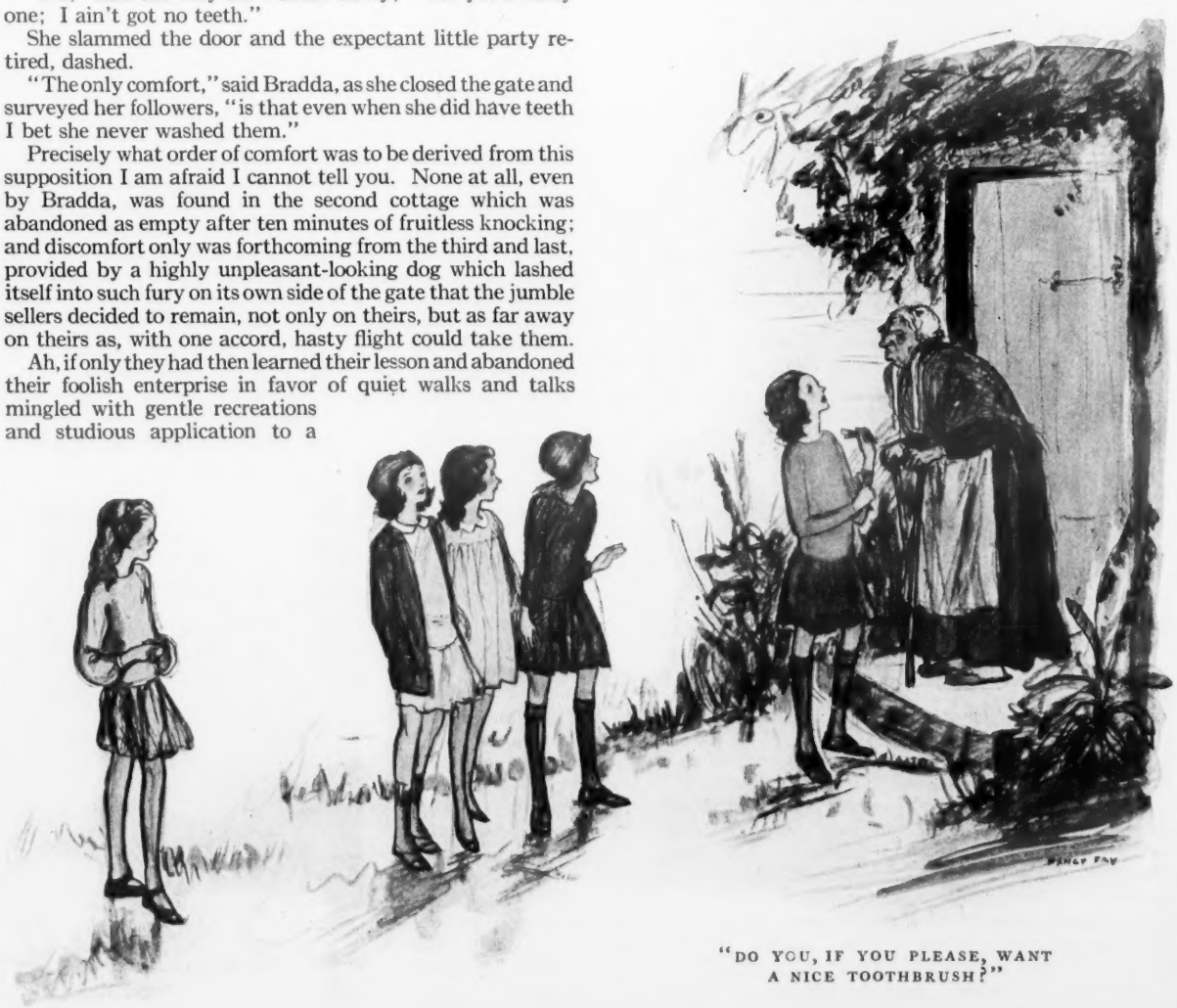
She stopped abruptly with the word "fit" and gazed upon her hearers, as Balboa's men on the Pacific, with a wild surmise.

"My *dears*," tumultuously she then burst out—"my *dears*, I've suddenly thought of the most magnificent idea, far, far better than jumbling and with absolutely not the least difficulty to it. It was talking about getting a fit that gave it to me. Do you know that, in an article about tramps I read while we had mumps, it said that tramps and people like that often get money out of people by falling down and pretending to have a fit. They foam at the mouth and that shows it is a fit; and do you know how they make the foam—they chew soap! There!"

Her audience gazed blankly upon her.

"You see it, don't you?" cried Bradda.

(Continued on Page 194)

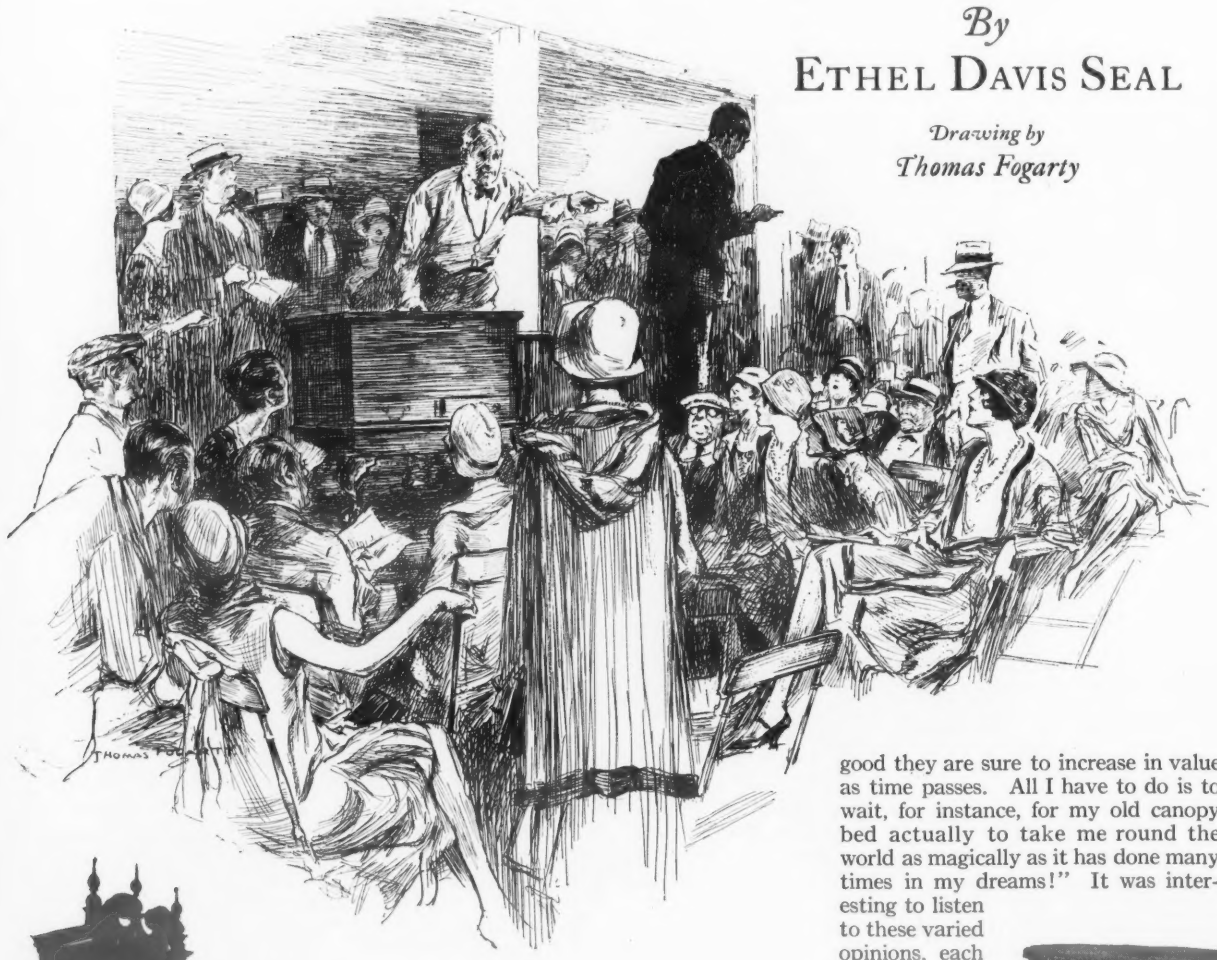


"DO YOU, IF YOU PLEASE, WANT A NICE TOOTHBRUSH?"

Is the Antique Fever Waning?

By
ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

Drawing by
Thomas Fogarty



The Savery Grandfather's clock.

AMONG the group of people gathered around the candlelit dinner table there seemed to be some difference of opinion as to the worth of the antique hobby. "I just couldn't bring myself to buy the dilapidated-looking objects I see in most antique collections," the young woman in black lace was saying firmly. I thought I could detect a faint tinge of scorn in her tone, and I hoped our hostess wouldn't notice it, for we were sitting on very old bow-backed mahogany Windsor chairs, and the table itself was an antique mahogany drop leaf, with cut corners and gate legs.

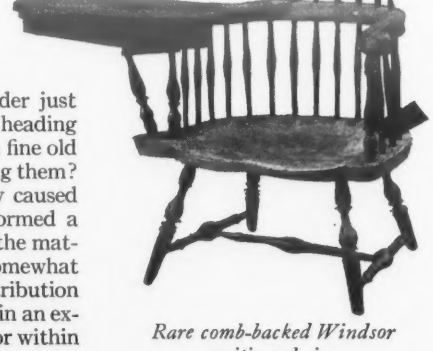
"And the prices!" cried the lady in glasses. "A neighbor of mine paid four hundred dollars for a Dutch dresser in pine for her breakfast room. If she ever wanted to sell the thing I think she'd be lucky to get half that price; and if she leaves it in the condition it was in when she bought it she'd likely have to give it away to get rid of it. Because this antique fever is only a fad, I think."

"Oh, I don't know about that!" exclaimed our host. "It's my opinion that American antiques are increasing in value every year. Ten years ago I paid a hundred dollars for this mahogany table, and I considered it a good price then. But last week a dealer offered me a thousand for it, and I had the courage to refuse, for I think it will bring more some day."

One Lady Gets a Jolt

THE woman in black gave a start that made the ice jingle in the old Jersey glasses. "Your table *is* lovely," she hastened to say. "And of course I have been admiring it the whole time, though I hadn't an idea it was an antique. . . . Isn't it awfully well preserved?" But just here the lady in glasses cut in dryly. "I'm afraid I'd be tempted to take my thousand! For with this craze for modern furniture, which is so terrifically unspindled, if you know what I mean, I'd be afraid the antique style might take a tumble, and I'd wake up some day and find my old table not worth a cent!"

"Now isn't that queer!" said someone in rose. "I consider antiques the safest sort of an investment. If they're really good they are sure to increase in value as time passes. All I have to do is to wait, for instance, for my old canopy bed actually to take me round the world as magically as it has done many times in my dreams!" It was interesting to listen to these varied opinions, each one colored perhaps by the wish that things would turn out some certain way. But the argument had made me wonder just what the antique fever of the past was heading for. Would we make a fortune on the fine old pieces we had acquired, just by keeping them? Or had the modern movement already caused them to suffer a fall in values? I formed a hasty decision to find out the truth of the matter. And after an hour or so of somewhat heated discussion I made a final contribution to it as I rose to go: "Very soon I'll be in an excellent position to answer all of you, for within the next few weeks I've determined to go to every antique sale I can find. Perhaps you'd like to place your wagers now, for I'll come back armed with a sheaf of the actual prices, high or low, that antiques can bring!"

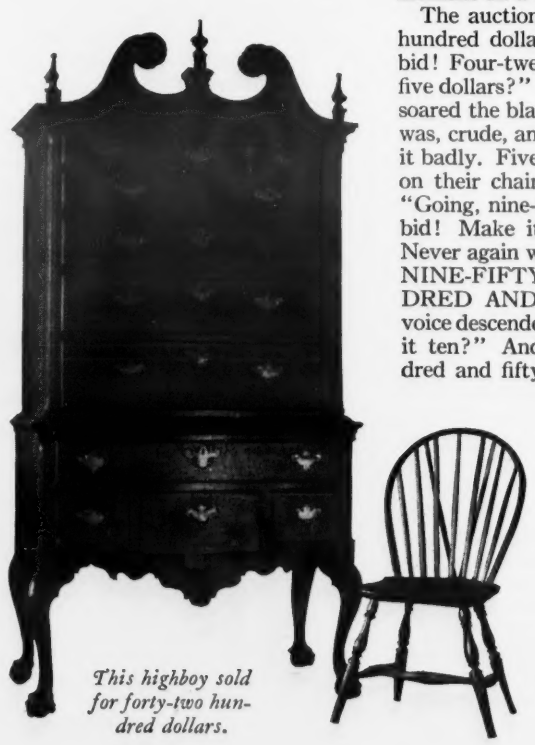


Rare comb-backed Windsor writing chair.

My idea met with decided applause, and so the next week I began my investigation beneath the tent stretched out over the courtyard of the Old Fountain House, of Doylestown, Pennsylvania. The auctioneer's hammer rapped for order, the crowd of people under the tent settled back for a morning of high interest, for there had been much talk for years about this collection. The silence was intense as a small slatback rocker started the bidding, but in its original old ivory paint and red trimming line, this piece brought only ten dollars, and a murmur of distinct disappointment passed through the crowd. The thrill chasers felt disappointment again when a grandfather's chair with a four-slat back, finger-carved arms, a rush seat and a heavy turned stretcher—a real beauty—brought only thirty-six dollars. But after an hour or so of such bidding, a pair of mirror wall sconces, small, mosaic and hooded, were sold, after keen competition, for seventy-three dollars. The crowd was getting its speed.

A child's Windsor high chair.

After that there was no holding them in. And the afternoon, which at sales is always better than mornings, witnessed some record prices. Another pair of small mirror sconces, this time of oval shape, brought two hundred and five dollars. Somewhat small Chippendale mirrors with the spread-eagle ornamentation went as high as one hundred and seventy-seven dollars. A maple Queen Anne side chair was sold for two hundred and eighty dollars. A Windsor ten-legged settee, clumsy in appearance, but all-peg construction and all original, brought five hundred and ten dollars; a walnut pie-crust table, thirty-two inches in diameter, was bid in for a little over two hundred dollars.



This highboy sold for forty-two hundred dollars.

Wind of the sale, and the spectacular prices obtained brought jams of people the next day and the next. It was rumored that private antique collectors would be there in person, as it had been gossiped that their agents had been from the start. Great wealth was represented in the throng, many notable folk were bidding, and high-class antique dealers from New York City and elsewhere were heavy participants. Fringing the edge of the crowd were the farmers, many horrified that such old stuff should bring prices so high, many wondering if their own attics might not contain gold mines.

As Good as the Circus

IT WAS a colorful picture. Tawny trees hung low over the tent, sun streamed in great splashes through it onto the gay sweaters and sports dresses of women, onto the maple highboys and chests, the blue-painted settees, and the large copper caldrons piled high on the old porch back of its white columns. Just the setting required for the excited bidding taking place at this moment on a large panel-back fire settle, six feet long.

The auctioneer's voice rose clearly, "I am offered three hundred dollars. Make it three-fifty? Four hundred I'm bid! Four-twenty-five? Who bids four hundred and twenty-five dollars?" But the crowd hardly needed this urging. Up soared the black settle on prices staggering to hear. Pine it was, crude, and exceedingly old; and several people wanted it badly. Five hundred, six-fifty, seven. . . . People stood on their chairs. Eight hundred, nine hundred, nine-fifty! "Going, nine-fifty!" called the auctioneer. "Nine-fifty I'm bid! Make it ten? Nine-fifty for this early pine settle! Never again will there be a chance at a piece as fine as this! NINE-FIFTY! MAKE IT TEN? GOING, NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS! GOING!" And his voice descended to a wheedling whisper as he coaxed, "Make it ten?" And then, "GOING! This settle for nine hundred and fifty dollars! IT IS SOLD!" And the hammer crashed down with a resounding note of achievement.

The little auctioneer was a success. The people liked him. He was genial, knew his onions, told the truth in so far as he knew it, and his quaint up-country Dutch accent added flavor to the monotonous singsong which accompanies all public auctions. A very wide comb-backed Windsor armchair, the comb itself showing nine spindles, was started on its way with a bid of three hundred dollars, and was sold at seven hundred and seventy-five. A medium-sized Queen Anne

(Continued on Page 85)

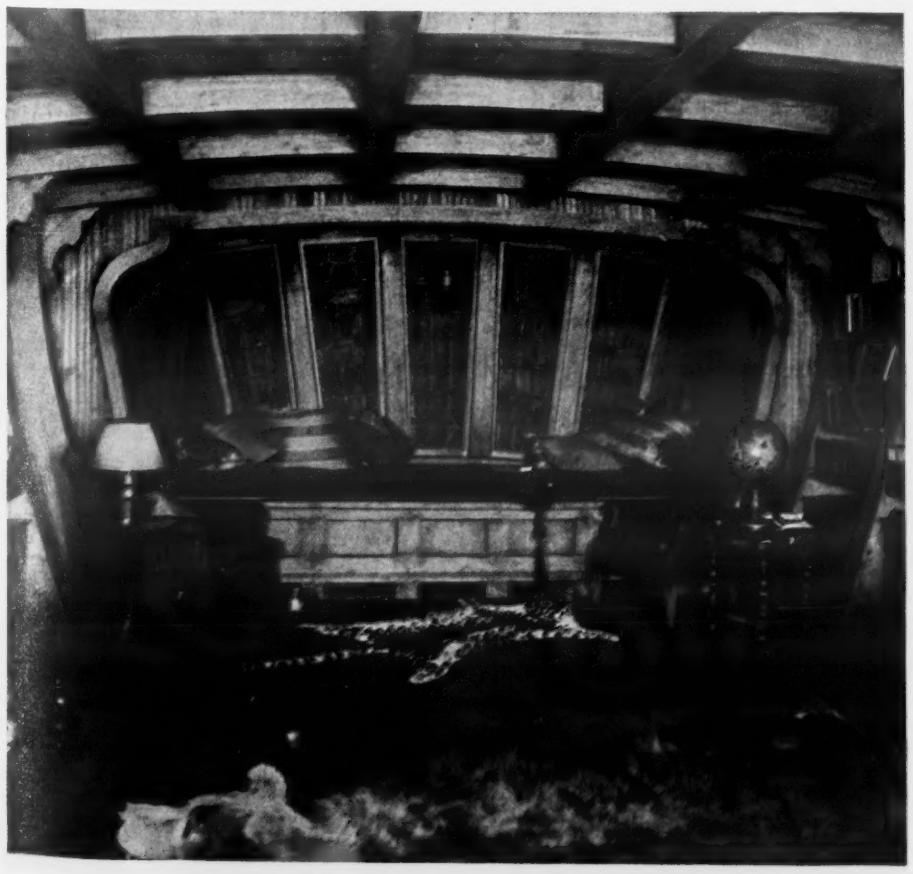
This study follows the Colonial tradition, except that the woodwork is painted a deep red instead of white or cream. Reds and browns are the most masculine backgrounds.

A desk, an easy-chair, a fireplace, ships and books to delight any man! At the side of the mantel is a secret panel through which the owner may enter the room without going through the main hall.

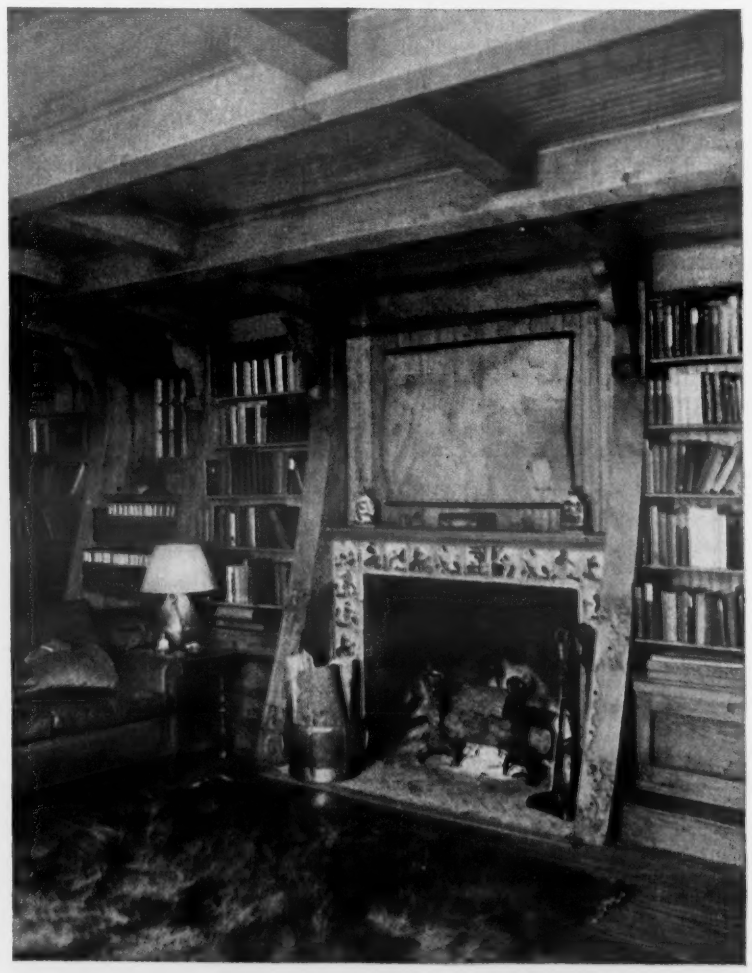
Two Studies Especially Planned for Men

Designed by HOWARD AND FRENAYE, *Architects*

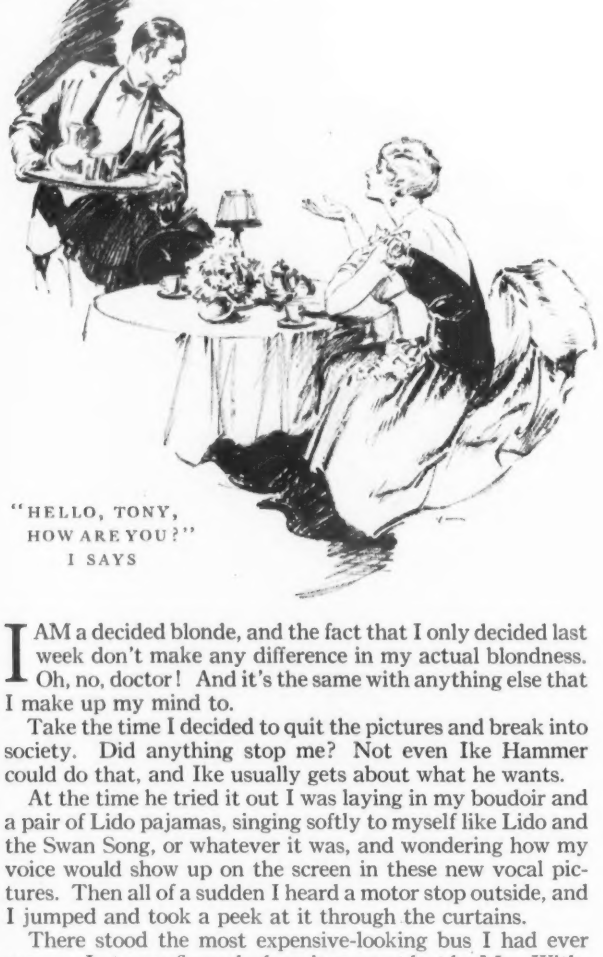
Ships are one of the few places where a man is absolute master, hence the generous use of the ship in decoration and design in these very masculine rooms.



This study in the residence of Mr. Walter Seligman, at Sand's Point, Long Island, resembles an old ship's cabin. Between the ship's ribs which buttress the walls are books.



Against one wall is a fireplace framed in antique Spanish tiles surmounted by an old map of Long Island. Antique brass ship's vessels have been made into lamps.



"HELLO, TONY, HOW ARE YOU?" I SAYS

A Hoot for Social Position

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

Illustrated by De Alton Valentine

I AM a decided blonde, and the fact that I only decided last week don't make any difference in my actual blondness. Oh, no, doctor! And it's the same with anything else that I make up my mind to.

Take the time I decided to quit the pictures and break into society. Did anything stop me? Not even Ike Hammer could do that, and Ike usually gets about what he wants.

At the time he tried it out I was laying in my boudoir and a pair of Lido pajamas, singing softly to myself like Lido and the Swan Song, or whatever it was, and wondering how my voice would show up on the screen in these new vocal pictures. Then all of a sudden I heard a motor stop outside, and I jumped and took a peek at it through the curtains.

There stood the most expensive-looking bus I had ever seen, so I at once figured where it must at last be Mrs. Withington, our social headlight, condescending to call. But no such luck. The door opened, and who would pop out only Ike Hammer, as per usual with a big cigar in the face.

I was so anxious to find out what on earth had brought Ike that I run right down our Venetian-marble staircase set to where he was handing his béret and cane to the butler and pausing as if he expected to be given a check for 'em.

"Well, well, if it ain't June herself!" says Ike.

"Surprised it's not Lillian Russell, Ike?" I says.

"Nice place you got here, June," says Ike, past the cigar. "I betcha this cost not less than half a million!"

"You're not far off," I says. "It's a nice little cottage, as we say on Long Island. But come on in and have a seat and tell me what the dynamite explosion that tore you loose from the office was."

We went on into the Spanish drawing-room for the next sequence, and Ike felt carefully of the plush arm before he sat down in one of our best genuine Inquisition chairs.

"Rich goods, June," he says to me. "It must cost a lot, running this house. Don't you ever get worried over the expenses?"

"Sure!" I says.

"I was hoping you did," he sighed. "I tell you, June, I got something on the mind, and you should help me out."

"Well, what's worrying the poppa?" I says. "Spill it all—you know I'm a friend in need, and the needier I get the more friendly I am."

"Not you, June, no!" he says. "I never had no real trouble with you over money yet. But you know Hitchey."

"Sure I know him!" I says. "The biggest director in the business today!"

"Did I says no?" says Ike hotly. "But he's crazy! It's him that made me come here today. We just bought him a book called Society Sinners, and he claims he can't make it with nobody but you."

FOR a minute I felt like a oyster must when the tide comes in. I don't exactly hate myself on account several persons have mentioned where I was pretty good, but to have Hitchey insisting upon me was a real compliment. However, with a stern gesture I put the idea of acting again behind me. I'd had plenty of that sort of success, I didn't really need more money, and I wasn't going to be happy until I had society under my other foot. Oh, no, doctor!

"No, Ike," I says. "I got other plans for this season, thanks just the same."

"Oh, I know what you're gonner say!" says Ike slyly. "You are moving in real society now, and you couldn't leave right in the height of the season. But you don't need to. Our publicity department has a swell idea, and I mean just that!"

"What?"

"Junie," he says, leaning forward in a kind of stage whisper, "I come down here today partially to look at the location!" He waved his fat arms around excitedly. "Right here is where we want to make our exteriors. Also we want some of your new swell friends in the picture. This is a society story, see, and Schumer, our publicity director, wants to make it the genuine thing. Absolutely! We'll use as many of the real swells as ain't too terrible looking. And there's a pile of dough in it, June—it's absolutely new!"

Well, I sat back at that, too surprised to speak for a moment. In a way I was terribly flattered, for evidently Ike thought I really was in right with the Ritzy set, and far be it from me to tell him different! The true fact was that the dope I had been feeding the publicity department about my social success was merely scenarios I had made up out of my own head. But believe me, I intended to make them come true before long.

"Ike, you don't understand!" I says, registering disdain. "There are other things in this world besides money-making. There is such a thing as social position and knowing the right people, and if you think that I'm going to queer myself by trying to drag them into the movies you're crazy, that's all."

"SOMEBODY'S crazy, and it ain't me," says Ike. "Do you mean to say you are going to turn down a comeback like I'm offering you ——"

"Whatter you mean, comeback?" I says. "I guess I am still pretty well there, Ike."

"You mean you were!" says Ike. "Lookit here, June Sunshine, you know yourself how soon a picture star is forgotten. Who made A Daisy Day? Eh, who? What's become of Thelma Barry? When did you see Barney Blessing, and where is he now? No place! I'm telling you there ain't a star living can afford to quit working more than a few months unless they want to join the gang at All Inn. I could go on mentioning more dead stars than the observatory can tell you about.

"And why? Because they wouldn't work! Don't be too sure you ain't slipping between two stools. It's two years now, since you made a picture. As for these society people, why the most of them think that Rin-tin-tin is a Chinese revolutionist! Think it over what I'm telling you, and a week from today the contracts will be ready! No more back talk now—I'm gonner beat it and leave you think it over!"

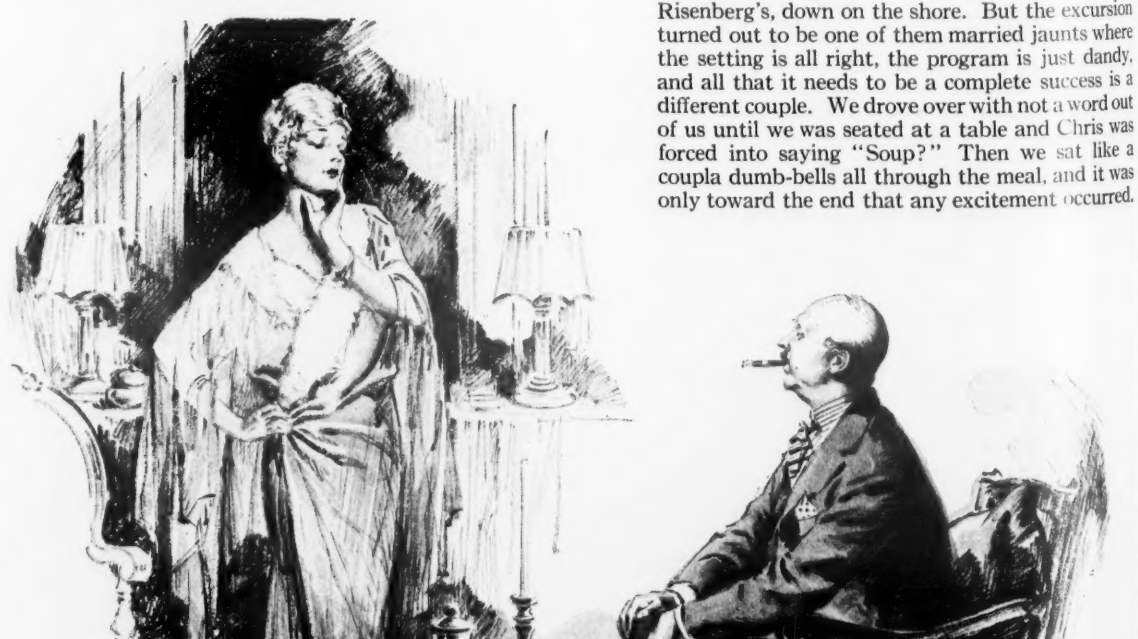
Ike got his béret and cane back from our guaranteed all-English butler, to who I think Ike slipped a quarter out of habit. Then he stepped into his battleship on wheels and drove off. Well, there was no use talking to Chris—that's my husband—about what I was doing. I thought it was wiser, on account Chris, who has always played opposite me in the pictures, was already getting restless enough, without Ike upsetting him as well. Chris didn't in the least seem to appreciate what it would mean to be on first-name terms with our society leaders, but I did. So I had been giving big checks to local charities, going to church regular, and helping at the Orphans' Fund Fair by selling second-hand cut flowers. And as a reward I had finally been elected to the Bayside Beaux Arts Society, which is a high-hat name for culture club.

This club was formed, see, so that the ladies of Bayside would help the Arts along by letting said Arts know that even quite nice people took a kindly interest in them now and then, and this season they was taking up Living Authors. Taking them up for an afternoon each, at the rate of one a month.

The club held its meetings at the houses of the different members, and Ike blew in like a damp cloud just before my turn to have the literary sequence played on my lot. That meant I would be receiving some ladies who I had never met and never would meet in any other way, including even Mrs. Withington, the great I Am whose O. K. was like getting a free pass from Saint Peter. Mrs. Withington was, in fact, the most Ritzy member, and while she had barely spoke to me at the other meetings she was pretty well bound to do so in my own house. Take it all in all, my social campaign was in a state where things of importance was about to happen, but of a nature which a man, especially a husband, couldn't be expected to understand.

THE Living Author which was to be on view at my party was none other than the famous Mrs. Slough, the English writer whose novels young girls had been snatching away from their innocent mothers for the last ten years. I personally was not acquainted with her, but the Sec. of the club had sent the invitation in my name on account of Mrs. Slough having had several of her books done into pictures, notably Secret Loves and that great success, Too Weak. The club seemed to feel that, what with me being in the pictures, Mrs. Slough would probably take less money to come to my house than to any other; and sure enough, the lady had written back that she would be delighted to show up. So everything was all nicely set. But I had counted without Chris.

Chris had lately developed a strong attack of the rovies, a disease which is common among husbands. So after Ike left I consented to go off alone for dinner with him to Risenberg's, down on the shore. But the excursion turned out to be one of them married jaunts where the setting is all right, the program is just dandy, and all that it needs to be a complete success is a different couple. We drove over with not a word out of us until we was seated at a table and Chris was forced into saying "Soup?" Then we sat like a coupla dumb-bells all through the meal, and it was only toward the end that any excitement occurred.



"IKE, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!" I SAYS, REGISTERING DISDAIN. "THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN THIS WORLD BESIDES MONEY-MAKING"

"LADIES," I SAYS, "I AM NOT GOING TO ATTEMPT TO MAKE A REGULAR INTRODUCTION"

Risenberg's was famous for its shore dinners, and fresh lobsters know no social distinctions. So I wasn't absolutely astonished when a noisy party of four blew in—three sporting men and a girl of a typical Broadway type. Nor yet I wasn't altogether knocked dead when what followed did. There comes a gleam in every husband's eye which, when his wife sees it turned at another woman, a kind of cold hand clutches at her heart, and she knows what is going to happen. Sure enough, Chris leaned forward, his face lighting up with interest.

"Say," he says, "isn't that LaSalle, who used to do the Schwanzer-Morter publicity, over there with that dame in red?"

"Yes, I believe it is," says I coldly. "What of it?"

"I believe I'll run over and speak to him a moment, if you don't mind," says Chris. "Just order me a coffee, will you?"

And with that he was off. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of looking, but out of one eye I couldn't help seeing Chris being introduced to that blonde and taking a chair beside her, and if my thoughts had been arsenic her ice cream would have proved fatal!

THE trouble was that Chris had done this same thing before. Lately, every time we went in any public place he seemed to spot some female he knew and go talk to her, while I sat alone and wondered if the waiters was pitying me as much as I pitied myself. Rovies? He sure had 'em bad. But it was the kind of thing that a wife will ignore just as long as she possibly can, for ignoring a thing often cures it.

Chris stayed and stayed. His coffee come and practically froze to the table, while Chris and the girl in red was talking as animated as a new dance record. Then I realized where someone was looking at me hard, and, of all people, there was Mrs. Withington, her lorgnette on her nose and the nose turning from my table to the girl in red with an expression which says as plain as words, "Well, really, is that the kind of people you know!" I wanted to sink through the floor with shame.

Of all things, for this to happen the very day before my reception to the club! I seen it was time for me to act, so I beckoned to the waiter, and a moment later Chris was back.

"What's the matter—you in a hurry?" he asked. "Sorry I was so long, but that little girl used to work in a picture with me, and I thought it was only decent to stop and speak to her a moment. Not a bad sort, and a great fan of yours, my dear."

"If you will pay check I'd like to go," I says choking. "That is, if you have mortified me enough for one evening!"

"What on earth ——" begun Chris, just as if he didn't perfectly well know what was wrong. "Oh, all right! For the luvva tripe, can't I even talk to an old friend for a moment without you getting sore? Everything I do is wrong, I ——"

"Hush!" I says. "I'm cheapened enough as it is, without you telling Mr. and Mrs. Withington all about it. But believe me, you will do that kind of thing once too often!"

We sailed out of the place pronto, and before I got through with Chris that night I had him acknowledging he was a brute, that it was a mean thing to have done, and solemnly promising where he would never do such a thing to me again.

Well, anyways, as the old saying goes, "There's no such thing as riding on the crest of a permanent wave." If one thing is going over big in a person's life something else is bound to be flopping. And so next day, seeing that the club was actually meeting under my roof, why naturally I concentrated on that, and the first thing I done was to renege on one strict rule.

This was to the effect no stranger was to see me without reasonable evidence that they was not trying to get into the pictures. When the news first got around that I had bought this home all the nuts who thought they could act commenced butting into my boudoir, looking for jobs, handing out scenarios or wanting to know if I couldn't use their grandmother or their dog in my next picture.

But this day I was afraid the wrong parties might get kept out, so I give the instructions to the butler my own personal self. "Now, Grimes," I says, "there may be some funny-looking dames among the ladies this afternoon—especially the speaker, Mrs. Slough. Be careful no reporters and ladies get kept out by mistake. This is very important."

And that was about all I had to do except get ready myself, on account Miss Fortune, the club secretary, was to meet Mrs. Slough at the train with one of my cars.

Now I don't know anything more terrible than the wait between the time when everything is finally ready for a party and when it actually begins. There I sat, anxious, the hour of the meeting getting closer and closer and not the sign of a single guest. And when at last I seen Mrs. Slough walking up the driveway I felt such a terrible relief that I didn't even wait for Grimes to let her in—I flew down to do it myself and greeted her on the top step.

I DIDN'T need anybody to tell me who it was, on account I acted in a picture where one of the comedy relief was a authoress, and I knew exactly how she would look. Evidently she had come by the bus instead of the train, and Miss Fortune must of missed her. The poor thing seemed absolutely wore out; even the skirt of her dress, which come to her ankles, looked tired. Her hat sat on the top of her head as if it expected to jump off any minute, and under it her pale blond hair blew in limp strands across her eyeglasses, which were anchored to her blouse by a hefty gold chain. Her shoes showed intellect in every line, and she carried a big portfolio with books sticking out the top.

But in spite of all this a person could tell at once where she was somebody important. There was a kind of air about her—dignity it could be called—and a clear, straightforward look in her eye that I liked right off.

"Hello!" I says. "So glad to see you, come right in! Here, let Grimes take your books, won't you?"

Mrs. Slough seemed a little startled. I suppose it was me coming out myself like that, but she was quick to recover her poise, and she smiled, one of the sweetest smiles I ever seen in my life.

"Thanks awfully," she says in her pleasant English accent, giving her bag to Grimes. "He won't take them far, will he? I'll want them, you know."

"Of course," I says cordially. "Any time you say; but first off I'm sure you want to get your breath and wash up and cool off and all. You came by the bus instead of the train, I suppose. I'm so sorry you had to walk!"

"Oh, I don't mind that!" she says brightly. "It's just that my books are a trifle heavy. Are you June Sunshine? You must be, of course! I'm a great admirer of yours, and I say, it's awfully jolly of you to receive me like this!"

"Not at all," I says. "I'm just delighted to have you. It gets kind of lonesome down here, and your coming is a real blessing."

"I'VE tried several times to meet you," says she, "but you are a very busy person, I fancy. I simply adore motion pictures, and have always wanted to act in them myself. That was one of the reasons I wanted so to see you. And then, of course, I hoped you might be interested in my books."

"Oh, I am," I says, trying to switch her off the subject of pictures. "I'm just crazy over books, but don't let's talk about them till later. I'm expecting some more ladies any minute, and I don't want them to miss a word you say; and anyhow, I'd feel better if you was to go right upstairs and rest yourself a minute or two."

She just stood there in the hall a minute before speaking, and to my surprise she looked like she was going to cry. But she didn't. She gulped a couple of times and then smiled that lovely way again.

"Really, you are too kind," she said faintly. "I'm most appreciative, for I have had a rather unusually trying day. This is like unexpectedly walking into a bit of heaven."

"Nonsense!" I says, trying to cheer her out of her temperament. "I am an artist myself, and so I got some sympathy and understanding for other ladies who have to work. If you'll take my tip you'll lay down on my day bed."

"It's too sweet of you," she beamed, "and I'm going to take advantage of your goodness. Be sure and let me know as soon as your friends arrive. I will certainly hope to interest them!"

With that she followed the second footman upstairs, and for a little while I was left alone to figure over what a charming person she was. We had taken one of them instant likings to each other, and I felt well, here is somebody I could be friends with—real friends. And then the club commenced to arrive.

At first they came in driblets, then in crowds. Some I knew and some I didn't, but one and all they at once wanted to know had Mrs. Slough arrived yet. Of course I told them yes, and my dear, she is perfectly charming, so simple and straightforward, nothing stuck up or affected about her, just as natural as you and me—yes, she'll be down in a minute! And so on. Then finally, when I thought enough of

(Continued on Page 168)

Water Lilies

By GEORGE H. PRING

Superintendent of Missouri Botanical Garden

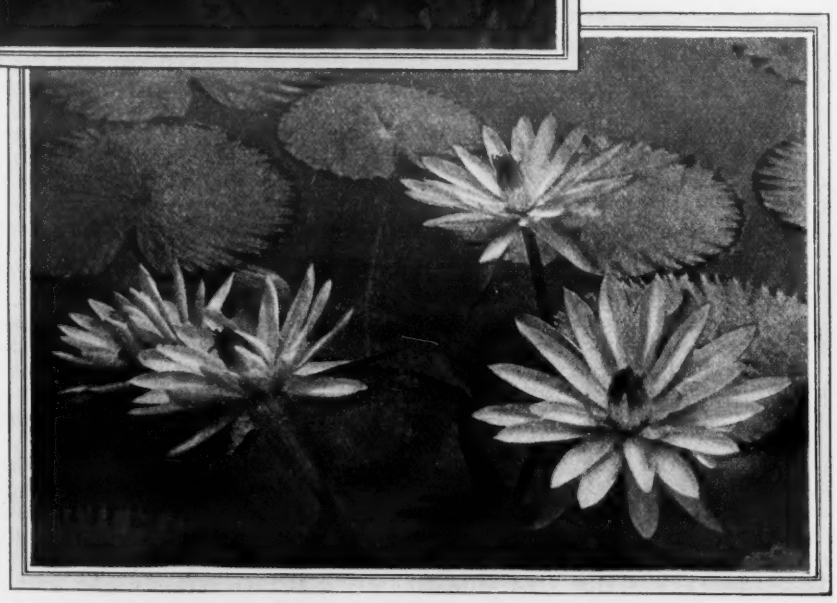
Photographed in Natural Color by W. O. Floing

At left—Hardy water lilies surrounded by cat-tails, native iris and variegated acorns. This is one of six naturalistic ponds at the Missouri Botanical Garden.

Nymphaea C. E. Hutchings (Gurney, 1922). A new tulip-flowering lily to be introduced this year.

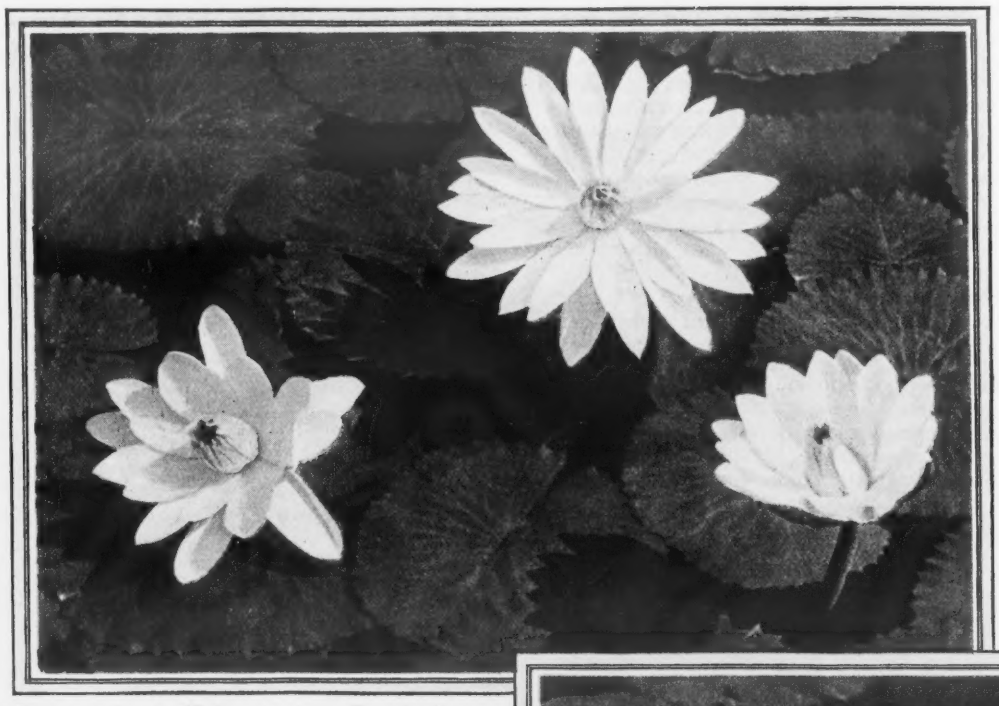
THE cultivation of the water lily is one of the oldest branches of floriculture and dates back to remotest antiquity. It was valued not only florally but also economically by the early races. Both the tuber and the seeds were used for food. Even at the present time in some countries economic value is attached to the plant. A Chinese writer of the eleventh century is quoted in Giles' Gems of Chinese Literature, "Since the opening days of the T'ang Dynasty (618 A.D.) it was fashionable to admire the peony, but my favorite is the water lily."

The water lily of China is the pygmy of the genus, *Nymphaea tetragona*, pure

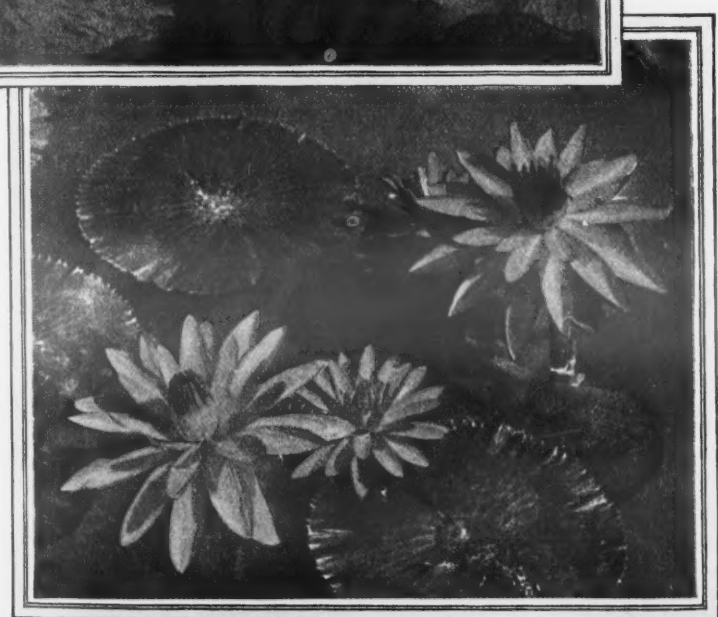


Mrs. George C. Hitchcock (Pring, 1926) is a new night-bloomer. Above—Third day blossoms of water lilies are the largest in size.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson (Pring, 1918) is a day bloomer producing dark lavender-blue flowers that has been widely admired.



Lotus var. gigantea (Pring, 1923), true Egyptian lotus. Left—General Pershing (Pring, 1920), a day-bloomer.



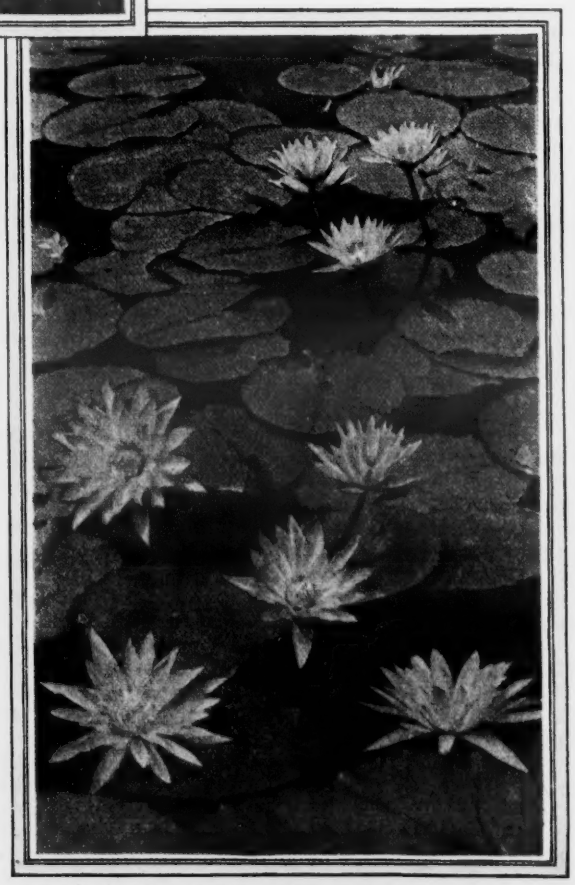
H. C. Haarstick (Gurney, 1922), a new night-bloomer, will be disseminated from the Garden in 1929.

white and frequently seen in garden collections growing in an ordinary half barrel. In Egypt the relation of the water lily and religious life was more extended. Two species are figured upon the monuments and tombs—*N. Lotus*, the night-blooming lily, the true sacred lotus of the Nile, and *N. caerulea*, the blue day-blooming lily. Plete found the white lotus only on a single tomb belonging to the Twelfth Dynasty (about 2500 B.C.) In 1884 the German botanist Schweinfurth found petals of the white lotus along with those of the blue in the funeral wreaths of Rameses II. The use of flowers for funeral decorations was notable in the nineteenth and twenty-first dynasties. The custom was to lay

(Continued on Page 154)

Henry Shaw (Pring, 1925), a day-bloomer, named for the founder of the Missouri Botanical Garden.

Mrs. George H. Pring (1922) is the first white hybrid tropical day-bloomer. Named in honor of wife of originator.



Mrs. Edwards Whitaker (Pring, 1917) is the largest tropical day-bloomer, the flowers oftentimes measuring thirteen inches.

Panama-Pacific (Tricker) is one of the best viviparous hybrids. The color is an attractive Mathews purple.

SKIPPY SANG TO THE END

Skippy Sings a Requiem

By PERCY CROSBY

Illustrated by the Author

SKIPPY stood swinging on the front gate, blowing a whistle continuously and only pausing for an occasional breath. He took this in gulps and exhaled it in a long, incessant thrill, maintaining it until little purple cords showed in his throat. After fifteen minutes the first innocent notes assumed the shrillness of a riveter's drill, and neighbors paced their rooms almost frantic.

The Skinner phone rang steadily; a score of neighbors were informed that the line was busy. Receivers were snapped back on hooks, and Skippy was confronted by angry faces peering at him through the windows. A few raised the sashes and called: "Oh, wait till your mother comes home, young man! Oh, you just wait till she comes home!"

"Call Sheriff Knox, Mrs. Green. I guess he'll put a stop to it," suggested a neighbor across the way.

A man across the street cut himself shaving; he ran to the window, raised it, and attracted the attention of Skippy by brandishing the razor. Skippy mistook it for a greeting and waved in friendliness, his bulging cheeks causing the little pea to romp merrily within the walls of the whistle.

Jim Lovering, currycombing his horse, listened to the shrillness off in the distance. "Don't sound like consumption to me. No, sir, not by a jugful."

Krausmeyer, waiting on a customer, neglected to put his hands on the scales. "Ach, that Skippy loafer!" he growled.

Mrs. Barkenteen removed the box of whistles from the counter. "I only sold one," she said. "Well, these go back today."

"ONE—TWO—THREE!" AND SOOKY SPRINTED FORWARD

Skippy, somewhat dizzy from his exertion, alternated by imitating the junk man.

"Have you any old junk aroun' today? Any old rubber boots? Rubber hose? Any old bottles, old clothes? Haa—ve yoo-oo——" He held the long-drawn-out notes, then in tones so swiftly that the question became one word: "Anyoldjunkaroun'today?"

The hinge wheezed as the gate swung to and fro. Then Skippy burst into song:

"Say-lor—bee-ware—of—the deeep—of—the—deee-ep—da-da-da-da-da-dee. Sa-say-lor—bee-ware!" And from his throat came a low guttural "Bee-ware."

Taking a breath he broke into a peddler's chant:

"Delaware peet-yez! peet-yez! Bananaws! Bananaws!"

Unable to recall any other street noises he contented himself with the whistle.

Hearing an imitation of a steamer blast, Skippy turned and perceived Ray approaching, swinging an oil can around his head.

"All aboard for Coney Island!" yelled Skippy.

Ray put the oil can on his head and chugged by with a series of gliding shuffles; his arms rotated like sidewheels churning the water. "Chug! Chug! Chug!" warned Ray. "Away to starboard! Make ready for the anchor!"

"Aye! Aye! Aye! Ready!" answered Skippy, leaning forward on the gate to catch the imaginary rope.

As Ray swerved to the gate with an excess of steam throbbing in the boilers, Skippy hopped on board, commanding, "Anchors away!" Grabbing his companion around the waist they marked time for a moment and then, gathering momentum, sailed up the street in a trail of chugging.

"Too—toot—toot—too."

AS THEY steamed away it suddenly occurred to Skippy that they might be a battleship, and he shouted, "Bing! Bang! Bang! Bang!" With his fist he knocked the oil can off the head of Ray with a loud "Boom!" and then cried: "To the guns, men, we're under fire."

"Smart, ain'tcha?" exclaimed Ray. "That's the third time ya did that! If ya want to be a destroyer, pick out ya own ocean. Look at that can now!" And he picked it up, together with the shattered potato.

"What else are ya goin' to get up at Krausmeyer's besides oil?" asked Skippy.

"Nothin'."

"What! No fig newtons?" Skippy inquired. It seemed incredible.

"No! No fig newtons!"

"Ah, go ahead get fig newtons. Ya father won't know the difference; he never looks at the bill!"

"There's too many fig newtons on the bill already," said Ray.

"Well, I suppose we'll have to be satisfied without fig newtons," sighed Skippy. He turned at a cheerful hail. "Hello, Sook!"

"Say, Skip," panted Sooky, trotting toward them with his dinner pail tucked under his arm. "Whaddye know? Mrs. Tyler is giving me three cents a load now for wood."

"Gee, you ought to be making a lot of money," envied Ray, "with all these new houses going up everywheres. What are ya going to do with it all?"

"Oh, I don't know. . . . I was thinking o' gettin' mom a hat or somethin', so's she can go out on Sundays."

"Listen fellas, I got an idea," said Skippy suddenly. "Let's us all sleep out tonight in Ray's tent. What do you say?"

"Suits me," said Ray, "if pop'll let me."

"I could do it, I guess," nodded Sooky, "if I got my wood collected in time to do my chores."

"I tell ya, Sook," offered Skippy. "I'll help you this afternoon myself."

"Oh, that'll be great. I'll race ya to the buildin'. Ready?"

"Ready," announced Skippy, and crouched until his fingers touched the ground.

"One—two—three!" and Sooky sprinted forward, only to drop behind Skippy as the folds of his long coat wrapped his legs and interfered with locomotion.

"I'll wait for ya," yelled Skippy over his shoulder, "but don't be long."

When they arrived at the building Sooky motioned for Skippy to enter.

"Will the carpenters let ya go in?" asked Skippy.

"Oh, sure. I can take wood just so's it ain't over a foot long."

"Why does it have to be only a foot long?"

"Well, they don't want me takin' big pieces; that's the reason."

"That's a lot o' bother tryin' to figure out how long every piece of wood is ya pick up."

"I've got to though. That's what they said."

"I got an easier way than that," said Skippy. "I'll measure off them long boards with a foot rule, an' then we can take turns sawin' them up."

"Hello, Joe," Sooky greeted one of the carpenters.

"Hello, Sooky, how's ya heart?" answered the carpenter.

"Oh, so-so, Joe."

SKIPPY was warmed by the fraternal spirit that existed between Sooky and the workman. He felt proud to be in such company.

"Come on up, Skip," and Sooky ascended a ladder. Skippy followed. From the second floor, Sooky climbed to the attic, Skippy still behind him. Half of the floor was covered with loose boards, and the remainder was open.

"Gee, it makes me scared up here, Sook. Ya can see right down to the cellar. Let's go down." Skippy stood stock-still.

"What ya skeered of?" replied Sooky, and balancing himself, he walked over the open beams. "I do this all the time. After a while ya get so ya don't think nothin' of it."

"Please don't, Sook. I'm afraid you'll fall."

"G'wan. I see the carpenters do this all the time. Wanta see a trick they learned me?"

"No, I'm goin' to go down. We can get the wood we want on the ground."

"No, ya can't, if ya want to get all of it. I always start up at the attic first."

"Well, I ain't allowed to go in the buildin's."

THAT NIGHT SKIPPY LAY AWAKE IN THE TENT

"All right, Skip. Let's go then."

After they had taken ten loads of wood to the Tyler house Sooky knocked at the door for his money.

"That was ten loads, wasn't it, Sooky?" asked Mrs. Tyler. "You'll be around tomorrow, won't you?"

"I don't think we'll be around tomorrow, Mrs. Tyler," interrupted Skippy, "'cause my mother's goin' to give me an' Sooky five cents a load for all the wood we can pick up." Noticing that Sooky was about to speak, Skippy gave him a kick. "Yes, sir, five cents a load."

"Well, that's awfully high," pondered Mrs. Tyler, "but I'll pay five cents a load, too, if you come around."

"Sooky can come, I guess, but I got to work for my mother."

"Sure, I'll come," Sooky gasped. "You betcha."

MR. SOMME

"See how I do things?" queried Skippy when they were alone. He tilted his hat over one eye, and added, with a snap of his fingers, "Just like that!"

"Gee, that's wonderful! Think of it! Five cents a load."

"Well, I got to go, Sook. Ya comin'?"

"No, I'm goin' back to get just one more load before it gets dark."

"Well, I'll see you at Ray's tonight. S'long."

"S'long, Skip."

SOOKY stood looking at the fleeing figure for some time and then turned back toward the house.

"If that guy was a toitle, he'd whack up his shell with a pal." Sooky chuckled, and imitated Skippy's snap of the fingers, "Five cents I get, just like that."

"PL-PLEASE STOP . . . W-WON'T YA?"

Mrs. Wayne had just been paid for sewing. Spearing her hat with her hatpin as she entered the door, she carefully placed it on the mantelpiece and crossed the room to the calendar, where she made notations in various squares of March. She turned the sheet to April and jotted several tiny memoranda.

She picked up her purse and scattered twelve one-dollar bills on the red tablecloth in a fan of singles. Her fingers swept over them like a magician about to perform a miracle. She pushed two bills aside, then gathered the rest and placed them under the faded yellow plush mantel cover. As she was about to pick up another from the table she paused, tapping a thimbled finger on her chin.

Mrs. Wayne gazed from the table to the mantel, and then her eyes sought the Bible. There were so many bills to be met. Here it was the last of April. The iceman would be around for his money; and yet she didn't want to ask Jim Lovering to wait. It was fully six weeks since she had paid him. No, she would consult the calendar. She traced the jottings of April with a forefinger, and stood lost in thought while the nail of her thumb dug between her teeth.

Well, Krausmeyer would have to wait, she decided, and, picking up a bill she flapped it with her fists, as if trying to see how far it would stretch. But would he? That was the annoying question; and she stood hesitating, unable to make up her mind. With a decisive gesture she gave the bill a final flap. Krausmeyer would have to wait. This was money to go toward a suit for Sooky. She caressed the bill in her hand tenderly, like a wounded bird.

She reached for the Bible and withdrew three worn dollar bills, compressed like faded rose petals. Unconsciously her eyes sought the open book as her fingers smoothed out the crinkles of the bill: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Mrs. Wayne closed the book firmly on five dollars. With a feeling of pride she removed her spectacles and placed them in their customary place over the shepherd's crook on the clock. As she turned away she glanced back and frowned.

"Land sakes, just like me to forget to wind it." As she turned she noticed the time: "Five after five. That's odd. It must have stopped when I came in." She tried to figure the time that had elapsed since the carpenters ceased hammering; at a guess, she set the clock at ten after five. Like all Morrisville, Mrs. Wayne found the hammer beat to be infallible, and time was set accordingly.

"Today is the first time that clock has stopped in years. Now, I wonder—oh, well, this ain't gettin' supper."

She went to the kitchen and, putting on her apron, busied herself starting a fire. What would she make? She thought of a rice pudding. She remembered that there was a cup of boiled rice, milk and eggs. But raisins? She opened the larder hopefully. Yes, there were raisins too. Well, it wouldn't take long to get up a rice pudding. She took the package of raisins from the shelf. It would be a nice surprise for Sooky to see a pudding when he came home. She decided she would not skimp on the raisins, and emptied half of the package in a bowl. It wasn't a rice pudding unless there were plenty of raisins, that was sure. There never was a boy so crazy about raisins. She smiled as she let the water run over them.

THE clock struck the half hour. Any minute he would come. Well, the pudding was in the oven. She moved the simmering stew to the back of the stove and started to set the table. Any minute he would be in now. The teakettle started to boil. All she had to do was draw the tea. She paused, holding a spoon, as a child's steps approached. Must be Sooky now. No, it was some other boy—he had passed.

The clock struck six, and Mrs. Wayne went out on the porch to look up and down the street. He should have been here before this. Perhaps he was standing talking to some of his friends. All Morrisville ate at six, however; and he was generally in at five-thirty. She hastened back to the kitchen, fearful lest the pudding should burn. Opening the oven, she found that the pudding was done.

She took the hot pan in her apron and placed it on the window sill to cool. He would be so happy when he saw that nice brown crust and all the raisins sticking out. She wondered what was keeping him. Oh, he would come any minute now; but it would be nice if he would come right away. How restless it was, waiting for someone. Well, everything was ready. The kettle was seething; she emptied a cup of cold water in it, and absently left the water running. She turned it off and turned the hot water on and washed her hands.

"What am I washing my hands for? That's the third time I did that. I wonder what could be keeping him?"

She dried her hands on the roller towel and looked out the window. It wouldn't hurt to put another cup of water on the geranium. When this was done, there was nothing left but to wait. Mrs. Wayne sought the rocker. She started to rock. Must be five after six. She got up and looked. Seven after six. Perhaps somebody had sent him on an errand. He might have a surprise, some new way of making money.

"Bless his heart . . . I wish he'd come."

She was about to sit back in the rocker when the sound of a stick rattling over the rickety picket fence arrested her move. Well, it was about time he came. The idea, keeping her waiting. She bustled around, poured the water on the tea and joyfully started toward the door, only to stop as she listened to the pattering feet going off in the distance.

"I could have sworn that was him." As if to excuse her depression she continued: "And anything I hate is boiled tea."

She sat in the rocker. Rising immediately, she paced back and forth, nervously biting a hangnail. If she only knew where he was.

AMBLING around the table, she polished her nails in the palm of her hand with unsteady jerks. At each turn she glanced uneasily at the clock. Twenty-five after six. Perhaps the Skinners had invited him to supper; but in such a case he had always let her know beforehand. She tried to think. Did he say anything about going any place when she saw him at breakfast? That *must* be it; the Skinners had invited him to supper. But he would have had time to let her know. It wouldn't take him five minutes. What a relief it would be if she only knew for sure. She went over the brief conversation of the morning. There wasn't much time

AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES THE FIRST INNOCENT NOTES ASSUMED THE SHRILLNESS OF A RIVETER'S DRILL

to say anything during breakfast. She remembered she had told him there was some cold ham to make a sandwich. He would find milk in the ice box. "Oh, yes," he had said; "don't worry about me, ma. I'll be all right."

The clock struck the half hour. Again she sought the rocker, and forgot what she started for as she walked around it. "I'll be all right," she whispered, and attacked the hangnail. She suddenly remembered that the palm needed watering and, getting a pan of water, went out on the porch. Her longing eyes scanned the road up and down. Absently she returned to the kitchen with the full pan of water. Twenty-five minutes to seven. Pretty soon it would be dark.

SHE decided to wait no longer and sat down to eat alone; but her appetite was gone. Taking a spoon, she was about to delve into the pudding when her eyes rested on the empty bowl beside her. She tapped the table with empty spoon in unison with the ticking clock. Yes, he had stayed away before; but tonight seemed different. Seldom had she felt so lonely, so utterly alone. She would shake it off. She had used her eyes too much, that was it. She removed the plates. Returning to the table, she found she could not eat with the empty place opposite her. He might be in any minute. She replaced the dishes to show that she was ready for him. Bowing her head the mother said grace over a cup of boiled tea.

(Continued on Page 106)

"PLEASE, GOD, LET SOOKY SEE HOW WE MISS HIM"

The Strength of Sweetness

By Woods Hutchinson, M.D.

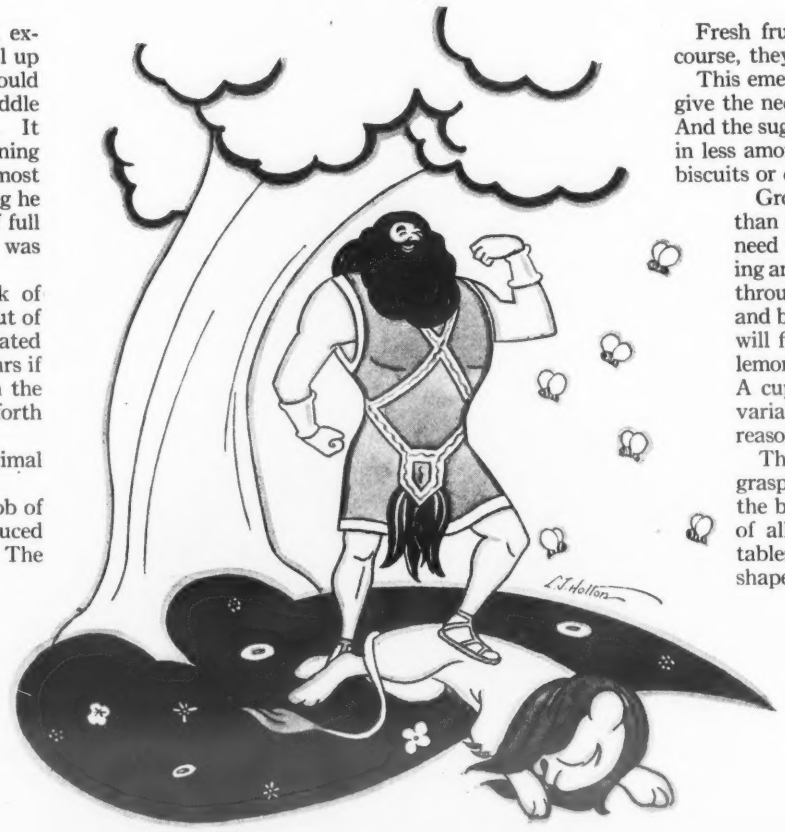
Drawings by L. T. Holton

IN THE battle of modern life the chief high explosive is sugar. If Samson had been as well up on physiology as he was on fisticuffs, he would have changed the ending of the famous riddle which cost the Philistines so terribly dear. It will be recalled that going down to Timnath one morning he slew with his bare hands a hungry lion, which had most injudiciously attacked him. On his return in the evening he found the carcass occupied by a swarm of bees and half full of wild honey, of which he ate with great gusto and was refreshed.

His resulting riddle, which almost broke the Bank of Philistia, ran "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." It would have antedated the discoveries of modern science by three thousand years if Samson had simply reversed the sequence of events in the second line and said, "Out of the sweetness came forth strength."

For three-quarters of the driving power of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms is furnished by sugar.

Not a twitch of any group of our muscles, not a throb of our hearts, not a flash of our imaginations, but is produced by the combustion of our commonest sugar, glucose. The gas in the fuel tank of our human automobile is not gasoline or alcohol, but sugar sirup. It is sugar that furnishes our motive power.



Only by the gate of glucose can we enter the Kingdom of Life. Even the hive and the ant hill make sugar and rely on sugar, as fructose—fruit sugar—is the chief source of all their power and heat. And if the long-sought cross between the bee and the lightning bug could be obtained, so that they could gather honey both night and day, the hive would become as rich a gold mine as a gusher oil well. Given sweetness they could manufacture their own light.

Every plant and shrub and tree demands sugar in the sap which is its lifeblood, so that literally, from a biological point of view, 'tis sweets that make the world go round.

Never in all the history of science has our attitude toward any food been so radically altered, as it has toward this new staff of life within the past ten years.

Less than a generation ago all self-styled authorities on dietetics, from the priest and the puritan to the dentist and the doctor, were almost unanimous in fiercely denouncing sugar and all its works.

According to their jeremiads, sugar decayed the teeth, it spoiled the appetite, upset the digestion, stunted the growth of children, hardened the arteries and was the chief cause of rheumatism, cancer, gout and insanity. Almost the only things it wasn't blamed for were the World War and the rise of Bolshevism.

But now what a change! Satan is well-nigh transformed into an angel of light. We find that we had simply got our telescope wrong-end to.

In fact, the short-lived and comparatively trifling disturbances due to sugar imbibed in excessive amounts or at unsuitable times—such as just before a meal—were mere spots on the sun, flies in the amber.

A Slandered Food

WE HAD been concentrating our entire attention upon these trivial drawbacks and ignoring sugar's superb value and wholesomeness as a food and absolute indispensability as a source of power and heat.

No Life Without Sugar and In Sweetness is Strength are our mottoes today.

One of the earliest scientific defenders of sugar was the famous German researcher, Liebig, who established the epoch-making fact that all life and movement were due to the combustion of fuel. Nine-tenths of the fuel of our bodies was starchy—such as bread, biscuits, cereals, rice, potatoes, corn, tapioca—and every grain of the starch they contained was turned into sugar in the form of glucose before it was digested and burned.

If, therefore, our whole system is filled constantly with a dilute solution of sugar, this slandered sweet can hardly be the dangerous food and deadly poison it was declared to be. But it has taken more than half a century for this clear and simple idea to be generally accepted.

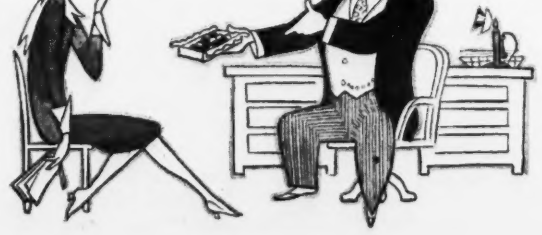
Sugar has also been vigorously denounced by the fat hunters; but sugar is a food prepared to be burned, not for storage. Its real danger to our waistlines is that a small amount of it will make so tasty large amounts of the high-voltage foods such as bread and cereals, that we may be tempted to devour more of them than we can use at once—and thus begin to pile up the reserve adipose that is so disturbing to our contours.

As a matter of fact, a dilute solution of sugar in the blood is so absolutely necessary to life that if it drops a few parts in the thousand below the normal level, as sometimes occurs when treating diabetes with insulin, and a slight overdose is given, the patient feels faint and dizzy at once. This can almost always be promptly relieved by eating a sweet orange, or its equivalent in sugared water, thus bringing the sugar level of the blood back to normal.

Another thing that struck modern investigators about sugar was the astonishing quickness of its absorption. Instead of "lyin' like lead in the stummick," as was declared by the village wiseacres and echoed by dietitians and many doctors, it shoots swiftly through the walls of the stomach into the blood and is pumped by the heart, after that faithful servant has taken a good mouthful for itself, out to the muscles all over the body and to the brain. It can actually be detected in the heart and in the brain twenty minutes after it has been eaten; and under favorable circumstances in twice that many seconds! And we had been calling sugar indigestible!

It is the quickest food stimulant there is, and a real food stimulant, not a narcotic like its former rival, alcohol.

All hard-driven business, professional or working men and women should keep a supply of good candy, or raisins or other dried or candied fruit, in a drawer of their desks or benches. Then, if they begin to flag after the middle of the morning or during the afternoon, they should eat a small handful or so of these quick-action foods. Chocolate is most useful, unless one happens to be one to whom it is a poison.



Fresh fruits are also valuable for this purpose; but, of course, they are more difficult to keep in good condition.

This emergency ration will hit the right spot at once and give the necessary calories or kick for another hour's work. And the sugar in the afternoon tea has the same effect; being in less amount, however, it should be supplemented by tea biscuits or cake.

Growing children, who have less storage capacity than adults, as well as being much more active, really need a small refill of this same nature in midmorning and mid-afternoon, so as to carry them comfortably through to the next important meal. A piece of bread and butter with sugar or, better still, with jam or jelly, will fill the bill, as will a glass of orangeade, or sweet lemonade, or some fresh fruit, or an ice-cream cone. A cup of hot sweetened chocolate is a very pleasant variation, and it has a good effect on the digestion by reason of its warmth.

The athletes and trainers and coaches have now grasped and made use of this quick-burning fuel for the body engine. A generation ago sugar and sweets of all sorts were absolutely taboo on the training tables. Now the coaches find that they can build and shape up their men quicker, with less danger of breakdown or staling, on a diet rich in sugar, sweet fruits and ice cream than they ever could on the old, rigid, unbalanced, almost sugar-free diets. Many Marathon runners, for instance, are now carefully supplied by their trainers with candy and sweet fruit juice during the last two or three miles of the race. And instead of finishing grim masks of gray agony, half dazed and staggering, to collapse the moment they cross the line, they now pass the judges in good form, with heads up and faces cheerful. And the amateur hiker in summer or the snowshoer in winter will find similar sugar stimulants to be as effective as they are agreeable.

In another and quite different field sugar has also proved most useful. Surgeons have found it very valuable in preventing some of the unpleasant aftereffects of ether and chloroform. They first tried it as a preventive of severe vomiting after an operation, and found that if a sugar—glucose—solution was given just before the patient left the table, vomiting was almost completely prevented in a large percentage of cases; and the distressing thirst often so bitterly complained of was almost entirely avoided.

Vindication at Last

TO SIMPLIFY the procedure and carry the prevention further back, so to speak, a large glass of orange juice or sweet lemonade was given to the patient half an hour before the ether was begun, so that its sugar would have time to reach the liver and nerves and brain before the ether did. With the gratifying result that these organs were apparently enabled to resist and neutralize the toxic elements of the ether. Thus patients, though fully and deeply unconscious, were much more comfortable and restful during the operation, came out of their ether sooner, and were not thirsty, nauseated or vomiting.

Sugar has also been found a most valuable life-saver, mixed with a little salt solution and washed blood corpuscles and injected into a vein, after dangerous hemorrhage.

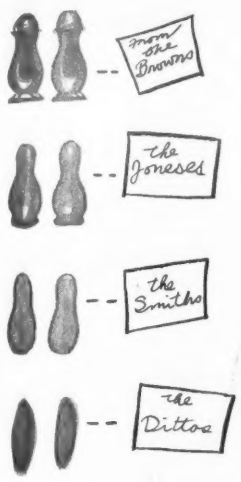
Nor do the virtues—and complexities—of sugar end here, for it is not a single substance but like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus is "three gentlemen at once"—and more.

It literally covers, if not a multitude, at least a dozen or more of sweetnesses.

However, this need not concern us at all, as far as our personal adventures in Birthday-Cake Land are concerned. For of all the sweetnin's discovered by the chemists, only two come on our tables in fuel amounts—cane sugar and beet sugar; and these are both the same sugar, called by the chemists sucrose. So when we say sugar, we mean sucrose.

Two other sugars, fructose or fruit sugar and invertose in honey, appear as desserts or flavors. They differ from cane-beet sugar mainly in degree of sweetness, and so may be regarded as smart little brothers of cane sugar, for they are both slightly sweeter than he is. And, of course, both types are overlaid with the special flavors of the fruit in which they are found or the flower from which they have been distilled.

(Continued on Page 67)



Wedding Bills

By GRAEME LORIMER

Drawings by Garrett Price

"SOMETHING in tables, sir?"

"Why, yes, I'll take that set," I said, designating a red lacquer nest ornamented with Chinese pagodas.

"And the name, please?"

"Miss Ethel Z. It's a wedding present, by the way, and I'll appreciate it if you can get it out to the house today."

A shadow crossed the clerk's face. "The truth is, sir," he said in tones of distress, "that we have already sent Miss Z. six nests of tables."

Baffled, I gave a hasty look around. My eye lit on a wrought-iron smoking stand topped by a gayly painted parrot. "Send that."

Again the clerk's smile stiffened. "I'm sorry, sir—that has been a very popular article too; we have sent four out. Of course, if it is a large house ——"

I looked at my watch. I was going to be late, and the boss had very decided opinions about lateness.

"Might I presume to suggest, sir, one of the lacquered bookstands? Miss Z. was in here a few days ago, and I overheard her commenting on the large number of books she had received."

Often, I have since found, a clerk can make a helpful suggestion, as shrewd brides drop hints at the stores regarding their tastes and wants. This is a help, but not a perfect solution of the problem. Clerks have an annoying habit of enthusiastically showing you something the bride "particularly liked"—but costing about twice as much as you want to spend—and then chilling if you ask to see something cheaper.

And Farley, Funkins and Funkins, the silversmiths, may recommend salt and pepper shakers, not knowing that others have already sent sets from the rival silversmith across the street and from the Bon Ton around the corner.

The greatest need of present-day society is for a centralized wedding-present service—someone to whom a prospective bride can confide her tastes in furniture and books and china. Perhaps she is particularly fond of curly maple; maybe she prefers the antique to the shiny finish on her silver. Will she have any use for cocktail shakers and brandy decanters, or would a sewing table be more appropriate?

Before sending a present the donor would consult the service for advice—just as now, before giving a party, mothers of Philadelphia debutantes consult the date book of a certain fashionable stationer—with the result that the bride would get just the things she wanted—and no duplicates. Instead of dozen after dozen of lay plates she would get complete sets of the patterns she liked—including butter plates. But more of that later.

And what a boon it would be to her busy young married friends who hadn't time to shop around for something appropriate, or to unimaginative bachelor uncles or quondam beaus.

Wanted—a Public Benefactor

"YOU wish to give Miss So-and-So something for about ten dollars? How about half a dozen butter plates? I am sending the other half dozen for Mrs. Umptyump. This will complete a matched set of a pattern the bride hoped so much to get." You would place your order with this tactful and efficient young woman; she would do the buying and see that both you and the bride were satisfied.

Besides the satisfaction of being a public benefactor, there's a fortune waiting for the woman who starts a wedding-gift consulting bureau.

It would be as much a boon to the bride as to the buying guests. Of course lots of friends ask her beforehand what she wants, but how can she tell them? For example, the charming Mr. and Mrs. T. wrote to ask what we should like. We said books. They wrote again. What books?

Now here was our problem: Could we shake them down for a set of Dickens or Balzac, or was Victor Hugo more the sort of thing they would want to give, or would even that be a larger present than they had in mind? Perhaps a small volume of the Essays of Elia would be more like it, but Patsy had already got three copies at a book shower. We hedged again, with the result that the T.s gave us nothing at all!

Now if there had been an impersonal intermediary to whom the T.s could have written and said, "I want to give something for about fifteen dollars"—or whatever amount they had in mind—we might have got something out of them.

"Why, that's just what happened to us!" exclaimed a young married friend of ours. "Friends of mother's asked us what we would like. We wanted a small Turkish rug frightfully, and these people are awfully well-to-do and old friends, but you know how it is—you can't come right out and ask for something that will cost from three hundred dollars up. So we just said we would like anything they sent, and the result is that the people in our town who could best afford to give us something really nice never gave us anything. We hoped for quite a while, but with two children I guess we're out of the bride-and-groom class now."

When the date for our marriage had been set I remember one friend thought we could profit from the suggestion "Please send no flowers" in funeral notices, changing it to "Please send no glass."

"Czecho-Slovakia," she declared, "must be in a fair way to pay off the national debt, from the Early American glass wished on me when I got married."

I rather favored replacing the conventional R. S. V. P. with G. T. I. H.—Give Till It Hurts. Patsy, alas, could be won over to neither plan.

Then came list making. With us it was a cut-and-dried affair—or rather, cut and cut—as the church was very small. But one afternoon I learned it was not always thus. I was to pick up my bride-to-be at the home of her very good friend Polly. Polly was stepping off the week after we were, and thus had a great deal in common with Patsy.

I found them sitting like two islands in a sea of paper, Christmas cards and old invitations. Patsy was reading out the names of Mr. and Mrs. B. from what was evidently an old party list.

"Thumbs down," said Polly callously, not adding them to the wedding list.

Patsy looked up surprised. "Why, I thought they were old family friends of yours!"

"Not so you could notice it," gritted Polly. "Not after they sent sister a glass elephant with a hole in its back to put flowers in."

Polly insisted that we stay to dinner. I didn't want to share Patsy for an evening, but it turned out to be worth it. After dinner the list making was resumed with the aid of Polly's mother and father. The list burgeoned and grew amazingly. If they asked the R.s they must not forget Mrs. R.'s maiden aunt or Mr. R.'s partner, who was a business connection and who would be hurt if he heard about the wedding from Mr. R. and found he was not invited. Then the pruning—a difficult process indeed. Here were the S.s, for instance. How about eliminating them?

"Not on your life!" protests Polly's father. "I've gone down the line for three of S.'s daughters. He ought to come through with something handsome."

Our own invitations sown, we began to reap the harvest. What a thrill from the first present! Patsy saved the packages until I came out from work, and then we opened them with great ceremony. Patsy's little brothers loved it.

"It's just like Christmas every day," exulted Johnny, aged eight.

There might be three or four or half a dozen in the day's catch. Each would be studied, admired and appreciated. "Wasn't that sweet of the L.s to remember we were furnishing our house in Early American and send us a hunting print!" Or, "I think Aunt K. was a dear to have thought of that." Next day the grateful bride would write long and glowing thank-yous.

I learned a valuable lesson from all of this: If you want your present prized and remembered, send it early.

Another point: If you are afraid the bride might not realize what a fine thing you have given her, have it insured. When an antique vase arrives with "Insured $1500" stamped on the crate it creates something of a sensation—more than even the beauty of powdered blue alone could do, unless the bride happened to be a connoisseur of K'ang-hsi porcelain. If, on the other hand, you are sending a silver hot-milk pitcher because it looks like the most for five dollars, time it to arrive a day or two before the wedding. By that time the bride will be so sick of presents and thank-yous she will neither know nor care who sent it, and the humor of receiving the eighteenth or twentieth hot-milk pitcher will make a bright spot in her busy day.

Back in the days when we still enjoyed opening packages but were reaching the critical stage I remember one incident particularly. "Great grief, dear, who sent that frightful pink thing?" I asked.

Patsy straightened up from the pile of boxes and tissue. She held the horror as carefully as if it had been another K'ang-hsi vase and not one gleaned from a bargain counter.

"Why, how unfeeling! You ought to have a great deal of sentiment about this." She held it near my nose, then added sweetly, "It's from Celia."

I had rushed Celia rather heavily.

"My word," I said, "what a spook she turned out to be! When I think of all the money for food and flowers and theater tickets I've spent on her ——"

"Hey," Bobby, aged ten, who had been carrying the empty boxes downstairs, interrupted, "here's another card was in with that pink thing." It was from Celia's father and mother.

"Say"—Johnny rushed over and started digging in the wrappings—"let's see if there's any more."

In a minute he emerged triumphant. It was a card from Celia's brother.

(Continued on Page 65)

"HUSH, ERIC!" SHE SAID LOUD ENOUGH FOR THEM BOTH TO HEAR. "KEEP STILL! I'LL GO ANYWHERE YOU WANT"

Illusion

By ARTHUR TRAIN

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

IV

FEL'S bed was untouched. Three o'clock! Carlee went into the sitting room and sat down. He had promised the boss to look out for Fel, but he couldn't be expected to camp on her trail every second! Besides, she was old enough to take care of herself. Hardly a week but she had laughingly showed him a "mash note" from some johnny. Still there might be a sort of glamour about this Eric for her. He was rich, amusing probably. A great advance over the ordinary stage-door bozos. Why did all women like flowers so? The box with its oiled tissue paper stood open upon the table. The outer wrapper had been stuffed into the scrap-basket and he dug it out. Eric's card lay on the bottom. The "Schmittlap" was crossed off.

"I hope you'll wear these tonight," was written on it in an almost childish scrawl. Could she have gone to Eric's apartment? Fel would never have done that! Yet where could they be?

Three-thirty! Could anything have happened to her? She might be anywhere! Every approaching taxi filled him with a hope which was immediately dashed as it whizzed by down the street. Opening the telephone book he ran through the Schmittlaps—"Schmittlap, Eric, 13 West 53 Plaza 10555." He dialed. He would at least find out if she were there. He could hear the bell ringing, but no one answered.

THREE forty-five. He was nearly frantic now. He could not stay up there any longer. He was on the point of going downstairs and out into the street, when a taxi unexpectedly stopped outside, and a moment later Fel came lightly up the stairs.

"Hello! You up?" she remarked. "You must have played late!"

He scowled at her.

"This is a deuce of a time for you to be coming home! I was just going to call up Headquarters and have them drag the reservoir."

"How kind of you! What time is it?"

"Nearly four!"

"What of it?"

"Where have you been?"

"A lot of places—Helen Morgan's—'Connie's', up in Harlem—the Lido. . . . Did we go anywhere else? I don't remember —— Oh, yes! The Hoot Owl."

She noticed the card. "Pulling a little detective work, I see!"

"I had to know where to look for you."

Fel gave a satiric laugh. "That's a knockout! Why get rattled over a kid like Eric? He's harmless!"

"That's what you think now!"

"By which you mean ——"

"I mean he's got a lousy reputation," he came back at her hotly. "You've only just met him. Naturally he's on his good behavior."

"What do you know about him?"

"I know enough! He's being sued by Flores da Gama for a neat little quarter of a million!"

"A lot that proves!"

Carlee assumed a slightly less truculent tone. "Now listen, Fel! Did he ask you to go to his apartment?"

"Oh, yes! If you must know. He suggested it—among other things."

"Did you go?" he asked quietly.

"Just so happens I didn't. Little Fel's honor is unsullied! Now are you satisfied?"

"Well, you've got no business staying out that way!"

"And how about yourself? If I sat up for you I'd never get to bed at all."

"That's another matter. I'm working. It's business."

"Monkey business!"

"Didn't I fork over twelve hundred bucks to the creditors last Sunday morning?"

"And how much for Hilda Schmittlap?" Fel asked.

He shrugged. "Part of the racket. That's business too. I play bridge at her house."

"You don't play bridge at the Hoot Owl, do you?"

So she knew.

"Listen, Carlee," she went on, "I'm not sore, but you're skating on awful thin ice. What do you suppose would happen if any of that Fifth Avenue bunch of yours got wise to you? Do you suppose Hilda Schmittlap would ritz around with you this way if she knew?"

"I know she would!"

"Maybe she would and maybe she wouldn't! But I'll do the best I can to cover you with Eric. He's the only one likely to get wise."

"How should he get wise?"

"He and I might run into you somewhere, just like you and Hilda did into him at the Hoot Owl."

Carlee took her by the shoulders. "You and he won't run into anybody anywhere. You're not going out with him any more."

"Is that so! And what business is it of yours who I go with?" She shook herself free.

"I promised the boss I'd look out for you and I'm going to do it. This bum, Schmittlap, isn't fit for you to go with."

"Who says so?"

"His own sister."

FELICITY turned scarlet. "Well, how do you think it makes me feel to have you going around with her? How do you know she's good enough for you? Maybe she's not the little vestal you think she is!"

"They don't make them any better!"

"That's tough! From what her brother says she's not the little ingénue you crack her up to be. He's known her longer than you have. You've only just met her and"—quoting his previous remark—"naturally she's on her good behavior!"

Her quip saved the situation. Carlee laughed in spite of himself. "You win! But promise me, Fel, not to go around with that rotter!"

"What do you want me to do? Sit here and palm bullets?"

"I don't care what you do so long as you don't go around with that guy! Say, how would you like to go to the Scandals with me this afternoon?"

Fel's entire expression altered. "That would be swell!" She walked slowly to the door. On the threshold she paused. Then she spoke.

"I'm awfully sorry about the way I spoke this morning, Carlee."

"That's all right. My fault, I guess. Forget it. Good night, kid!"

He did not see the wistful look in her eyes as she turned in the direction of her room.

Had Mr. Jarmon been of a philosophic, rather than a gastronomic, turn of mind it might have occurred to him as a fact worthy of some consideration that he and his class were among the least transitory elements in the evanescent world of which they formed a part. Masters might come and go, mansions be razed and rebuilt, all other aspects of the social order change, but butlers went on forever. Their value lay in their permanence and in the immutability of their ways. In a topsy-turvy age of Black Bottoms, companionate marriage, psychoanalysis and negro night clubs, the butler remained majestically Victorian. No matter 'mid what mad pleasures and madder palaces the exigencies of his profession required him to roam, he would still announce dinner in precisely the same phraseology and in the same impassive tone as in the time of Lord Melbourne. Nobody ever asked for the latest thing in butlers.

BUT Jarmon was not altogether happy in his job. He suffered from a curious sense of futility. Even a butler likes to have a purpose. The Rufus Kaynes, his former employers, had as a family at least known what they wanted. These Schmittlaps, except for "the missus," did not seem to have any definite idea of what they were after.

"Hit's lack of horganization, that's wot hit is!" he confided to Stanwyck as they sat in their shirt sleeves absorbing the regular allowance of Scotch whisky issued weekly by the housekeeper to all the menservants. "The madam is the only one of the lot as seems to 'ave any hobjective, as you might say. The boss just sits in 'is orfice. Miss Hilda does wotever comes into 'er 'ead. Master Eric doesn't show up more than once a week at the houtside. If they expect to get on they ought to pull together better than they do!"

"If you arsk me," said Stanwyck, "they ain't none of 'em worth the powder to blow 'em to hell! Miss Hilda didn't get home until after five this morning. The useful man met her coming in."

"W'o was with her?"

"Mr. Tharp. Is that a go?"

"Search me!"

"If she don't want to marry him, what do you suppose she's after?"

"Maybe she don't know 'erself. She may just be looking for hexcitement," replied Jarmon.

"I heard Miss Hilda giving Master Eric the wot-for over the phone yesterday. It seems he's been losing a lot of money gambling lately."

"If 'is father 'ears of hit 'e'll give 'im 'ell!" replied Jarmon dexterously juggling his aspirates.

"That's what they was talking about. He wanted to borrow from her to pay 'is debts."

The annunciator buzzed loudly.

"Wot's that?" Jarmon inquired. "'Ring out wild bells'!"

"Mrs. Schmittlap's room," answered Stanwyck. "I wonder what the old hen wants!"

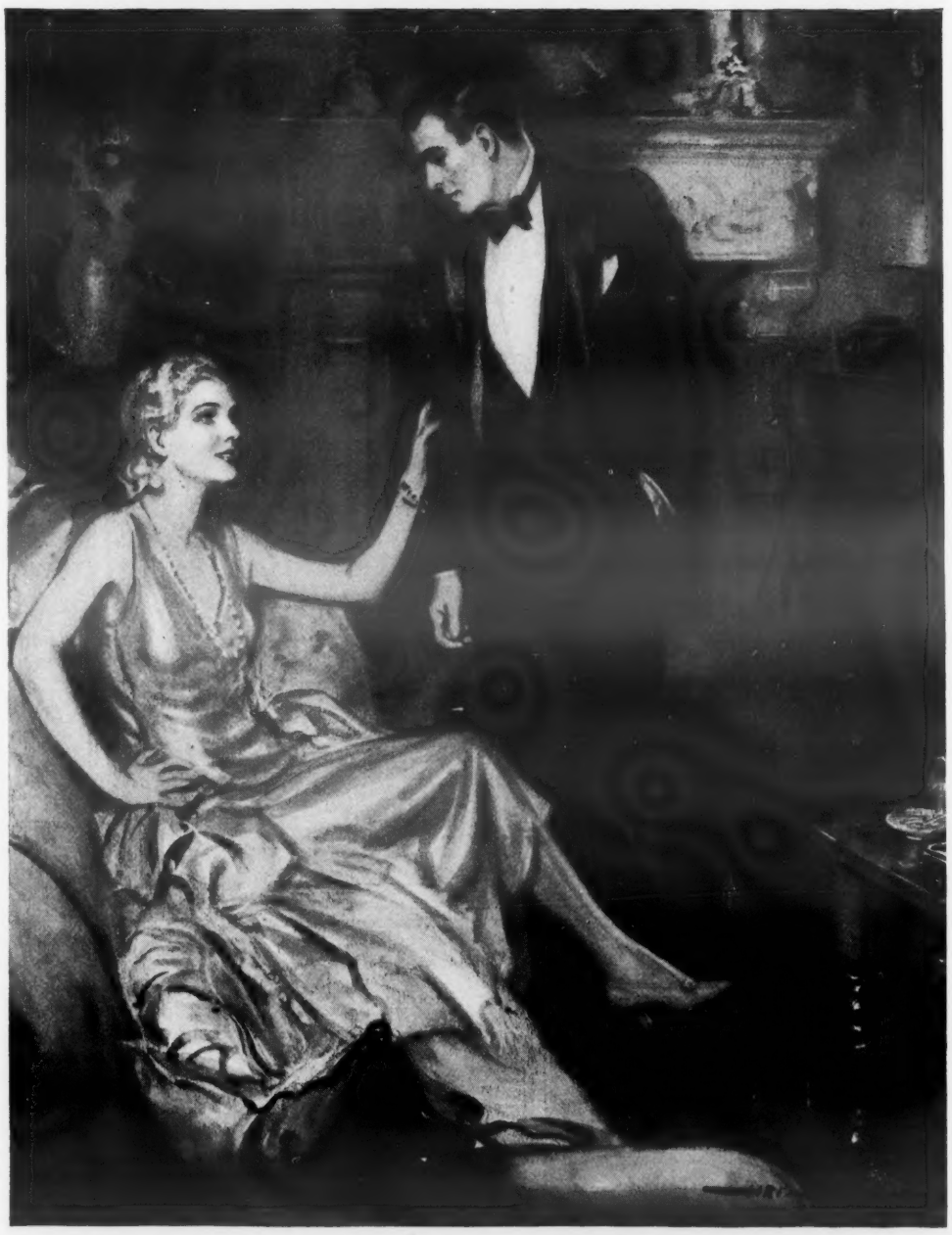
"She probably doesn't know 'erself!" responded Jarmon. "Let 'er ring!"

HAD Mrs. Schmittlap realized Mr. Jarmon's attitude toward her she would no doubt have been greatly shocked. She had always found him the acme of deference. She was convinced that no matter what he might think of Jake and Eric he regarded her as a woman of elegance and distinction, and she valued his opinion, almost as much as that of Mrs. Goadby, who had preceded Zelda Paxton as the manager of her social affairs and for whom, although the latter had for the time being superseded her, she still entertained the profoundest respect.

Mrs. Goadby was not what is called by novelists a "decayed gentlewoman" although she employed many such upon her clerical staff. On the contrary she was very up and coming. She and her famous "lists" were generally regarded, among those who did not know to the contrary, as proof positive that the old order had not changed. She was stout, assured, slightly condescending to mothers of uncertain social position with marriageable daughters, and she was a lioness among butlers.

The lists were of divers sorts, and a family could measure its social progress, at least in the eyes of Mrs. Goadby, by its successive transference from the lower to the higher. Upon list 'A' appeared only the socially immaculate who had stood the acid test of Newport and Westbury. It contained less than five hundred names and was derived from that originally compiled by Mr. Ward McAllister for Mrs. Astor—the "Four Hundred" or "Astorocracy."

The B list included the sons and daughters of those on the A list who had not been guilty of misalliances in marrying off of it—and who had money of their own; the C list was the Thursday Evening Club; the D, a general roster of society used for weddings, large dances, and afternoon receptions; and E was the Charity Ball.



"IT ISN'T TOO LATE!" SHE CAJOLED HIM. HER PERSISTENCE BOTH AMAZED AND FRIGHTENED HIM

These lists were sacred and, since they were Mrs. Goadby's stock in trade, were not open to inspection. If you wanted to give a party you paid Mrs. Goadby five hundred or a thousand or two thousand dollars, as the case might be, and she sent out the invitations for you from the proper list. If you did not employ Mrs. Goadby you were likely to find yourself on no list at all.

Besides the price paid her for planning and organizing the party, she also received a substantial commission from the stationer, the florist, the bootlegger, the caterer, or the management of the hostelry where the entertainment was given. The insinuation that she got a like amount from the undertakers at fashionable funerals was unfounded, her interest being confined entirely to the floral decorations and the collation after the interment.

So extensive a business as that of Mrs. Goadby's required a large and efficient staff, and for this purpose she charitably employed the decayed and impoverished gentlewomen heretofore referred to. These addressed the envelopes and licked the stamps for a penny an invitation, and a healthy and salivary old lady might earn thirty-five cents an hour.

Thus it will be seen that the financial interest of Mrs. Goadby lay in perpetuating the legend of what may or may not have been a defunct system, for unless there was still such a thing as society obviously Mrs. Goadby could render little service to anybody. Yet it is only fair to her to assume that she not only really believed it to exist but also that she was its major-domo.

STRANGE to say it had been none other than Jake the truck driver who had first injected the poison of distrust regarding Mrs. Goadby into Mrs. Schmittlap's mind.

"Look here, Aggie," he had said. "What's the use of your bothering with this Goadby woman? If you want a real party I'll give you one."

"But Mrs. Goadby's always done well by us," answered his wife protestingly. "You know that I couldn't possibly have brought Hilda out without her. She knows just who to ask. I simply can't afford to make any mistakes."

"Yes, you can. You can afford anything you want! You ought to get the live ones! You don't want the Patriarch's ball. What you want is to give people a red-hot time. I've heard of a woman—a humdinger!—who can deliver the goods. Let's give her a try."

Mrs. Schmittlap had hesitated. She had in fact been vaguely dissatisfied for some time. "We-ell," she said. "If you're sure she's all right."

"Leave it to me!" he assured her, adding with unconscious prophecy, "and we'll have half the crowned heads of Europe!"

That had been the origin of the great Schmittlap party; the end of Mrs. Goadby; the beginning of Zelda Paxton.

The only objection to Miss Paxton's social regency from the point of view of Mrs. Schmittlap was that, although her house was full of people all the time, she had so little idea who any of them were. Zelda apparently had hundreds of unattached young men on her staff always ready to fill a place at dinner, the play, or bridge at a moment's notice. They were, for the most part, sallow youths with longish locks and a cosmopolitan air, who talked familiarly of Paris, Vienna, and Salzburg, of books, the theatre and of music—always of music—and of persons, apparently well known in European circles, but of whom she had never heard. Mrs. Schmittlap enjoyed having her hand kissed and being addressed in confidential undertones. Sometimes when Zelda would suggest a small evening party with a little music, Mrs. Schmittlap could not recall having seen any of the guests before. Generally she never saw any of them again. All sorts of people would turn up. Sometimes she wondered if Mrs. Goadby were not right, after all. If one were going to live in America and on Fifth Avenue was there much point in knowing so many people from Budapest and Columbus Circle?

SHE had been enormously benefited by the new treatments which she was taking regularly twice a week—from three to four o'clock in the afternoon so as not to interfere with her bridge—at Doctor Kungunda's office on West 87th Street, where he had the first-floor front in a neat seventeen-foot brownstone house. There were two signs above the bell—"Prof. Kungunda" and just below it "The Omega Pub. Co." An elderly man with a benign pink face and silvery locks waited on the door and ushered the patients into the sanctum hung with purple velvet for the fifteen minutes of preliminary contemplation which was part of the treatment.

Mrs. Schmittlap had never met anyone who impressed her as being so spiritual as Doctor Kungunda. Most of the Swamis she had seen were rotund, coppery, "sweet-faced" men, with long black hair who chanted their message and "vibrated" their arms, legs and abdomen. The "Master" was quite different. He never vibrated. He was naturally dark—being a Hindu—but he was slender and quietly intense and as he sat in his golden chair in his turban and robe with his small black eyes fixed upon her face Mrs. Schmittlap had a distinct sense of spiritual stimulation.

(Continued on Page 181)

We Create Our Dream Home

By Pearl Fisher Beach

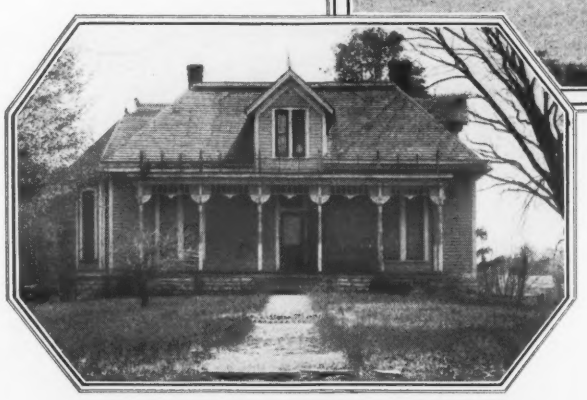
Our dream home is the result of much adventuring in the realm of remodeling.

ALL my life, as far back as I can remember, I have wanted to live in the quaint old house on Hillside Avenue. Little and unpretentious, it sat there on a great sloping knoll of a lawn, like a wistful little girl with her skirt primly spread out around her. There was a huge elm tree in the yard, which always reminded me of an umbrella, and when I went over there to play with the neighbors' little girls we sat out there with our favorite dolls and had tea parties and gossiped like the grown-ups.

But to buy the little house and move into it, and remodel it just the way I wanted it—that was an adventure worth having! And that is exactly what I eventually got.

It had so many possibilities, was so sturdily built and looked so charming there on its green knoll, that it was positively enticing. After watching it change hands four times I finally persuaded my husband—for by that time I had grown up and married—that we should buy the house and live in it.

Our first idea was to leave it very much as it was, because we liked its quaint, little-girl personality. And so we moved in and lived in it that way for quite a while.



This is the little house before it grew up.

The kitchen and dining room were in the basement. On the ground floor were five rooms, all bedrooms and living rooms. There was only a small attic, with dormers, above the first floor.

But after we had been there a while, my invalid father and mother came to live with us, and so we decided to remodel the little house to fit the changed family.

Just to think and talk about remodeling did not seem such a problem; but, oh, the doing of it!

A Room for Flowers

THE basement, at the back of the original house, was on a level with the ground. You walked right into it from the back yard. And so we made the basement into a garage, a social room, and a long narrow room for flowers.

This flower room is one of my special joys. It took in a space that had been opened on the outside, towards the south. We built the wall, put windows all along it, and underneath the windows a long table. Here I bring my flowers from the outside to protect them in winter. An overhead radiator keeps the temperature just right.

Our front porch is so comfortable that it has been a constant delight, and in good weather is most popular.

At left—Imagination and careful planning have wrought this remarkable change in the rear of the house.

Below—The basement, at the back of the original house, was on a level with the ground. You walked right into it from the back yard.

The social room, equipped with piano, rugs, a fireplace, a davenport and comfortable old chairs, quickly became a favorite refuge for the men of the family.

On the first floor were the five rooms and a hall, all nicely adapted to remodeling. From one of the bedrooms we made the kitchen and the back porch. I will come back to the kitchen later.

The adjoining bedroom was large and from it the stairway led down into the basement dining room. This room we made into a breakfast room, a blue-and-white-tile bathroom opening into father's and mother's room, and a little back hall leading from the kitchen to the front stairway. The stairway in the remodeled house is also here.

The old sitting room, in the southeast corner, was made into a lovely big, airy bedroom for father and mother. That left two rooms and a hall from the original five. One of these, which had been a bedroom, we made into a dining room, with French doors opening out to the front porch. The front hall and parlor we changed very little, only converting the parlor into a living room opening with French doors to the porch, and building on a sun room, twelve by nineteen feet. In the sun room the floor is of green-and-red tile. A single French door opens from father's room onto the sun porch. Father enjoyed this very much, and I always felt that it added a few more years to his life.

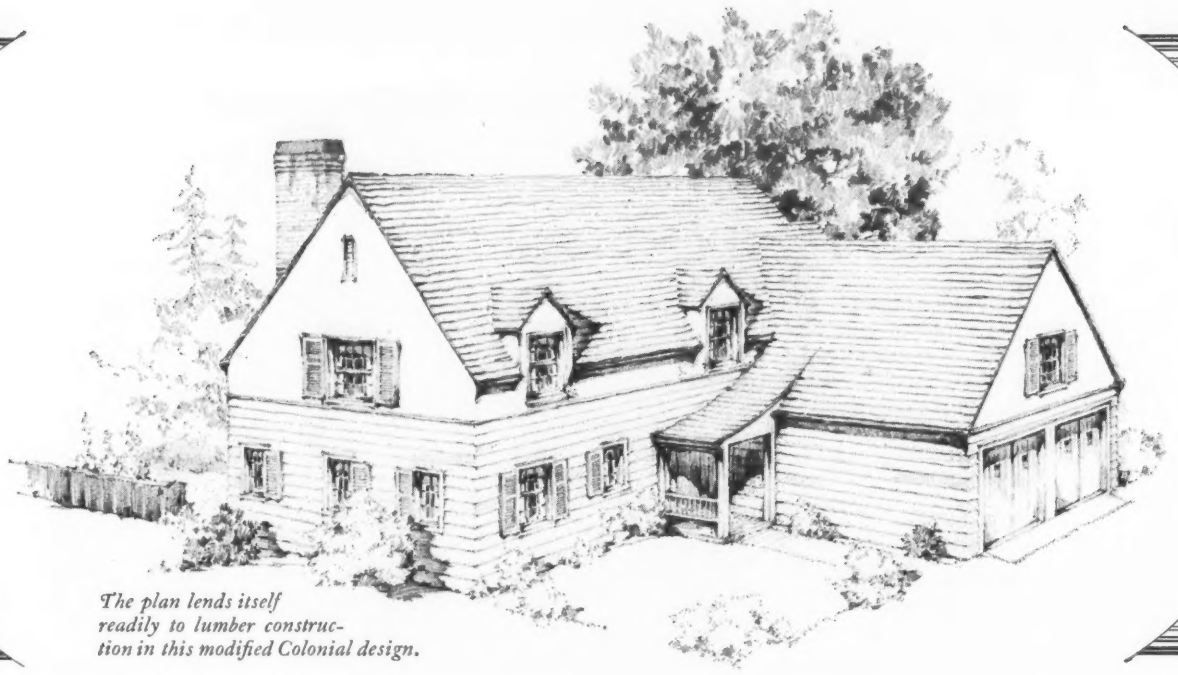
Stairways a Problem

WE HAD to excavate, to build the sun room, and so I had the space under it made into a sizable fruit room. At one side cabinets were built with plenty of shelf space for canned fruit and empty cans. At the other end of the room are hangers for my screens. This was an original idea with me, and one of my favorites. Where we had lived before, our screen doors never would fit; and when it came to putting up the screens each year, I dreaded it almost as much as housecleaning. So we got copper screening and metal frames made and fitted, and numbered the screens, and I made bed-ticking bags that button up over the screens to protect them, and we hang up the screens clean and ready for use each year. With French doors so numerous over the house this is a real help.

In the old house the stairway was exceedingly long and narrow, with ten-inch risers, and the ceilings were twelve feet nine inches high! Here was one of our hardest problems. We wanted an excuse to change the stairway and lower the ceiling, and so we figured up the extra cost of heating them as they were and decided it would pay to make the change. Our judgment has proved right. But I will never forget how we built that stairway! I wanted twelve-inch treads and six-inch risers, which make stair climbing easy. That would be easily possible in a new house where everything is new, but putting a new stairway into an old house, changing its direction and the height of the steps, and making it come out right is quite a problem! I remember how elated I was when, after six weeks of work and waiting for the hand-carved banister—hand-carved because the stairway had three turns—the carpenters had put up the temporary treads. I had gone gayly up the steps testing it, and everything was lovely. But I happen to be five feet four and I had forgotten that my husband is more. That evening when I took him proudly up the new stairs to inspect the house, he didn't see the progress after all, for his head was black and blue from hitting the ceiling at the first landing.

This necessitated tearing down all that stairway, taking out one step, and changing the height of all the others, so that there would be room for a tall person to stand at the landing. I would rather build a dozen new houses than remodel one stairway in a made-over house.

(Continued on Page 202)



The plan lends itself readily to lumber construction in this modified Colonial design.

Three Garden Homes From One Plan

Contributed by J. HAROLD HAWKINS

Designed by L. L. WOODWORTH *and* D. D. LOREE, *Architects*

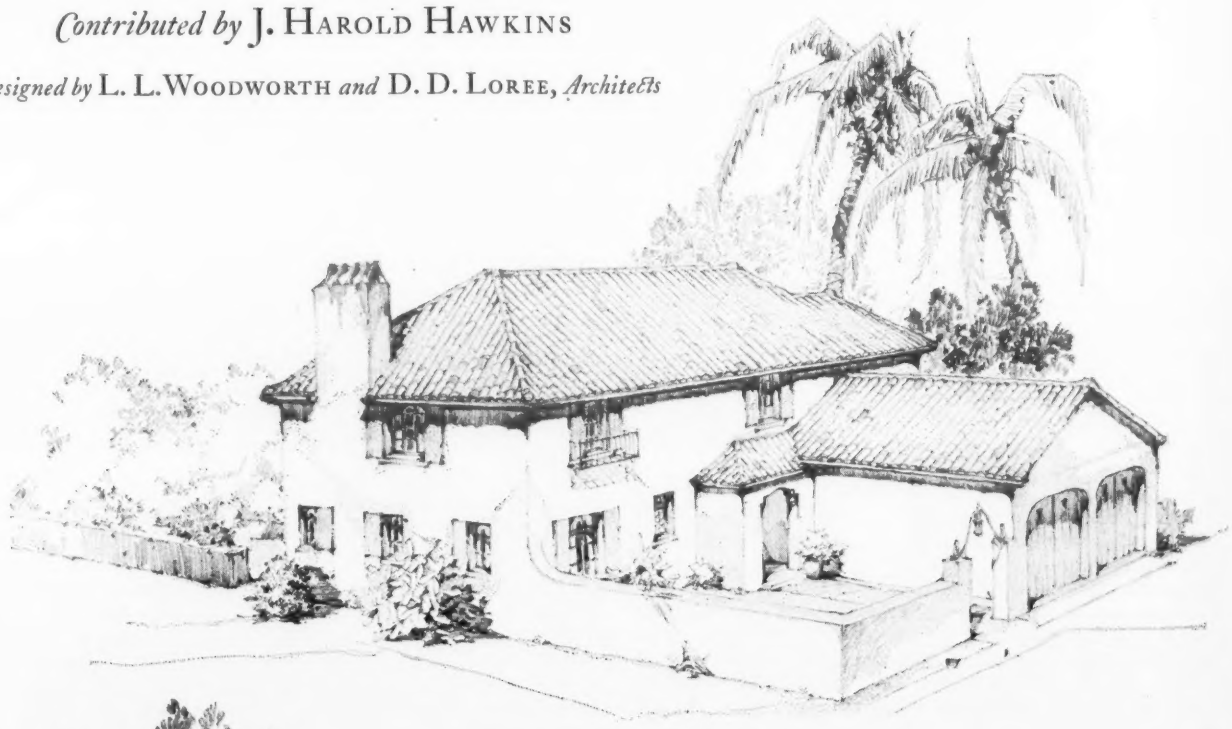
THE JOURNAL "Garden Home" idea, as presented in recent months, is shown here in an entirely different manner. Three houses, all to be built from the same floor plan, are presented.

The house and garage are used to screen the grounds—the two-car garage being placed close to the sidewalk. The house is forty feet wide and the lot should be either fifty or sixty feet wide.

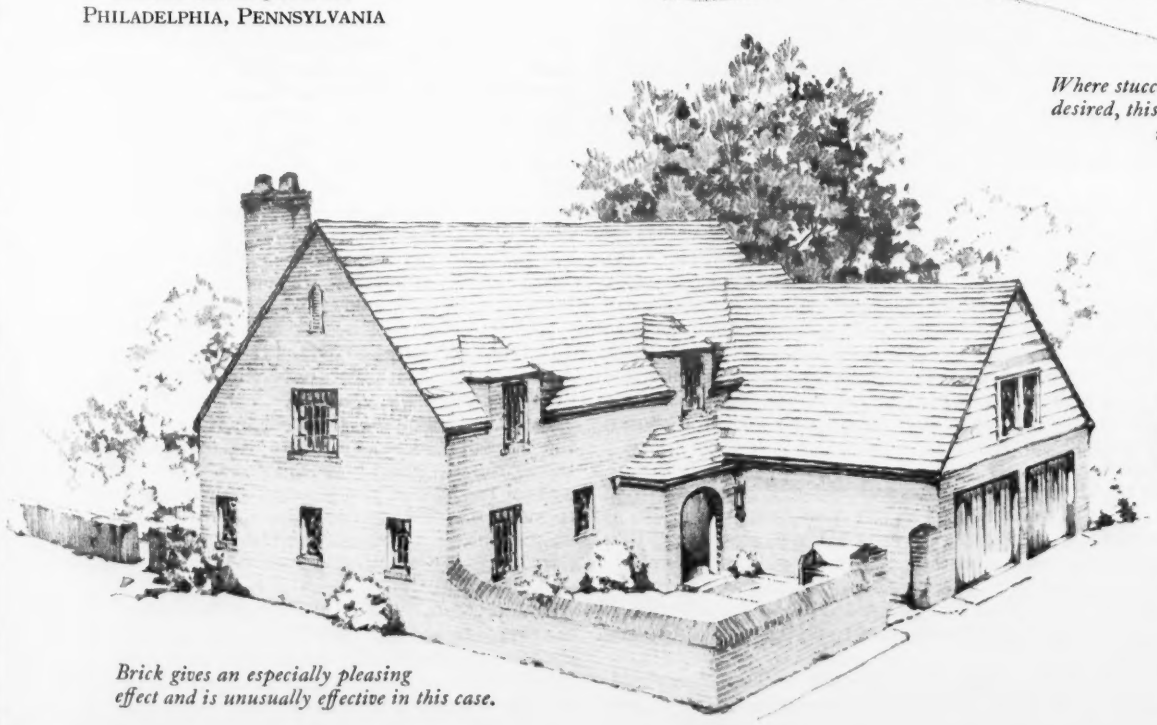
A study of the floor plans will reveal an unusually livable arrangement of rooms. The deep arch between the hall and living room is a pleasing feature. One has a glimpse of the garden even from the front door. Over the garage is space for an extra bedroom and bath if desired. The house is estimated to cost $15,000, depending upon location and equipment. The plan will lend itself readily to steel framing.

Builders interested in this or other JOURNAL "Garden Home" plans or projects are invited to write

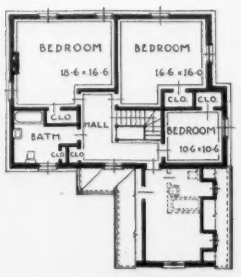
THE ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

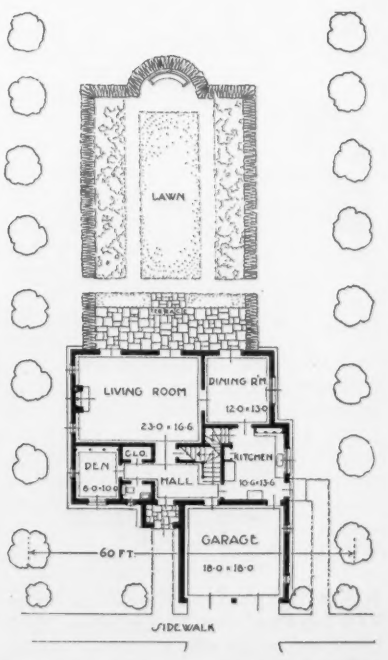


Where stucco walls and tile roofs are desired, this Mediterranean exterior may be used.



Brick gives an especially pleasing effect and is unusually effective in this case.





The floor arrangement is especially efficient and convenient. Note how living quarters overlook garden to the rear.

Cedars Must Have the Wind

EDNA TALBERT was a woman with three great passions—her husband, her daughter and her garden. The garden was a joke, a sliver of sunless ground between the little Talbert house and its next neighbor, but Edna kept ferns and ivy there, and her windows were always full of thrifty geraniums, and begonias with translucent clear blossoms, and fuchsias and heliotrope and hanging baskets of pink and yellow oxalis. Cara Talbert, Edna's daughter and only child, was no joke but a dear and lovely little creature who looked more like a princess in disguise than the offspring of Joe and Edna, though Edna had been good-looking when she was a girl in a bright dark way that had disappeared with her youth. As for Joe Talbert, he was just a pleasant little man, always rumpled and untidy, slightly thicker at the waistline than perfect symmetry demands, with stooped shoulders, and absent-minded brown eyes regarding the world in an absent-minded way through horn-rimmed glasses.

But when Edna Talbert looked at her garden and her flowers she loved them just as much as though they had been a huge park and an acre of greenhouses; when she looked at Cara she knew there had never been a child so beautiful and good and wonderful; and when she looked at Joe she saw Galahad, Romeo and Thomas A. Edison, inextricably mingled, yes, and a great deal more of charm and tenderness and genius than these three immortals could ever possess.

All through the lean stinted years when Joe had struggled with his inventions Edna had believed in him. She had brought up Cara to believe in him also. "Some day daddy will invent something awfully good and then you can have ——" that was a phrase Cara heard every day of her childhood until the time she was seventeen, and Edna pronounced it with such absolute faith and assurance that Cara did not doubt it—not even when she couldn't have a gold locket like Agnes Mack's, nor a bicycle, nor a tennis racket, nor dancing lessons, nor most of the things which her playmates accepted as commonplace.

MOST of Joe Talbert's inventions were, frankly, washouts. Now and then he sold some handy little contrivance or other and in this way made just enough to keep going. Some of Edna's friends suggested that it would be far better if Joe got a regular job somewhere, and worked at his inventing nights and Saturday afternoons, but Edna was so sharp in reply that no one ventured to offer this idea the second time.

Edna never told Joe what people said. She just left him perfectly free to go from the shed where he kept what he called his "models" to the little upstairs room where he drew what he called his "plans" and work away in either place undisturbed by any word from her about their meager funds and sick credit. When he received a check he turned it over to her, and she put it in the bank, paid up the back bills, and then stretched whatever was left as far as it would go—which was much, much farther than most women could have done.

For Edna Talbert was a masterly contriver. She could take a remnant of goods and sponge and cut and sew a coat which had all the air of something from a city tailor. She could make over a hat so that her most intimate woman friend wouldn't recognize its origin, and that is a hard test. She could turn and twist and dye and mend and retrim a garment until it dropped into actual rags, and then she made the rags into rugs which were a delight to the eye. Now and then, when things were at very low ebb, Edna made a rag rug or two and sold them, but not often, because she knew it distressed Joe terribly to have her trying to earn money with her sewing.

In the kitchen she was as smart as with her needle. When the Talberts were reduced to living on corn-meal mush, as now and then happened, she served it in so many ways that its monotony was obscured. She could go to the butcher's and buy a few scraps of hopeless-looking beef and turn out a meat pie no chef would have scorned. And she said herself that every egg she purchased had to do the work of two and like it!

She did these things ungrudgingly, without complaint, generously shielding Joe from all knowledge of them. But Cara, being a girl-child, could not be kept in such blissful ignorance. Cara knew, and helped as much as her mother would let her. Edna tried always to stand between the shadow of deprivation and her adored daughter. She gave Cara everything she could—it wasn't much. And the fair quiet child grew into a slender thoughtful beauty, showing in everything she said and did that she had both intelligence and sensibility. Edna alternated between a fierce protecting love and a piercing resentment that her lovely girl couldn't have all that the other town girls had in environment and possessions and opportunities. She hated the necessary economies far more for Cara than for herself; she longed for Cara to have pretty frocks and a good time and a lovely home to bring her friends into. She wanted Cara to have a gay and carefree girlhood and make a rich splendid marriage. And when Cara, at the end of her high-school days, announced that she was going to business college and as soon as her course was over get a job as a stenographer and typist, Edna Talbert cried for a whole day with the bitterness of loving and longing to give when hands are empty.

FOR between the two, the mother and daughter, there was a love devoted, sweet, understanding beyond all words. Cara saw with wise young eyes her mother's endless sacrifices, to the very last little bit of them. She longed to share the burden, to make some return; but this, of course, was the very thing which Edna didn't want her to do. All very well for the mother bird to pluck down from her own breast to make the nest comfortable, but the fledgling's feathers must be preened and bright. She argued and pleaded with Cara. "You know, dear," she said, "when daddy invents something really popular ——" but this time, before Cara's dutiful pretense of belief, the words died on her lips. It was the first time she had ever felt a doubt, and it was horrible. Perhaps—perhaps—Joe might not—after all! Perhaps they'd go on forever, pinched, narrowed, bound by this racking poverty! Perhaps—perhaps ——

Cara saw. Cara knew what her mother was thinking. She laughed, pretending that she did not see, did not know. "Of course, mother," she tossed back, "but you know how it is

By SOPHIE KERR

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

A CAR HAD DRIVEN IN; SHE WAS SURE IT WAS WARDER VINCENT. CARA CAME OUT IN THE WHITE LINEN . . . THEY WHIRLED AWAY

these days—why, every girl I know has picked out a profession of some kind; it's the thing to do. I'll be sniffed at as mid-Victorian if I don't take a try at something or other."

"If you could only go to a big college, Vassar or Bryn Mawr or ——" mourned Edna.

"I'd simply loathe it," lied Cara valiantly. "Truly, I would. Please, darling, don't plan to stick my nose on the grindstone for four years more; it's all worn off now."

"But if your father ——" Edna paused. She had never before in her life said "if" when she spoke of Joe, but always confidently "when." Fresh tears welled in her eyes and in her heart. To see Cara go to work and to lose faith in Joe together was too much, even for her courage.

Not one word of all this did she say to Joe, and she kept strict watch over herself that there might be nothing in her manner of reproach, of doubt. But in a family close-bound in spirit emotion communicates itself through silent channels. The sequel to Cara's determination to get a job, Edna's despairing dying hope was startling, dramatic. Joe Talbert came in one day pale and trembling.

HE FOUND Edna sitting beside the dining-room window, darning with infinite care her sole damask tablecloth. Joe snatched it from her hands and flung it on the floor. "Throw that thing away," he said. "You can quit darning old stuff. Edna—we—we're filthily rich!"

Although she had always believed that this moment would come, now that it had come Edna did not believe. She thought Joe had gone crazy, and she got up and went to him and patted him soothingly.

"You'd better come upstairs and lie down a while," she said, but even as the words came from her lips conviction burst upon her. "Joe—Joe," she cried, "is it true?"

"Truest thing you know," said Joe Talbert, and he took an envelope from his pocket and showed her a check. "And that's nothing but the beginning," he went on. "I'll get a royalty that'll equal this every month ——"

They sat down together on the sofa and talked. He had sold the rights on an improvement in motor engines to the biggest manufacturer of electrical machinery in the world. "They can use it on every kind of motor," he said, "in boats and airplanes, and automobiles, and factories and railroads, farm machinery, everything! I can hardly believe it yet. I didn't dare to tell you till it was all settled for fear there'd be a last minute slip-up. You take this money, Edna. It's yours. God knows you've earned it—you've worked a million times harder than I have. Maybe you think I don't know—all you've done—and all you've been through! There isn't a woman your equal in the whole world."

"Why, Joe!" cried Edna, blushing like a girl, "you're foolish. I guess any woman married to a man like you would have done as much as I've done. It's been nothing; I always knew you'd be successful."

"That's more than I did. I'd hate to tell you how many times I've put on my hat and started downtown to get a job of some kind, anything that'd give us a little money coming in regularly, so that you and Cara—say, it hurts a man in a queer sharp way to see his wife and daughter kept down to skin and bone because he can't give them a living. But then something inside of me'd say, 'Stick on it a day longer, you'll get it, you'll get it;' and I'd grit my teeth and go at it again."

"And you did just right! I certainly wouldn't want you to be piffling around in any of the little stores and factories in this town," said Edna grandly.

"Well, it's all over now," said Joe. "You can buy whatever you want, you can go where you please, we don't have to live in this dinky little house any longer than it takes to move into a new one, or you can build one if you want. You're going to have everything you want, Edna—you and Cara both."

Edna Talbert's eyes began to shine with eagerness. "I'd like a big garden," she confessed. "Real big, Joe, lawns and trees and shrubbery and flowers, and maybe a fountain. I'd like a garden more than I would a new house." Then she cried out with quick ecstasy, "And Cara and you and I'll walk in it, and sit in it! And Cara won't have to get a job! Thank the Lord for that. It just made me sick to think of my baby stuck in a dingy old office all day."

IT WAS the first that Joe had heard of his daughter's plans, and he was strangely affected. "I guess she thought I could never do anything for her," he said heavily. "I don't wonder at that, Edna. I expect she wanted to make things easier for you too. Cara's a—a noticing kind of child. Always was. I don't know what I ever did to have such a wife and daughter. I don't deserve either of you."

Naturally Edna did not agree with him, and their further discussion was largely a repetition of what they had just said.

(Continued on Page 70)

IT WAS TOO LATE FOR EDNA TO GO BACK, OR TO MAKE BELIEVE THAT SHE HAD NOT SEEN

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL
LORING A. SCHULER, EDITOR

The New Administration

THE new Administration will come into power in a few days. The chair before the big mahogany desk beneath the shadow of a silken flag in the Chief Executive's office will have a new occupant. On Capitol Hill there will be a new line-up of Senators and Congressmen, with many new faces among them. A new Cabinet will sit in council. And a new First Lady of the Land will take over the unofficial, unpaid position—so like that of a minister's wife—of being homemaker of the White House and hostess to the dignitaries of the world.

Mr. Hoover's task, as director of this vast business enterprise that we call the Government of the United States, is not an easy one. But by temperament, training and physical endurance he is fitted for it.

Nor is Mrs. Hoover's task a simple one. Like her husband, she must now submerge her individuality and her preferences to the code of official custom and procedure. Friends may call upon her, but she may not return their calls. She must give formal dinners at which the State Department will seat her guests. She will be under guard of the Secret Service. But fortunately Mrs. Hoover, too, comes to her new position equipped by the *savoir faire* of one who has lived everywhere and has known all sorts and conditions of men.

To Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, as they return to private life, the whole Nation wishes Godspeed and many years of quiet contentment. Toward Mr. and Mrs. Hoover all America must now forget the animosities of the campaign and say "Welcome!"

A Husband Surprises Himself

"I WENT home dog-tired the other night," said a husband recently. "I made so much fuss about how many things I had to do that day that my wife and I got into a good-natured argument over it. What she said, and what I said, set both of us thinking.

"We took a pad and pencil and each set down a list of the things we had done that day. Then we took another sheet and set down the things we thought perhaps the other had done. That last sheet, when compared to the actual list, was an eye opener to both of us.

"I thought about all she had done was prepare meals, dust and clean, make the beds and boss the children—a good-sized job. But I found that the 1929 model homemaker has a many-sided job calling for all the skill and training of a big business executive. And usually she has no staff to whom she can delegate the details!"

This is all too true. The homemaker today, in addition to the old routine duties that are still to be met—more efficiently now, thanks to modern equipment—is a marketing expert, for one thing. She buys the groceries and meats, the household equipment, the furniture and furnishings, the clothing for the family; bargains for the services of plumbers, painters, electricians, heating engineers, repairmen of all sorts. She sees that the automobile is in working order, buys the gasoline and oil, keeps the tires properly inflated.

Nor is this all. She must keep abreast of the times. There are her study clubs, her recreation clubs, her civic affairs, her politics. For she knows the real value of her home and she is vitally interested in seeing that nothing threatens it with disaster.

When her husband comes home at night, tired and worn out, his day's ransom has been paid. He is through; he can relax and rest. But the homemaker's day is not done until dishes are out of the way, until the last tousled head has been safely tucked under the covers.

And husbands look to the wife, at this critical fag-end of a troubled, hurried and nerve-racking day, to make these hours serene, frictionless—happy!

Let us not forget the true picture of what her day means. Let us also remember that she meets each new day with a confident eagerness in spite of the work ahead, in spite of the temptation to go into a less exacting job "downtown." For the average homemaker today is so well-trained she *can* find a place in business if she wishes.

Husbands must do their part if they would not have the temptation too great to leave the home.

Boy Scouts

IF YOU have a boy twelve years or more of age he should be a Boy Scout. It will instill in him those qualities of self-reliance and team play and leadership that make for the finest mental development. It will give him a knowledge of the outdoors and a love for Nature that will build him physically. It will give him moral standards by which he will always live. It will start him on the road to good citizenship. It will make a better man of him.

For twenty-one years—ever since Sir Robert Baden-Powell first conceived this organization—the Boy Scout movement has been the greatest united effort for and by boys in the history of the world. It is nineteen years since the Boy Scouts of America was organized.

Today there are more than 1,800,000 Boy Scouts in forty-three countries of the world. Eight hundred thousand of these are Americans—but there are still eight million American boys of Scout age who are not yet enrolled. Is your boy one of the eight hundred thousand—or one of the eight million?

Let him join—somewhere near you there is surely a troop. And his back will be straighter, his eyes brighter, when he stands in his uniform and takes the Scout oath: "On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to God and my Country, to obey the Scout Law, to help other people at all times, and to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

Interesting Figures

FLORIDA'S oranges and grapefruit were worth $50,000,000 last year, or ten times the cost of the whole state when it was purchased from Spain.

Rats eat $200,000,000 worth of food in the United States every year. There is one rat for every man, woman and child in our total population, and the progeny of one pair of rats, if not killed, could number 20,000,000 in three years.

Final results of the 1926 census of religious bodies, taken by the Department of Commerce, show 54,624,976 church members in the United States, a gain of 12,398,122 in ten years. Of these, 18,605,003 are Roman Catholics, an increase of 18.3 per cent; 4,087,357 are Jews; 30,640,000 are Protestant communicants, a gain of 19.5 per cent, and about 1,250,000 are Eastern Orthodox, Christian Scientists, Mormons, Spiritualists and other smaller bodies.

Dr. Robert A. Millikan, of California, says the world has been a going concern for 1,000,000,000 years and that mankind can fairly well count on another 1,000,000,000 years.

W. F. Ogburn, University of Chicago sociologist, says that one in ten goes through life unmarried; that of all women over fifteen years of age one out of ten is a widow; that city life discourages marriage by ten per cent; that of all marriages contracted in 1928 probably one in five will end in divorce; that from 1900 to 1920 the number of restaurant waiters increased three times as fast as the number of families, and that delicatessen dealers increased forty-three per cent from 1900 to 1920, or about three times as fast as the population.

Two Women at the Counter

By JULIUS KLEIN

Director U. S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce

THIS is the story of what goes on ten thousand times a day in every city, village and hamlet at the counters of our stores, from the humblest corner grocery to the most palatial department emporium.

Whether that counter be grimy and hacked with idling jackknives or gleaming with plate glass and alluringly subdued lamps, it is the scene continually on a multitude of daily occasions of the most important single event in the entire commercial and industrial life of this mighty commonwealth. It is the *X* that marks the spot of all spots where the crucial deed—the exchange of money for goods—is done. It is there that production and distribution, twin giants of our economic system, end their great tasks and consumption begins.

If that exchange takes place all is well; if it doesn't, and the goods stay behind the counter, then everything that has occurred to bring them into being and into circulation is simply lost motion. All the countless processes back along the long, long trail through a succession of distributors—jobbers, wholesalers, warehousemen, railways—step by step back along the stages of production, through the factory, the mill, to the forest, the mine, the farm and often to plantations and dark jungles thousands of leagues over the seas—all that far-flung network of processes and transactions is just a mass of sheer waste if, across that "fateful counter," there does not pass an interchange of commodities for cash or credit.

The real inspiration of our entire business life originates with the ultimate purchaser. His or her hand sets in motion this last crucial operation in the entire category of commerce, the final episode in a house-that-Jack-built sequence, by which the whole of our economic edifice, so to speak, is bound together.

And that brings us to the striking fact that in about four out of five performances of this little drama the actors on both sides are women.

Changed Styles and Tastes

WOMEN handle from 80 to 85 per cent of the forty billion dollars that go to make up the nation's retail sales—the largest single item in our business life.

The extent of woman's sovereignty in marketing is increasing steadily. Take, for example, the floor of an automobile sales room. Observe the prospects who are contemplating the glistening new cars, and note that although the man may be busily probing under the hood at the vitals of the machine, Her Ladyship is standing back a bit and the sales person—more and more frequently these days a bright, keen-eyed young miss—is at her side.

Forty-one per cent of our passenger cars are bought by women and the influence of women is far from negligible in negotiating the remaining 59 per cent. And that is why our car manufacturers have gone into the kitchen for inspiration. There they have been dazzled by the bursts of colors in pots and pans, refrigerators, gas stoves and linoleum with which Madam has made her workshop cheerful.

These farsighted manufacturers know by grim experience that many and many's the time the fateful transaction is not consummated because "the color scheme wasn't right; didn't fit with any of my ensembles—I could never stand yellow," and so on. Trivial, you may say. Perhaps so; but just let any manufacturer ignore it and see what happens to his business.

This increasing color consciousness is clearly affecting the whole trend of our advertising. The use of decorative design in copy and in pleasing posters, instead of the old, cold, diagrammatic drawings, is clearly due to the feminine buyer's influence.

One maker of a widely used commodity that has adorned our kitchen shelves for generations found his trade slipping not long ago. The product was as good as ever. His chemists, researchers and production engineers had kept up its standards where they had always been. But why that vexatious, ominous loss?

If he had shifted his anxious scrutiny from the plant to that "fateful counter" he would have had his answer at once. But like most manufacturers he was cocksure that he knew his business better than anybody else, and that was all there was to that. He didn't realize that the most important part of his business was, to use a Hibernianism, something that wasn't in it—namely, what went on in the mind of the good lady who was the potential customer across the counter.

As the years had rolled by she and her daughters had changed their ideas and styles and tastes. In this particular case, it was the old-fashioned label on the container, which was—well, it was just old-fashioned, a colorless mid-Victorian device, reminiscent of plush-covered albums, tintypes and clusters of cat-tails over crayon-portrait enlargements in the corner of the parlor. To the manufacturer this label was the sacred symbol of a well-tried, long-enduring reputation. To Her Highness, the would-be customer, it was just dowdy and archaic.

Today that manufacturer puts out his wares in the most attractive color schemes that expert artists can devise. The lady across the counter has taught him his lesson.

Incidentally this dawn of a new day of color brings up an interesting problem for the manufacturer, which has been met by an equally interesting solution. The harassed husband, valiantly plunging through frantic bargain-hunting throngs, clutching his little list, has always been an object of pity and scornful humor as he strives desperately to satisfy the wife's craving for stockings of "just such a shade." He is battered and baffled and longs mournfully for the good old days when colors were colors—simple things like navy blue or Nile green.

In these days, however, everything from automobiles to kitchen and bathroom equipment is blossoming out in shades like "rose morn" or "aurora" or "heart's ease" or any other subtle inventions which would bring the blush of humiliated shame to the cheek of the mysterious christener of our Pullman cars.

This question of matching colors is, of course, even more difficult when it comes to export trade. A merchant in Marseilles, let us say, might be justly incensed if his order for some American hosiery of "atmosphere" tone reveals to him that "atmosphere" on the Riviera may not be the same as "atmosphere" in, let us say, Pittsburgh.

Avoiding Color Confusion

TO MEET this situation there has been organized the Textile Color Card Association, which now issues a variety of cards illustrating all the latest tones and shades in the actual materials, designating them by name and number. There are separate cards for hosiery, for woolens, for other dress materials. There are some even for leather—doubtless as a tribute to the fact that shoes are no longer made merely to keep one's feet off the ground, but, as every fugitive reptile in the remotest tropics has learned to its cost, are the object of most discriminating design and careful artistic effort.

This color-card work has become international in scope, and many of its ramifications have been carried out in close collaboration with advisory groups of women, in view of their increasing importance in retailing. Color cards are on file at all of the foreign offices of the Department of Commerce in every important center of the world, and foreign business men are thus in a position to be advised as to just what the American woman buyer has in mind when she stipulates beige or chocolate brown. No longer need there be any confusion as to just what is meant by "fawn" or "Deauville sand" or "star dew." These designations are still used, but with them also is a precise numerical indication, which is the same whether the colors are being sought in Saginaw or Singapore.

There is also the need of observing not simply the tastes and whims of the consumer as to such matters as color, but also the uses to which the buyer is putting the product which she has purchased. For it is obvious that new uses mean new sales opportunities.

(Continued on Page 217)

Eleven Paris Gowns Distinguished by Chic Details

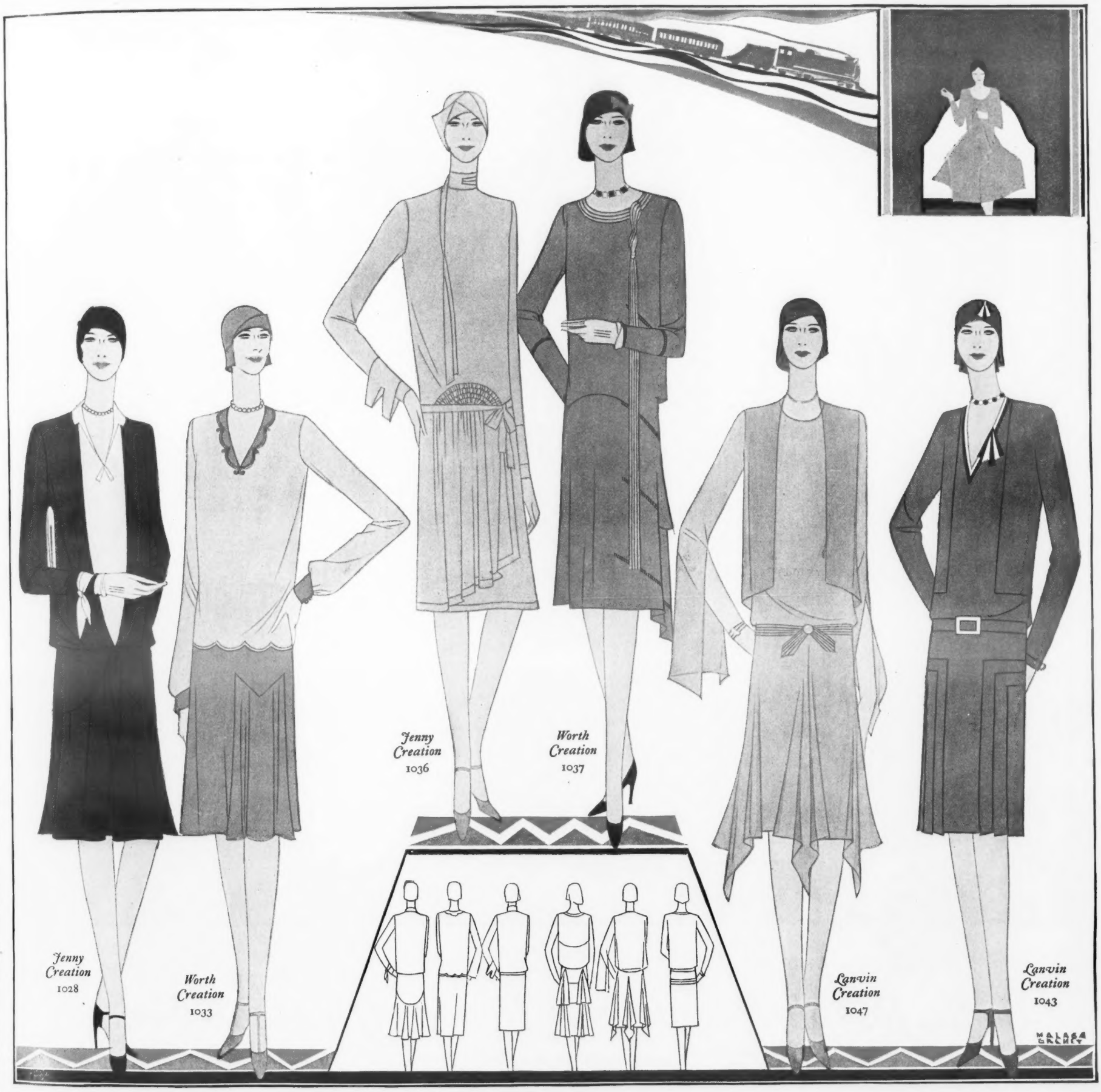
YOU can explain—but you can never explain away—the chic of French designs in various ways. Certain it is that detail is a major part of the modishness of the Paris creations, though it is not the whole story.

At the extreme left, "Gardenia," by Nicole Groult, No. 1045, is simplicity itself where cut and design are concerned, yet the circular section inserted at the left side lends a graceful motion to the plain skirt, and the applied waistband, in two colors, fits closely and smartly about the hips and is echoed by neckline and cuff bands in the same two colors, while tabs of the same two colors are held in place on the left hip and at the point of the V neck by flat, applied flowers, from which the frock takes its name. Such a dress as this appears with perfect propriety at the breakfast table, for shopping, at the well-dressed business woman's desk, at the luncheon table or at an informal matinée or bridge party. It is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

The tall, slim figure is admirably set off by another Nicole Groult creation, No. 1046, shown second from the left. Shaped diagonal sections extend upward from the center-front bottom of the skirt to the back, where they hang loose from the shoulder. The V line formed by these pieces on the skirt is repeated in the front of the bodice and again in the neckline. Two flowers on the left shoulder are the only trimming. A minimum of decoration and a maximum of careful designing have created a frock as distinguished as it is inconspicuous. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

"Bambinette," Redfern's dress, No. 1032, shown on the center figure above, was designed in tomato red with white bands as its trimming. White bands are applied across the skirt, which is cut circular on the right side, and each band is finished at the right with a tiny tassel. One white band appears on the blouse, and a little white tassel is placed directly on each elbow, which is slightly pointed. Imagine the dress without these significant and unusual details—well-cut, well-designed, yes, but with no particular individuality. Look again at the dress with them—chic, style, originality. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Coats, 65 cents; Dresses, 65 cents.



There is unmistakably a "little-girl" air about Louiseboulanger's frock, No. 1042, sketched on page 36. The long bodice with its skirt-yoke effect buttons very primly in the exact center. The skirt is circular all the way round. The scarf collar, half-circle pockets and full bishop sleeves buttoning into a wristband are unusual details and worthy of notice. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

No. 1035, also a creation of that very great dressmaker Louiseboulanger, interprets the much-talked-of little-girl note also, with its shaped collar ending in a long-ended bow at the right. Yoke and sleeves are in one, with the back of the bodice showing interesting pleating and the skirt pleated in the front and on the side, but flat across the back. The use of a different color for the lower part of the sleeves and for the scarf, the dark accent trimming the scarf and repeated in the narrow striped belt—which has two buckles—are individual elements of a very distinguished sports or morning frock. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

"Mary-Lou," No. 1028, shown on the extreme left on this page, is typical of Jenny's feminine but never fussy frocks. The softly bloused waist, the fitted hip band and the all-round circular skirt, which dips in the back and extends upward to meet the waist in front, are all knotted together with seeming carelessness by two short "dog's-ear" ends. These pointed tie-ends are repeated at the wrists. White satin is used for the vest and wrist ties. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

The unusual shape of the circular inset at the left of the skirt distinguishes "Banco," No. 1033, by Worth. The scalloped outline of the V-shaped collar is repeated in the scallops with which the straight skirt is attached to the bodice. It is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Jenny's "Primavera," No. 1036, is designed in yellow with a faint figuring of green and blue—and one notices such clever details as the shaped cuffs finishing the fitted sleeves, the high scarf collar with long ends passing through slits, and the half-circle of shirring above the draped fullness of the wrap-over skirt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

A fascinating long tassel hanging from the neckband, an interesting curve upward across the front from the hips—"Le Kid," No. 1037, presents a comparatively simple front, which immediately becomes more unusual when the back is seen. Worth has added an unexpected bolero effect in back and varied the hemline with four circular sections which fall below it. Created in dark green and chartreuse, the dress is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

"Longchamps," No. 1047, by Lanvin, is in chiffon, its pointed insets giving motion to the skirt, and the sleeves of its Eton jacket are slashed open from the elbow. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Right angles are used in blouse and skirt of No. 1043, by Lanvin. In the skirt the inset sections end in inverted pleats. A two-tone band at the neckline ties with short ends at the left. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Coats, 65 cents; Dresses, 65 cents.

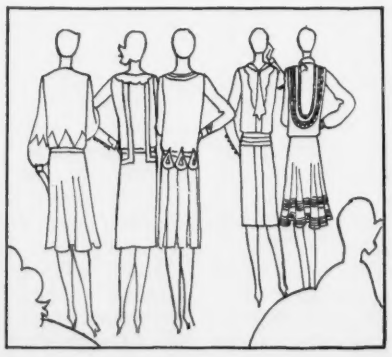
Renée Creation 1039 | *Lucile Creation* 1040 | *Joseph Paquin Creation* 1034 | *Lucile Creation* 1030 | *Joseph Paquin Creation* 1025

Lucile, Joseph Paquin and Renée Afternoon Frocks

GRACEFUL curves derived from godets, circular cuts and inverted pleats seem to be the distinguishing lines for the afternoon gowns of this year. The charming youthful luncheon and tea frocks shown above are models chosen from some of the largest and most representative houses in Paris.

The gown No. 1039 is a Renée model named "Séduisante." It has been made with a seam at the waistline so as to allow for a slight fullness in the blouse, the snug hipline and the circular flare of the skirt. The neck of the frock is in a V shape, and the trimming is formed by pointed seaming. The sleeves are becoming and soft, trimmed with points of seaming and caught in at the wrists with plain bands. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

The dress No. 1040, from Lucile, is a model easily adapted to either the straight-line sylphs of the world or to those girded with more fullness. It is a model with a one-piece back, trimmed with appliquéd bands, and with a plain skirt. The front of the gown is more imaginative, boasting of small, flat little pleats and pockets with scalloped edges. The collar and cuffs are also scalloped and of lace, and the bow at the neck is a tiny reminder of the flat bow at the belt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.



The gown in the center, No. 1034, is "Week-End," from Joseph Paquin. The charm of the dress is its unusual trimming of triangular appliquéd bands of material, joining the waist to the skirt and running high up on one side of the blouse. The same motif is also worked on the sleeves, and the V neck is outlined with a two-inch band of the same appliqué. The skirt is soft and close-fitting, given fullness by its series of inverted pleats: Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Model No. 1030, another creation of Lucile's, is a two-piece dress with folded girdle. It is a coat-dress model so popular for every age and shown with unusual charm and originality. The collar is finished at the back of the neck with a scalloped capelike effect that hangs almost to the waist. The back of the skirt is made with two inverted pleats and brought around the front, tight over one hip and finished with three inverted pleats on the left side held in by a large and effective buckle. The neck in front is a V, with satin or contrasting revers crossed over a folded satin vest. And a bit of the satin facing is shown to line the fullness on the side of the skirt. This model was designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

The gown numbered 1025 is a model called "Au Ritz," from Joseph Paquin. It has the new, distinguishing, plain waistline, the all-round circular skirt, and a hem which is trimmed with a deep, wavy scallop design made of tiny pleats. The top of the frock has a deep circular yoke outlined with a fine embroidery stitch, so characteristic of the French models, and the neckline is finished off by a band of material that ends with a crush bow on the left side. The gown was designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 65 cents; Coats, 65 cents.

Soups that bring to your table the richest treasures of the garden! Wholesome vegetable foods, enriched with nourishing butter! No wonder they're so eagerly welcomed for the Lenten meals, for Fridays and for the strictly vegetarian menus! And in the general family meals at any time!

You'll say you never enjoyed such tempting Pea Soup as Campbell's. It's made with the sweetest of dainty little peas, blended with fine creamery butter and seasoned "just so" by Campbell's famous French chefs. Rich in body-building nutriment, and, oh, so delightful to the taste!

The tonic goodness of crisp, snow-white celery. You know how refreshing that is. All of it is captured for you in Campbell's Celery Soup. The celery is selected from the finest beds—just the kind you are proud to serve on your own table. Here's a treat to your appetite—a benefit to your health.

Asparagus Soup! The very name invites you. Tender young asparagus shoots are blended, in Campbell's Asparagus Soup, with such skill and care that all their charm and delicacy of flavor remains to please you. The garnish of dainty asparagus tips is an added temptation to the appetite.

Now that the extraordinary healthfulness of tomatoes is so praised by the food experts, you will wish to serve Campbell's Tomato Soup even more than ever. Its flavor is irresistible. It is the most popular soup in the world.

All these vegetable soups are highly beneficial to children. Especially when combined with milk or cream and served as Cream Soups. Follow the easy directions on the labels. See on label also full list of 21 different Campbell's Soups. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Illustrating the Genius of the French "Coupe"

Talbot

Dœuillet-Doucet Creation
1029

Agnès

Maison Paul Poiret Creation
1048

Rose Valois

Drecoll-Beer Creation
1049

Maison Paul Poiret Creation
1044

WHAT comfort and self-assurance one feels when confident that one is correctly and charmingly dressed in a gown of simple good taste which has been exquisitely cut. It is the cut that tells the tale every time. It is not the material, trimming or color of your gown that gives away your secret but that *petite quelque chose* that the French dressmaker unfailingly attains when, scissors to cloth, she executes the designer's inspiration.

The first model, No. 1029, on the left of this page, is a Dœuillet-Doucet afternoon frock—simple in its line and idea but subtle and original in the way its curving bands are cut and applied. Starting over the left shoulder from the seam under the left arm they zigzag across the back and around in points in front, and the sleeves are plain and fitted, trimmed with diagonal bands. The skirt has an applied band extending from the left side of the gown around to the front. This model was designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40. Worn with this unusual and charming gown is a Talbot hat made in beige felt with brown stitching. Round the top of the hat is a narrow band tied in a nobby little bow.

Model No. 1048 is a ravishing coat from the Maison Paul Poiret, also a beautiful example of very fine cutting. It bears the name of "Moet et Chandon" and is made with long, loose, raglan sleeves stitched in silver. The collar is made of notched, tailored revers and is pointed in the back. The skirt of the coat is cut circular in the rear and joined at the waistline in a point, and the front gives the appearance of tightness over the hips with gathered fullness on the sides. This model is designed for ages 16 to 20 and sizes 34 to 42. With this lovely coat is shown a hat from Agnès made like a gypsy's bandeau drawn all to one side and ending with a bunch of velvet flowers pressed low under one ear.

No. 1049 is a wool dress from Drecoll-Beer named "Bichert." This model is also astoundingly well cut with a well-molded hipline and a flaring skirt. The neck is formed by a scarf-like collar that is appliquéd, flat across the back, and hangs loosely down the front. A large, fluffy scarf matching the dress gives a tremendous air of finish and the large-dotted figure follows the latest chic note of the season. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Draped on the head of the figure just described is a sweet little bonnet from Rose Valois. It is made entirely of blue grosgrain, and the drapery is held in place by absurd little groups of childlike stitching.

"Bulbul," No. 1044, is an enchantingly graceful evening gown of blue and silver, from the Maison Paul Poiret. It must have been created and cut especially for the charming debutante who having bowed her way through the winter needs a crisp, new frock for the spring. The neckline is a softly dipping bateau curve ending abruptly on the shoulders with two impertinent bows. The waistline is curved under one hip and over the other, and on the crest of the wave is embroidered an imaginative feathery bird in stitching of silver. The whole skirt ripples and waves in soft billows, spaced regularly by even bands of tucks and hanging down lower on the right side than on the left. This model has been designed for ages 14 to 20 and for sizes 32 to 40.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 65 cents; Coats, 65 cents.

Voted the Prettiest of DEBUTANTES

BY

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE

SHE IS ALLIED with some of the oldest families of New York and Boston, but her grandfather and grandmother were Spaniards of Spain, and "Spanish blood" speaks from her beautiful great eyes, her clear olive skin with its flash of pomegranate red; it is in her warm, impulsive, glancing speech, in the instinctive grace of all her movements.

She is quick, frank, eager, intensely alive, with the naïveté of a child occasionally breaking through the utter sophistication of a debutante of the season 1928-'29.

She was presented to New York society early in November at a very distinguished luncheon at a very distinguished club, and has had rather more than the usual success of charming youth.

She likes nearly everything, except solitude. She loves dogs, people, the theatre, dancing, riding, swimming—"I swim better than I do anything." She thinks young people now are no worse than they ever were—"just franker. We haven't any illusions!"

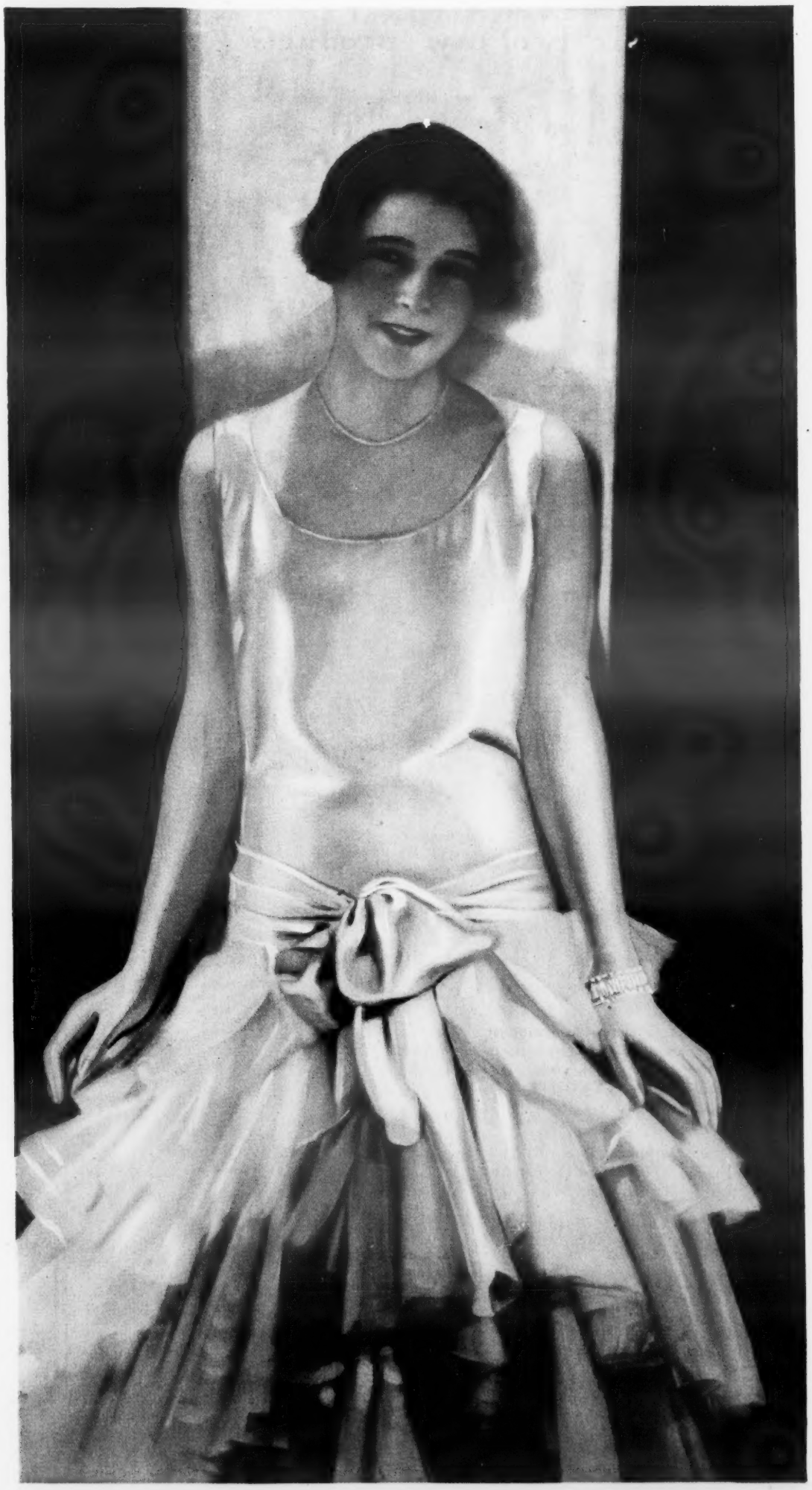
She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she became a sub-deb at 14, and nothing could be more beautiful than her smooth, clear, brilliant skin, that reminds one of some tropical flower.

"A debutante *has* to have a good skin—she mustn't take any chances. That is why I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face. Woodbury's is wonderful!—it keeps my skin always soft and clear and just the way I want it to be."

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type .... Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap .... Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

You can get a delightful Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, by sending us 10 cents and your name and address. Send today! The Andrew Jergens Co., 1805 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1805 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Nothing could be more beautiful than her clear, smooth, brilliant skin. "A debutante has to have a good skin," she says. "I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face."



Miss Natica de Acosta of New York City, chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the prettiest of debutantes

© 1929 A. J. Co.

Pond's adds a Postscript

to Mrs. Vanderbilt's praise of their two new products

"Even on our Nevada ranch," *says Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.* "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's."

With these two exquisite new products and the famous Two Creams you can have your daily beauty treatment wherever you live! The Freshener closes the pores and tones and firms the skin. The new Tissues are scientifically correct for removing cold cream.

NOW that a clear, fresh, smooth complexion is considered essential to perfect chic, women who pride themselves on their appearance are stressing the daily ritual of home treatment of the skin.

To their fastidious taste, this daily ritual is as important as their morning tub—and their lovely clear skin bespeaks its efficacy.

Beautiful young Mrs. Vanderbilt says: "Even on our Nevada ranch I have my facial—with Pond's.

"With just the Two marvelous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic, one can keep one's skin young and lovely."

Not so long ago the luxury of the daily facial was a privilege restricted to great cities, to the exclusive few.

Now Pond's two exquisite new products—with the Two Creams—complete Pond's famous Method of caring for the skin. Now, no matter where you live, you can give yourself the most complete, most modern, most scientific beauty care.

Make your daily beauty treatment with Pond's a fixed habit! Follow the four swift steps of Pond's Method—Cold Cream to cleanse . . . Tissues to wipe away . . . Freshener to tone and firm . . . Vanishing Cream for powder base and peach-bloom finish.

Pond's Method is the modern way to chic and beauty—swift, simple, extraordinarily efficient.

The Two famous Creams

Send 10¢ for all 4 preparations

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. Q
107F Hudson Street, New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company

First Spring Fashions Glimpsed in Paris Cables

Jean Patou creates a dark green satin bag clasped with gold.

For the bracelet he uses green stones, crystal and rose quartz.

© LUIGI DIAZ, PARIS

PARIS CABLE

DRESSMAKERS SHOWING MANY PRINTS SPRING AND SUMMER ENSEMBLES—DRESSES SMALL FLORAL PATTERNS TWO SHADES SAME COLOR—BLACK AND WHITE—BLACK AND WHITE AND ONE VIVID COLOR POPULAR—MANY RAYON AND WOOL COMBINATIONS—FANCY WEAVES

PARIS CABLE

SHORT JACKETS PREDOMINATE—LIGHT WOOLS OR SILKS MATCHING DRESSES—FREQUENTLY FLARING IN LINE ALSO SHOWN FOR AFTERNOON—EVENING DRESSES CONTINUE FITTED AT HIPS—EVENING HEMLINES UNEVEN

PARIS CABLE

GREENS LEAD SPRING—BLUES SECOND—BLACK AND WHITE AS USUAL UNSURPASSED IN SMART WOMEN'S CHOICE—POPULARITY COLORED KID SHOES CARRYING OUT ENSEMBLE FORESEEN—FREQUENT USE CONTRASTING COLOR ACCENT IN ACCESSORIES

PARIS CABLE

SPRING HATS CLOSE—LENGTH AT BACK—SILK JERSEY WOOL JERSEY FOR CLOSE TURBANS—FELT AND STRAW COMBINATIONS PROMINENT—CLASSIC ITALIAN STRAWS RIVAL EXOTIC TYPES

PHOTO. © LUIGI DIAZ, PARIS

A light pink taffeta evening frock is designed by Worth for the young girl.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

is Young.....Entrancing.....Beautiful...

as the world expects her to be

ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. Slim as a forest nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fresh and fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride on whom all eyes are turned is winning all hearts with her charm.

With true American flair for chic, her taste in dress is unfailing. In smart, close-fitting black for town, in beige-brown country tweeds, in the pale peach and ivory chiffons she wears for evening, her beauty presents a series of lovely pictures ever varied, ever fascinating.

Modern to the tips of her slim white fingers, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . flitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times . . . At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. All day long they motor or ride horseback over the rolling hills. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found a simple, practical way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

"Even on our Nevada ranch," she says, "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's.

"One can keep one's skin really young and lovely with just these Two marvelous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic. I'm devoted to Pond's!"

WHEREVER you go, this simple daily treatment will preserve the perfect fitness of your skin:—

First, keep your skin immaculately clean by pore-deep cleansing, after exposure and every night before retiring. Spread Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, with upward, outward motion over face and neck, letting the fine oils sink deep below the skin.

Then gently remove the dirt and cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. They are finer than old linen and absorb the cream and dirt instead of rubbing it into the pores.

Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows and your cheeks are lovely as a rose. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your daytime toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistledown touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) *Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty, velvety new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.*

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR. *was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin as fair as hawthorn bloom. This chic ensemble is of a flame-colored velvet cape over a peach chiffon frock.*

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 delicious preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Q
107 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(BELOW) *Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. You can use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!*

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company

If you play hostess to a family

...enlist the cheery aid of a floor that has no "don'ts"

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

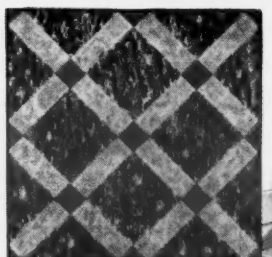
Your living-room floor works many hours a day. It takes all kinds of punishment. But a damp cloth will keep it sparklingly bright if it's Armstrong's Accolac Processed Linoleum. Spot-proof, stain-proof. The Armstrong Floor in this living-room is a rich Embossed Inlaid effect (No. 6060). The interliners are actually pressed below the surface to give realistic texture. All the colors go clear through to the heavy burlap back.

FAMILIES are certainly hard on floors! And it's not always easy to play the part of hostess when tiny folks continually track in mud, when grown-ups carelessly let things spill and spot.

"Don't . . . don't! I've just cleaned the floor!" Sometimes you feel like *shouting* it. Vexing . . . temper-ruffling. And, at that, not much protection for the poor old floor.

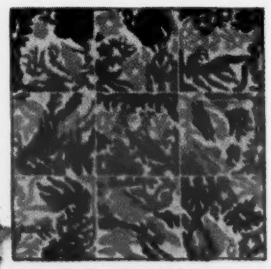
Just suppose for the moment that this living-room was in *your* home. Even if ink should accidentally spatter on the floor, it wouldn't cause you one bit of worry. For the floor you see is spot-proof, stain-proof. It's the new-type Armstrong's Linoleum, its surface sealed and protected by the dirt-resisting Accolac Process.

Ordinarily all the cleaning care this labor-saving floor needs is a quick dusting. Waxing and polishing, too, is now a quick, easy task. Even in kitchens or wherever floors may call for frequent washing, maintenance is simplified—just an occasional coat of Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer quickly restores the satin-smooth luster. (Do not lacquer over wax.)



New De Luxe Marble No. 13030

No telltale spot, even when black ink spills on an Accolac Processed Armstrong Floor.



New Embossed Inlaid No. 5216

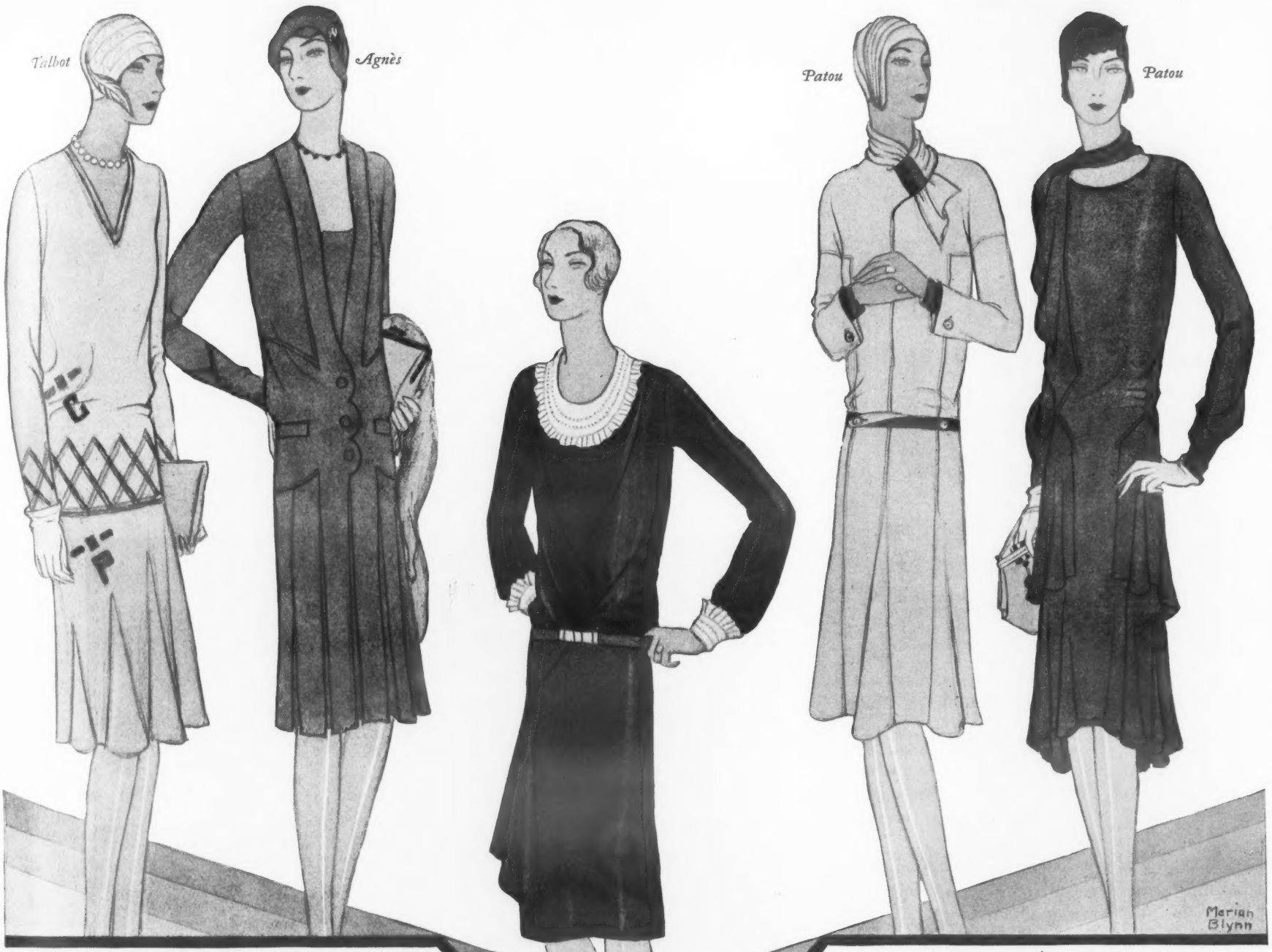
There are other worthwhile virtues to this Armstrong Floor—to any Armstrong Floor you will see at local furniture, department, or linoleum stores. Beauty to begin with—just the colors and designs you need to make any room color scheme come out right. Comfort—so springy underfoot and quiet, too. Warmth—no drafty cracks when cemented over builders' deadening felt. And permanence—a floor built-in to last as long as your house.

New Ideas . . . worth copying. A bookful of help and information on home decoration is yours if you write for Hazel Dell Brown's "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Tells how to create correct color schemes, how to make your floors part of your room picture. Offers you the author's personal service. Includes a "Decorator's Data Sheet." Just send 10c to cover cost of mailing. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 915 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN • • INLAID • • EMBOSSED • • JASPÉ • • PRINTED • • *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS



Premet Creation 1027 — *Philippe et Gaston Creation* 1038 — 1026 *Philippe et Gaston Creation* — *Premet Creation* 1041 — *Premet Creation* 1031

Daytime Dresses for Early Spring

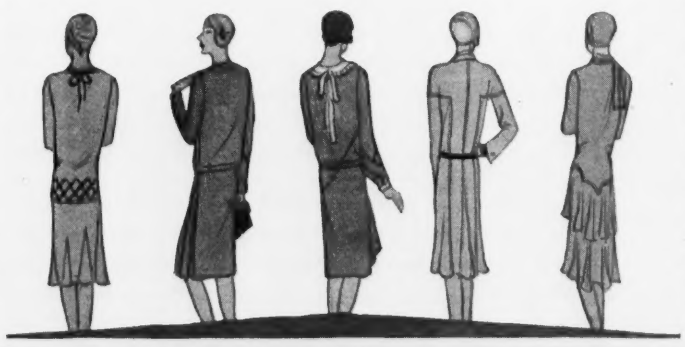
WITH spring in the air we long to be out-of-doors and our thoughts turn toward clothes that are appropriate for out-of-door daytime wear. Illustrated on this page are dresses that may be worn under coats for cool days and some that are suitable for street wear without a coat. Any of these dresses would be a delightful addition to the early spring wardrobe.

At the extreme left is a sports dress of decided chic. This two-piece frock from Premet, No. 1027, has a plain blouse with a pointed neckline which ends in a small bow in the back. The bottom of the blouse and the cuffs are trimmed with rows of stitching in lattice effect. Rows of stitching also trim the neckline. The straight skirt has four inset circular godets which are higher on the left side than on the right in front. This arrangement is reversed in back. A very gay French touch is the application of the initials in rows of stitching on the blouse and skirt. This frock was originally made in beige and trimmed most effectively with rows of green and red stitching. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

With this frock is shown a close-fitting little helmet from Suzanne Talbot, made of heavy white wool. Two saucy plumes are its only trimming, one brushing the right cheek and the other slanting toward the back on the left side.

Most suitable for daytime street wear with a fur, is "Coquelicot," by Philippe et Gaston, No. 1038, pictured second from the left. It is made in one piece in front and is slightly bloused in back, caught up by a narrow belt. The blouse fastens at the center front with three scallops, and this trimming is repeated at the deep close-fitting cuffs. The skirt has inset pleated sections at each side of the front which are curved to the bottom of the blouse. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. With this street frock is worn a bewitching beige felt hat from Agnès, called "Venez-y-voir" which is trimmed with a jaunty little pheasant feather which Agnès is using so effectively this spring.

"Mon Beguin," No. 1026, the charming frock by Philippe et Gaston, in the center, is made with a wrap-over section that forms a drapery on the right side below the belt. Two rows of stitching in diagonal lines trim the blouse and the melon-shaped sleeves. A soft round collar trimmed with stitching and narrow pleating, and tied in a bow in the back, with turnback cuffs to match, adds a youthful and feminine touch. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.



The street dress from Premet, No. 1041, second from the right, is very simple and is exceedingly chic. Such a dress gives that comfortable, well-dressed feeling when one first discards a coat in the early days of spring. The yoke is cut in one piece with the cleverly designed scarf collar and the front and back panels. The panels are cut circular at the bottom and give a soft flared effect. The open bell sleeves fasten over fitted wristbands. This dress was originally created in beige, and trimmed with a belt of red and blue. Bands of red and blue trim the cuffs and the scarf collar. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. The very close-fitting little Patou hat of felt is trimmed with rows of tiny stitched pleats that run in parallel lines across the top.

At the right, No. 1031, also a Premet creation, is cut in slightly fitted princess style. Circular flounces are set in the back in a scalloped outline and they fall slightly longer in back than in front. A narrow scalloped jabot at the right side of the blouse ends in a scarf. The long fitted sleeves have circular turnback cuffs that are snug at the wrists and flare softly halfway between the wrist and the elbow. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Shown with this gown is a beguiling hat of felt from Patou. The brim is cut into scallops of irregular widths, and scallops are appliquéd on the crown in front and surmounted by a tiny felt bow.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Coats, 65 cents; Dresses, 65 cents.

Do this Every Night

To safeguard skin from dirt and make-up

Unless the pores of the skin are thoroughly cleansed every day, blackheads, pimples, sallowness result

How olive oil, in this facial soap, produces a lather which brings out natural beauty

TODAY, more than ever before, there is vital meaning in the phrase "washing for beauty." And yet you may be one of those who overlook its importance. The layers of rouge and powder which you are likely to apply during the course of a day; the dust and dirt, oil secretions, dead skin that find their way into the pores are simply an invitation to blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes!

Perhaps you, yourself, go on from day to day abusing a pricelessly lovely complexion. Changes come so gradually that you scarcely notice them. Then—suddenly, one day—you find coarsened texture, lifeless color replacing your naturally youthful skin. The best way to combat these evils is to wash the face, in this way, with a soap containing olive oil.

Olive oil and your skin

This is what a soap containing olive oil does, when you follow the famous Palmolive treatment given below: it soothes as it stimulates, it cleans as it beautifies. Gently, the rich lather from this olive oil soap softens those tiny, stubbornly hard masses that form in your pores. Gradually, they are freed and the skin is able to "breathe" once more. Lovely, fresh color comes rushing to the surface. Blotches, irregularities disappear. You touch your face and it amazes you with its cool softness. You look at it and are delighted with its fresh loveliness!

Millions use Palmolive for the bath as well, because it is so inexpensive. To discover your own possibilities of beauty, you should begin these treatments tonight!

At night—Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning—Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

4196

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

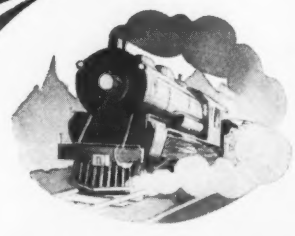
Why Our New Paris Patterns are Different

A Twentieth-Century Chronicle of Design, Speed and Good Taste

By PAMELA COYNE
Fashion Editor of the Journal

ISAHEY, PARIS

The house of Worth, 7 rue de la Paix.



PARIS dresses and Paris clothes are "different," and you will not, I think, find anyone to dispute it. Some have it that the French are very frivolous and waste their time and energies on dress and nonessentials, but after all isn't it because the French know how to live or, which amounts to the same thing, are very wise? They do not discount the importance of beauty and appearance, nor do they relegate beauty to museums. They use their arts in every-day life—but this is a story of patterns not nations.

Again we come to it: Paris clothes are different—you can pick them out in a group of well-dressed women, you can pick them out in sketches—and everyone would love to wear them. The Fashion Department of the JOURNAL has published for some time pages of frocks from the great Paris designers, sketched in Paris, carefully selected because they illustrated the very newest and latest developments in fashions. It has published them to give its readers the most important and authoritative news of what was being shown in Paris—which means what is being worn by the best-dressed women in the world—so that they could select their wardrobes in accordance with such authoritative information.

But—and there are several buts—

MAN RAY, PARIS

M. Jean Charles Worth.

ISAHEY, PARIS

One of the famous salons where the Worth collections are shown.

"Croquis" from Poiret and Jenny

The Paris Patterns shown in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL are sent each month from Worth, Chanel, Jenny, Lanvin, Maison Paul Poiret, Louiseboulanger, Lelong, Premet, Nicole Groult, Renée, Philippe et Gaston, Dœuillet-Doucet, Lenief, Lucile, Redfern, Drecoll-Beer and Joseph Paquin.

"Croquis," such as you see in the center of the page, are made in the Paris salons from the models as they are shown in the collections. These sketches reveal the most accurate detail of color, line, trimming—and each little sketch carries with it a sample of the original material in which it was created.

To make assurance doubly sure, each sketch is accompanied by the completed dress—or "toile," as it is called in Paris—in unbleached muslin, complete to the last careful detail, even to the trimming. With these models to work from the patterns are cut, accurately and carefully, and when completed they are tested again to insure accuracy of cut and perfection of fit by being made up in actual materials.

NICKOLAS MURAY

A "Toile" from Jenny.

S'ORA, PARIS

Madame Charlotte, directrice of Premet.

Each sketch sent over is signed by the director of the house from which it comes, and the patterns which you ultimately receive—brought by fast steamers and fast trains—are as authentically the creations of the French designers as though this director's signature were to be found on the actual pattern which you buy.

The greatest fallacy of the present time is the statement that American taste is bad. American women appreciate careful design, originality, beautiful proportions and lines, and they are fast becoming the best-dressed women in the world. Those who can go abroad to shop have already learned that Paris clothes are not bizarre, conspicuous and daring but are outstandingly wearable and charming.

American women who make or have their dresses made at home will realize how true this is as each month brings a fresh selection of Paris styles.

As we have already said, the Fashion Department of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL regards it as a rare privilege to be able to afford American women the opportunity of copying for the first time, and in every detail, actual French designs through the only authorized Paris pattern service in this country.

NICKOLAS MURAY

A "Toile" from Redfern.

RODOLPHE, PARIS

Madame Charlotte at work in the Premet atelier above the Place Vendome.

American-designed patterns do not always keep up with new French modes, nor do American-made ready-to-wear clothes. The Fashion Department of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL regards it as a great privilege to be able to offer to the American woman patterns of dresses actually designed and shown by the great Paris couturiers, so that she can herself reproduce these dresses with their original chic and charm, select the type and the designer best suited to her own style and wear the modes which are being worn by the best-dressed Parisiennes at the same time they are wearing them, and not several seasons later.

New Weaves and Designs From France

By Constance Miller

56 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris.

OLD fabrics in new designs; new fabrics to be dated spring and summer, 1929: These are the first thoughts upon reviewing French materials for the forthcoming mode. Each fabricant has its specialty and each contributes a generous quota to the new ideas which pervade the world of smart clothes.

Rodier brings us scores of new weaves and patterns in soft lovely woolens, sometimes mixed with rayon in frosty effect, seen best in their new "Rudic" shown in the photograph at the lower left-hand side on page 50, and mottled woolens illustrated by "Floquella," the center figure in the lower line on page 50. "Voile Rodelic" is one of the new Rodier contributions which is an all-wool voile with its surface plain or printed in a gay pattern, dotted, brocaded and barred. "Djersakashaplume" is the laciest, lightest, softest jersey you have ever seen, and "Djersaflam" has a chevron line produced by alternating rows of light and heavy threads, as you can see at the lower right-hand side of page 50.

"Toillic" and various "Fillics" are created for the new tailleurs, illustrated by "Carrelage Fillic" shown at the right end of the top row, page 50. Light crêpy fabrics are numerous in the Rodier woolens, among which "Moussy Florecla" is one of the most interesting, for its rayon mixture gives a snowy surface, as might be assumed by its name.

Meyer varies interest with tweedlike woolens with their threads often arranged at sharp angles, seen in "Scadelya," shown at the extreme right, in the lower row, page 48; and in direct contrast, there is "Aranya," soft, light and transparent, shown on this page, second from the right, top row.

Meyer's "Madiana" has proved to be such a success that now it comes in a new guise called "fantasie," with pale beige background and beige with brown for the design in several new patterns, one of which we had photographed for you to see. It is shown on this page, the center figure, bottom row. Many-colored coarse crocheted weaves from Meyer go nameless to the mode for sports coats, sweaters and cardigans, and

(Continued on Page 50)

New Lower Prices
Economy
Style
Full Size

PLYMOUTH

$655
AND UPWARDS

Plymouth's new value appeal to Women

WITH her keen sense of values, the woman who chooses a Plymouth finds double satisfaction in its new low first cost and remarkably low operating cost.

She discovers that Plymouth economy goes even deeper than generous mileage of fuel and tires — that it embraces greater freedom from mechanical trouble and genuinely lower upkeep cost due to Plymouth's simple and rugged design.

Knowing the full measure of Plymouth dependability, she more readily appreciates its other great factors of value.

Plymouth is unquestionably the roomiest of all low-priced cars, giving, for the first time, ample seating capacity for five grown-ups.

Its beauty is strikingly original, presenting the new Chrysler style features of narrow-profile radiator, air-wing fenders and low graceful body contours—the impressive appearance of a car far higher in price.

And it provides a feature of safety unique in its price class — the positive protection of weatherproof hydraulic brakes on all four wheels, sure and effective under all driving conditions.

We cordially invite your inspection and trial of the new Plymouth, now offered at substantially lower prices with quality unchanged.

* * *

Coupe $655; Roadster (*with rumble seat*) $675; Touring $695; 2-Door Sedan $675; De Luxe Coupe (*with rumble seat*) $695; 4-Door Sedan $695.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Plymouth dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments.

PLYMOUTH

(Continued from Page 48)

their plainer tweeds have the most vague patterns, which are often minute checks.

Lesur's new "Ostrella" holds promise of being one of the successes in woolens with its silky feeling to the touch, and made of cashmere and ostrich feathers. It is shown in several designs, with birds, which you can also see on page 48, in the "theater" curtains. "Papilos" is a cousin of this new fabric, but it is meant for beach and bath robes, with its design inspired by Chinese art, as is the printed crêpe de chine pattern, "Rosil," designed by Lesur, and which is illustrated on the figure, extreme left, top row, page 48.

"Caligari" is a modernistic-patterned featherweight woolen which Lesur introduces and which you will see on page 48 at the extreme left, bottom row.

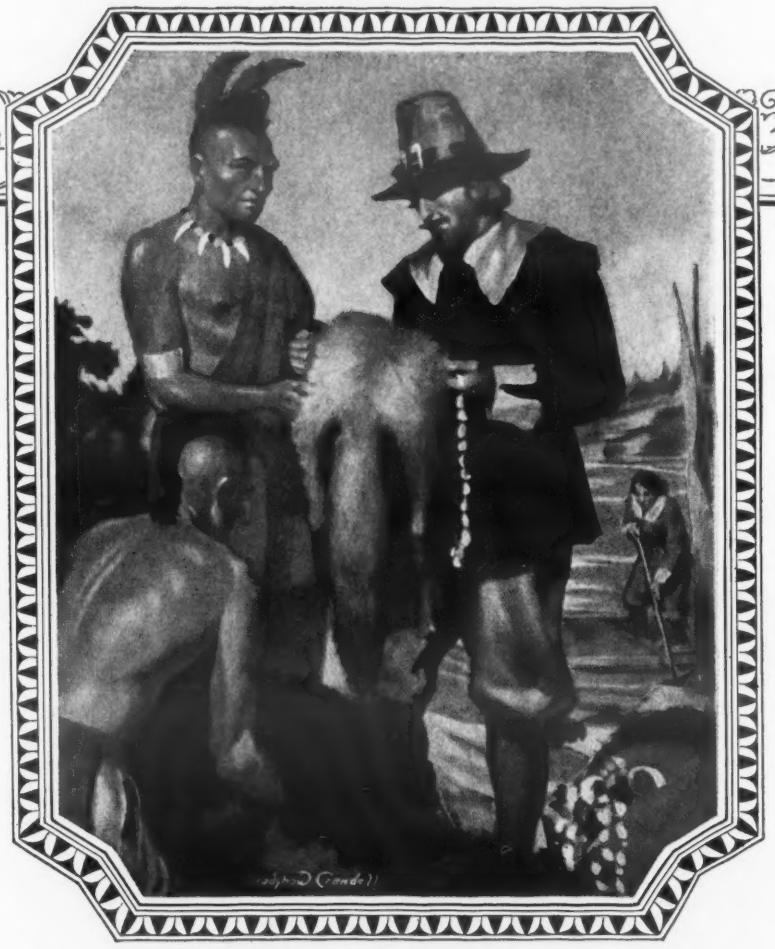
A soft worsted as light as crêpe de chine is one of the most fascinating materials brought out by Sweetinburgh. Its tiny pin check, so indicative of the new mode in materials, is more readily visualized in the photograph at the top row, second from the right, on this page. This is for frocks to be worn with coats in tweed of many colors and small patterns such as the one shown next to the worsted.

White patterns on a colored background is one of the rules in the new Bianchini Férier collection of silks, in which the design is often that of frail ferns or the more sturdy palm, duplicated in brocaded lamés for evening wraps—with both of these ideas brought to you in the photographs.

Tiny sailboats drifting among field flowers, Chinese umbrellas spread open in numbers, single *muguet*, as the French call the lily of the valley, tiny roses, and full ripe strawberries appear in the designs for the Bianchini printed crêpe de chines. Quite often one finds the patterns duplicated in satin, taffeta and chiffon, and the newest of the faille taffetas is that of a tapestry pattern used for evening gowns. Chiffons often have larger patterns, and new in the way of tones and ideas in "chines" is that of stripes—the broad one on the deepest tone, the finest on the lightest in a series of three shades.

Fine-checked silk gabardines, a soft taffeta called "Radium silk"; "Toile Neuville," a hard type of georgette; "Crêpe Lolita," a softer georgette; checked surah, which is illustrated on this page, and printed satins, crêpe de chines and chiffons are but half the story of the new weaves and patterns from Ducharne. One can have light patterns on dark grounds as in the three Ducharne "chines" and their printed satin which have been photographed for you, or you can have the reverse of this with dark patterns on light grounds, in geometric, floral and fruit designs. Ducharne brings us a new silk with the tiniest buckled effect, plain and shot with gold which they call, "Bouclette façonné" and "Bouclette lamé" which is created for sports blouses. France is featuring the rough and fancy silk weaves more than woolens for spring sports and street wear and the larger the floral pattern is the surer you can be that it is a truly French design.

Colors are rather capricious this year, but blues seem to have their way from the Paris point of view—from midnight and navy through the softer tones, and old shades, pastel aquamarine and even baby blue. Pastel greens, sea green, old gold, purples, mauves, flame and flag and crushed-strawberry reds, cameo tints and all tones of yellow with the persistence of beige or "naturelle" can all be registered as exceedingly good colors for wear this spring and summer.



WAMPUM

Wampum was adopted as a medium of exchange by the Indians and Puritan colonists. Isaak De Rasieres, an official of Manhattan, introduced the custom of trading with wampum shortly after the settlement of Plymouth.

It was made from the shells of round clam. "The shell was broken into small pieces, which, clipped to a somewhat regular form, were then drilled to a rounded shape and finally polished." In the picture the artist portrays a Puritan exchanging a string of wampum for a pelt offered for sale by his Indian friends.

Cudahy's Puritan Ham

"First in the Land - The Taste Tells"

For the festive Easter dinner and for every meal and season, there is nothing more satisfying and nutritious than Cudahy's Puritan Ham, truly "First in the Land" for flavor and tenderness.

A FAMOUS PURITAN BAKED HAM RECIPE:

Select a twelve-pound Puritan Ham. Scrub well with cold water, rinse and place in kettle with cold water to cover. Simmer four hours. Seasoning such as bay leaf, celery, carrot, and parsley gives added flavor. Remove ham from liquor and peel off skin, except from shank. Place ham in roaster with cup each of vinegar and hot water and bake slowly for one hour, basting frequently. Score the fat surface evenly and spread with brown sugar and bread crumbs, placing cloves at intervals. Bake until brown, uncovered and without further basting.

Puritan Ham is excellent in any serving. Boil or bake whole or half ham; fry or broil center slices. Your dealer has a freshly cured stock of Puritan Ham in the special Easter wrappers. Ask for Puritan.

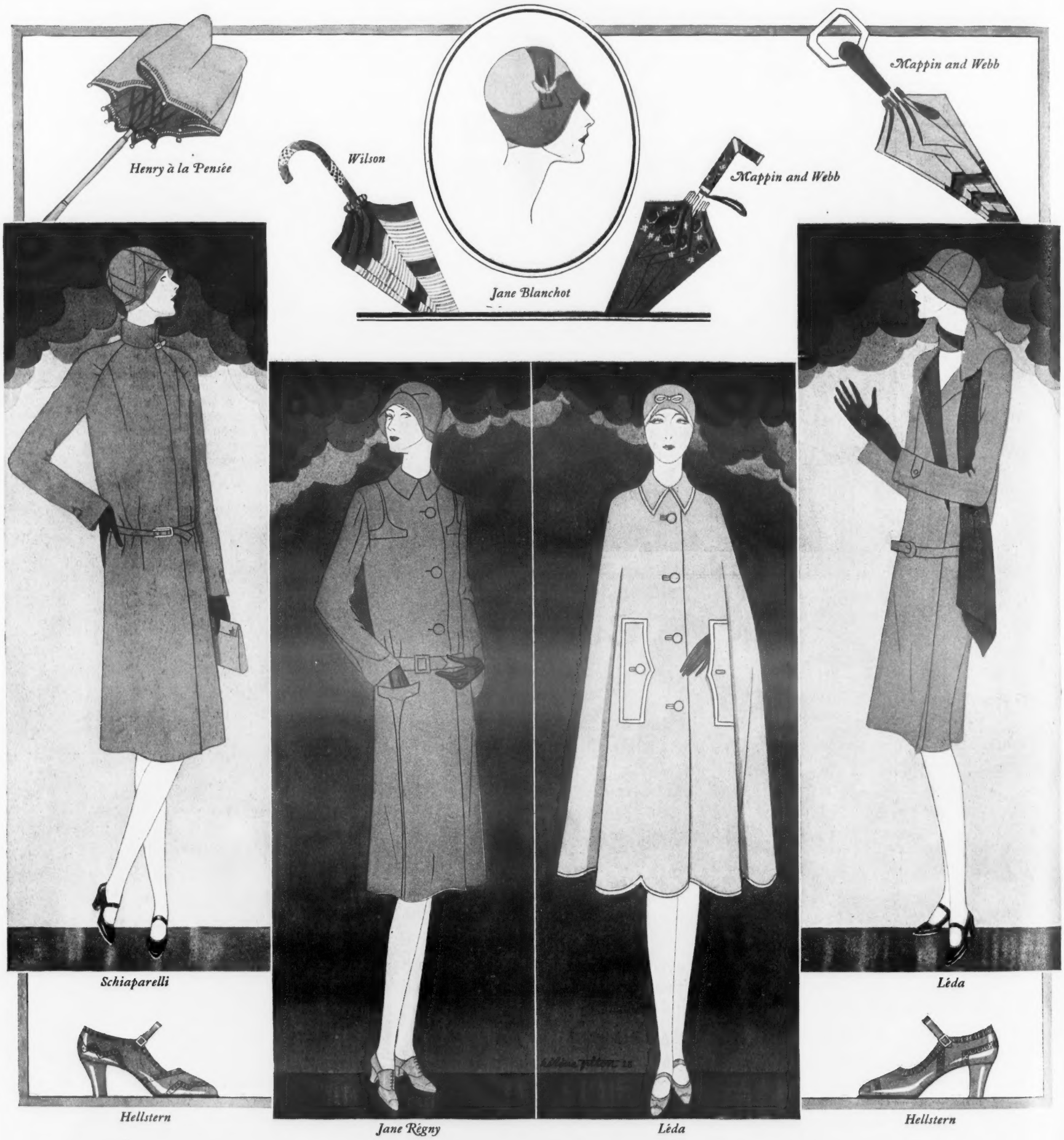
The Puritan brand is the emblem of excellence

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A.
producers of
Puritan Hams · Bacon · Lard

(A copy of the above picture will be sent free upon request to Department J-1, The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago)

Do not parboil this mild Puritan Ham before frying or broiling
Cudahy's
Puritan
Ham
The Cudahy Packing Co.
U. S. A.
U. S. INSPECTED AND PASSED BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

© 1929, C. P. C.



Chic Paris Equipment for Rainy Spring Days

ANYONE who has weathered a winter in Paris will understand why rainy-day clothes are so important to every Parisienne. Day after day the problem faces them, "How to look chic though wet." In answer to this S O S, Léda, Jane Régny, Schiaparelli and others have created these simple, piquant ensembles showing to the world the charm of a well-dressed woman when attired fittingly for damp and stormy weather.

For far too long we have associated seamen's slickers or our own discarded ulsters with the word "raincoats" when all this time French brains have been working on waterproof tissues, and now, like magicians, these French manufacturers are drawing out of their tall silk hats, soft, silky, pliable crêpe de chines which have suddenly become rubberized and made as practical as any heart could wish. Given these materials with their luxuriance of color and silkiness, who couldn't create fascinating capes, hats, coats, umbrellas and purses? Some appear in the *tournure* of a trench coat with deep pockets and a mannish broad belt. Some are built with raglan sleeves, a very narrow belt and a bell-shaped collar which makes a becoming close-up neckline. Some have tailored revers and a scarf made in the same soft rubber crêpe de chine but in a contrasting color. And should one care to be jaunty, there is a plain little cape, sponsored by Léda, which is made in a canary-colored yellow piped in white, featuring the scalloped hemline and turnover collar that are so smart.

So here you have pictured the well-turned-out French woman chicly outfitted for a rainy day on foot. Her coat is impeccably cut, her hat matches in color and material, and is tight fitting and sportlike. Her shoes are of a severe, serious type, not heavy to wear, but practical for this occasion. For umbrella she will have either the little crooked-handled, striped-silk absurdity which she delights in because of its many colors, or she will have the collapsible model from Henry à la Pensée that folds up with a shake of the wrist and fits in a pigskin envelope purse that can be carried conveniently under the arm. She no longer has to think of the large schoolboy umbrella and heavy coats and shoes, but she can use these gay "gamps" for her stormy-day outfit.

How I grew slender

as written by a bar of Fels-Naptha

Friday 22

Today I washed baby's clothes And you can send me to the soap shaker if any one ever saw cleaner, sweeter, fluffier baby garments! I just sudsed through them, my naptha loosening every speck of dirt and soil, my golden soap washing them away. My mistress didn't have to do any hard rubbing.

Saturday 23

What a light day this was. They only took me out once, and that was to clean up a little smudgy woodwork. Easy—for me! (That's the advantage of having plenty of naptha to help my soap.) And how clean and bright I did leave that paint!

Monday 25

Hail and farewell! I'm about to tackle my most important job—the family wash. I'm pretty slender now, but never mind. For I still hold my full share of naptha so, when my soapy suds gurgle down the drain-pipe, they'll carry dirt a-plenty. And my mistress has a big, new bar of Fels-Naptha ready to start in where I leave off!

THAT'S the way Fels-Naptha grows slender! By giving you *extra* help. The extra help of two active cleaners instead of one. Plenty of naptha and good golden soap—blended together by the special Fels-Naptha process—and working together to remove dirt without hard rubbing!

***Extra help* for washing clothes and for all soap-and-water tasks. *Extra help* in washing machine or tub—in hot, cool and lukewarm water or when your clothes are boiled. That's why "nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha"—and that's why Fels-Naptha should be on your grocery list. Buy it by the bar or in the convenient 10-bar carton.**

FELS & COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1929, Fels & Co.

Spring-Weather Suggestions

NOW that winter is almost over we find ourselves turning eager, longing looks toward the new clothes, hoping to see an attractive frock that will be a spring tonic to our tired wardrobe and our spirits. To find a smart little frock that can still be worn under a winter coat, and yet look pretty and fresh when bunglesome wraps are discarded with the coming of the first warm breezes, is a desire in the heart of every woman.

In the lower left-hand corner stands a figure dressed in a charmingly simple frock that would suit almost any style and occasion. It is a gown made in a silk crêpe and the tiny ribbed weave in the material is the note that gives it style. The rows of flat plaits starting from the yoked neck and running straight down to the hem of the skirt, belted in loosely at the waist, are its line of distinction, and the lingerie collar and cuffs with little dotted embroidery give a dainty and becoming touch.

The second model close beside it is a chic turnout made entirely in jersey, and its short tailored jacket is indicative of the new spring style. The skirt is perfectly plain with a loose paneled plait in the front and the blouse gives a two-piece effect in its two-toned material combination ending in geometrical lines. The becoming, youthful little turnover collar is bound in a contrasting color and tied with a bow of the same. The jacket is collarless and bound in color, and the straight-cut pockets give a slenderizing line.

Printed silks are going to be shown more than ever this year and the manufacturers all over the world are trying to outdo one another in evolving modern, wearable figures that can be adapted to any style. The model drawn in the middle of this page shows a particularly pretty design representing the first light feathery grasses that blossom in the spring. The frock is made in two pieces, the skirt being a simple grouping of plaits on each side of the center panel, and the blouse is drawn tight over the hips by a belt of the same material, slightly bloused at the waist and terminating in a very becoming V neck. It is finished by a flat band ending in a softly hanging bow. The flat band around the neck, which forms a kind of scarf, and the bow are made in the solid color which forms the background of the print and has a broad border of the print at the bottom to finish it off. The sleeves are cut loose, elegant in effect and cool for summer wear, and are brought in neatly at the wrists by a narrow two-inch band.

The last two models drawn on this page are charming coat-dresses so smart for spring and summer wear and so adaptable to any figure and age. The first one in the right-hand corner is made plain and tailored in a featherweight tweed. It has a little fullness on one side of the skirt and the crossover side is trimmed around the hips by four narrow, flat bands of the same material separated at the closing by three buttons. The top band fastens like a belt with a small buckle on the left hip. The neck is a broken, tailored rever used so much by O'Rossen in Paris. The trim little flower gives the last touch of fitness and spring to the gown.

On the left side of this model is a well-groomed figure gowned in a sheer wool crêpe-georgia. The dress has deep, broad revers narrowing down to a point at the waistline. The skirt has a grouping of narrow plaits that end under a pocket flap that is buttoned jauntily down over the plaits. A narrow belt marks the three inches below the buttons and finishes with a smart little arrow-shaped buckle on one side.

These five different, wearable dresses are good suggestions for us all. They prove that straight lines, simple décolletés and little or no trimming are the best taste after all, and that the smartest-dressed woman tries to attain the modified, inconspicuous but perfectly cut type of dress that gives her a graceful, long line, and a straight silhouette. If you cannot secure these models at your local shops, further information will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope by the Fashion Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

This Simple Habit

safeguards natural beauty of teeth and gums

Keeping teeth healthy and lovely is really easier than perhaps you imagine.

"Just keep them clean"—that is the simple rule which dentists urge. For clean teeth are likely to be healthy teeth. And healthy teeth are likely to be pretty teeth.

If you have any reason to feel that your teeth need treatment, see your dentist. Otherwise, do as he would have you do—brush your teeth twice a day with a safe dentifrice *that really cleans!* That, say leading dental authorities,* is the most that you can do to guard the natural loveliness of your teeth.

The Cleansing Dentifrice which Dentists urged!

Before we decided upon the Colgate formula, we went to leading dentists and asked this question, "What kind of dentifrice would best safeguard the health and beauty of teeth?" Their answer was simple. "A dentifrice that really cleans. Put in as much cleansing power as possible and leave out drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives—they are unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

Upon this authoritative advice we made Colgate's. We produced a toothpaste of maximum cleansing power—yet so mild and pure that it cannot harm even the most delicate teeth.

. . . . . .

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard quality. *Also, Colgate's is more* economical. *In the famous 25c tube, you get more toothpaste than in any other nationally advertised brand at that price.*

Since then, constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's. So scientifically correct is the Colgate formula that more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. Largely on their advice more people today use Colgate's than any other.

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form. As you brush, this cleansing agent bursts into a bubbling, sparkling, delicious foam.

This foaming, searching wave carries a fine calcium carbonate powder which cleans away mucin and food deposits and polishes the enamel to shining smoothness. It penetrates between the teeth; reaches difficult surfaces—purifies and sweetens the entire mouth.

***AUTHORITY—"The dentist of today believes that there is very little curative or medicinal value in the average dentifrice. The chief function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth . . ."**

From an interview with a leading dentist in Printers' Ink, December 20, 1928.

Try it—FREE

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the teeth and mouth.

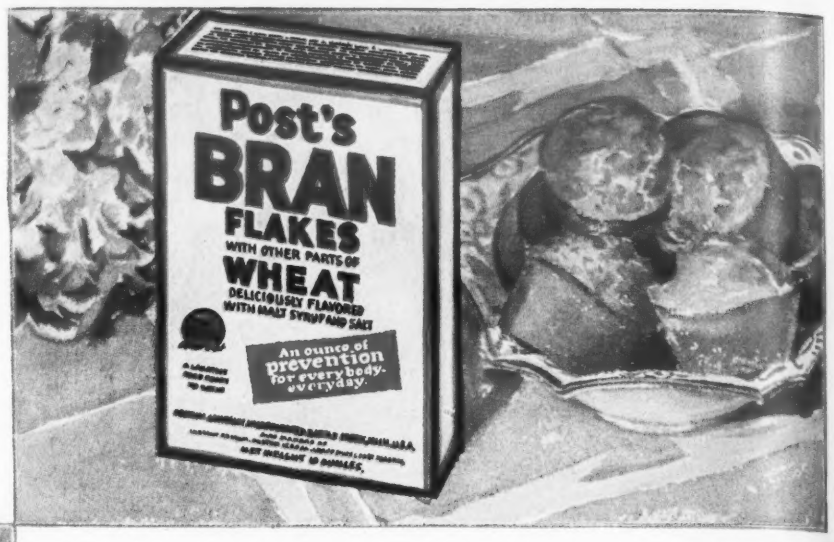
COLGATE, Dept. B-1657, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.

Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream together with the booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....

The choice of America's Millions



because it is so effective
because it is so delicious

In Post's Bran Flakes America's millions have discovered a cereal as delicious as it is effective. More people eat it every day than any other bran cereal in all the world—and no wonder!

They have found in this tempting breakfast of crisp golden flakes a natural ally that guards them daily against the constant threat of constipation. They have found in this effective cereal, that builds for regularity and health, a mellow flavor so delightful that for its sheer deliciousness they want it every day.

For the next two weeks, just to see how good—and good for you—this wholesome cereal is, eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly each morning—crisp from the package, with milk or cream. Make Post's Bran Muffins for another treat. The recipe you'll find on every package. The packages you'll find at your grocery store.

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

POST'S
BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER Post Food Products PARTS OF WHEAT

Cases of recurrent constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

Smartness for Early Spring

Upper left—The swagger Eton jacket of Design No. 6112 buttons with diagonally pointed fronts across the plain bodice of the dress. A double scarf collar finished with tassels fastens at the neckline in the back of the jacket, and hangs loosely in front. A wide belt sits firmly above the inverted pleats of the skirt. It is designed for ages 14 and 16, and for sizes 36 to 42.

Upper right—An ensemble to be made up in one of the attractive new lightweight wools or with a wool coat and a silk print frock and lining, Design No. 6113 shows an interesting yoke and inverted-pleat effect on the skirt of a dress which may be made with or without sleeves. Patch pockets repeat the finish of the cuffs. Designed for ages 14 and 16, and for sizes 36 to 44.

Center below—The long blouse of the delightfully graceful evening gown, Design No. 6114, is shirred at the waistline to give it a very close-fitted princess effect. Side emphasis is accentuated by the dip of the hemline at each side and the sash ends and long loop trimming. Designed for ages 14 and 16, and for sizes 36 to 40.

6112

6113

6114

6124

6125

Right—An unusual interpretation of the simulated bow at the neckline which has become so popular, is achieved by applied bands in Design No. 6125. The skirt is gathered with distinct fullness on a deep yoke which curves up at the left hip. Youthful and becoming in style, this frock is designed for ages 14 and 16, and for sizes 36 to 42.

Left—Relying on its own cut—fullness sweeping in circular effect to the left on the skirt and reversing the movement to the right on the bodice—Design No. 6124 is without other trimming. It is excellent for wear under a coat or, later, with a fur. The sleeves flare below the elbow. Designed for ages 14 and 16, and for sizes 36 to 44.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 E. 18th St., N. Y. C. Dresses, 60 cents; Ensembles, 65 cents.

Only such rich suds can *last* until dirt is loosened

Chipso can do the really hard part of washing *for* you, because it gives a very special kind of suds. Not airy, puffy suds that "die" the moment you put clothes or dishes in them . . . No! Chipso suds are *rich* suds that last until the task is done. (As you have probably discovered—the richer your soap is, the longer the suds last, and the quicker and easier the dirt comes out.)

Quick, of course—but they LAST

Though Chipso's thin flakes billow up into a foam of suds when you run hot water over them, the suds stay up until every garment is clean.

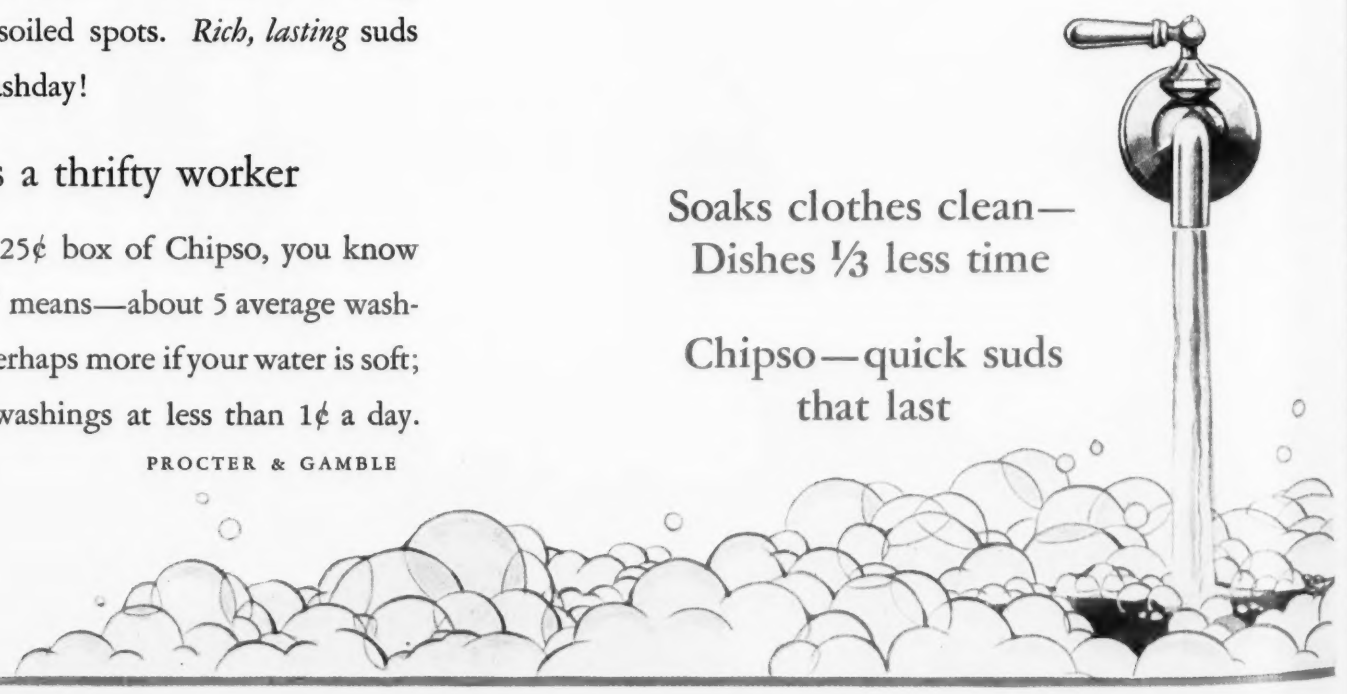
If you soak clothes for 20 minutes in these rich suds, they will loosen *all* the dirt. If you prefer to soak overnight, you can "build" Chipso suds up again with more hot water—there's no need to make fresh suds. Then you need only squeeze the suds through the clothes a few times, rubbing lightly on the extra-soiled spots. *Rich, lasting* suds *do* make an easier washday!

Chipso is a thrifty worker

If you have tried a 25¢ box of Chipso, you know what "Chipso value" means—about 5 average washings from one box, perhaps more if your water is soft; or a month of dishwashings at less than 1¢ a day.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

These lasting suds soak dirt free: A 20-minute soaking in rich, lasting Chipso suds loosens even greasy dirt quickly without harming colors or fabrics. (You can soak overnight, if you prefer.)



© 1929, P. & G. Co.

The most amazing success in

These quick suds "stand up" in the machine

Chipso is an efficient and convenient soap to use in the washing machine too because its rich, instant suds *last throughout the run.* They won't "fall down" shortly after you put in your clothes as the suds of some soaps do.

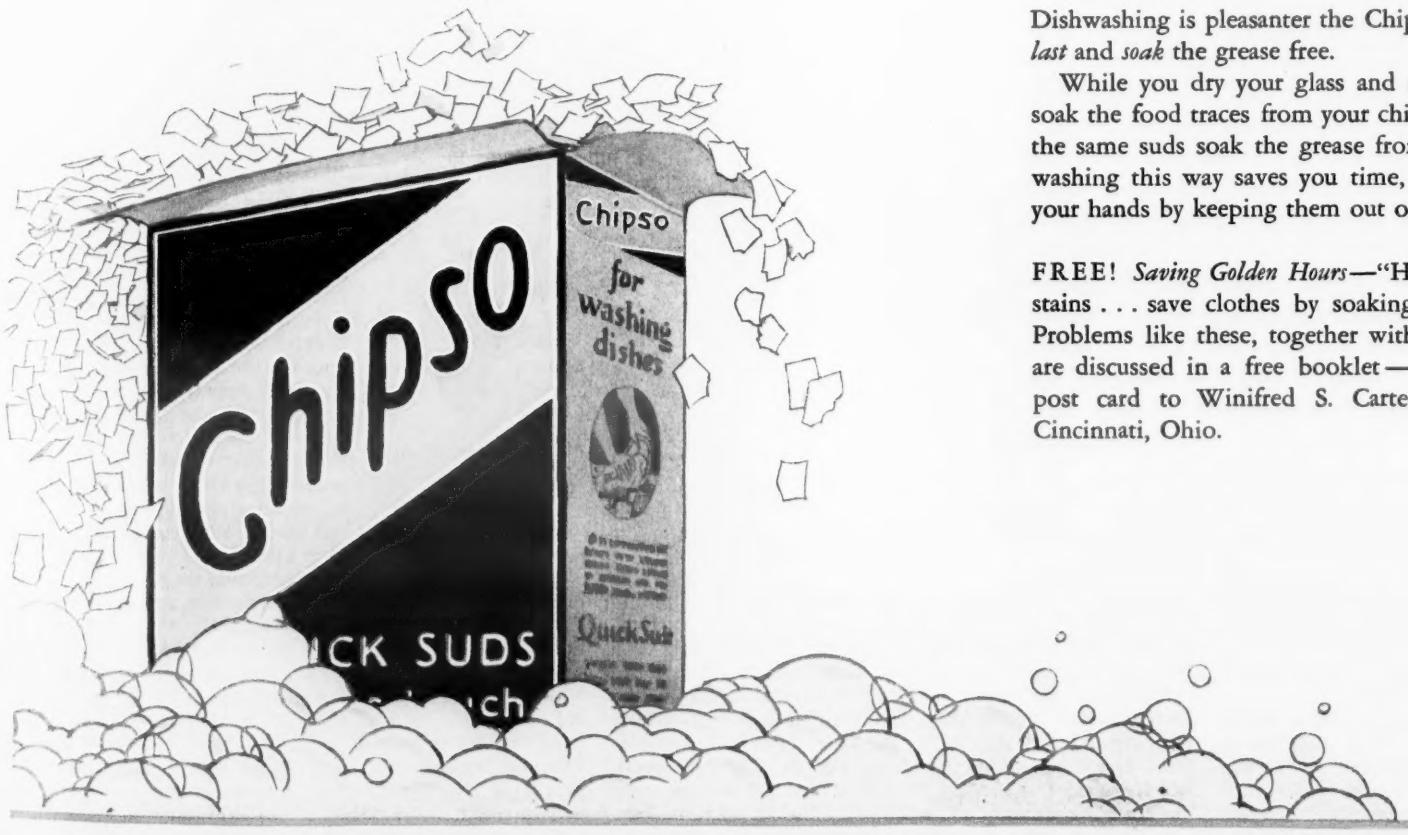
Many women have found that it helps to give their clothes a 20-minute Chipso soaking right in the machine before they start the motor. By this method, even the greasy dirt becomes thoroughly loosened before the machine starts. Then, in half the usual time, and with much less power, the clothes become absolutely clean and spotless.

Quicker dishwashing with *rich* suds

Dishwashing is pleasanter the Chipso way because the rich suds *last* and *soak* the grease free.

While you dry your glass and silver, these lasting suds will soak the food traces from your china. While you dry the china, the same suds soak the grease from your pots and pans. Dishwashing this way saves you time, saves you soap, and protects your hands by keeping them out of hot water.

FREE! *Saving Golden Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains . . . save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods,* are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. CJ-39, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



the history of household soap

Coming Fabric Fashions

Cast Their Shadows Before Them

FOR spring a hat and dress, Design No. 6080, are made of figured cotton for the very small. The hat is made with a five-section, melon-shaped crown and poke brim with pointed edge. The point motif is repeated in the armholes of the sleeveless dress yoke, at the front closing of the yoke, and on the edge of the little rounded pocket which trims the all-around gathered skirt. Designed for ages 2 to 8, it is shown here in a finely corded white cotton printed in a gay flower design. Yoke and hat brim are in solid color.

Light beige rayon-and-wool, with an unusual brushed pile effect giving a diamond pattern, is shown in the coat, Design No. 6052, which is designed for 2 to 10 years. The flaring sides are particularly smart when the coat and dress are worn very short in the French manner. Collar and cuffs are attached and have pointed trimming.

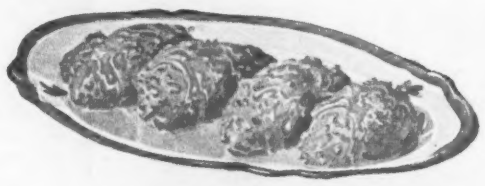
The most enchanting print imaginable, figured with tiny houses and trees in very gay green, vermilions and browns, is shown for a chic little spring school or afternoon dress for a little girl. Design No. 6086 is designed for ages 6 to 14, the all-around side-pleated skirt giving plenty of room for active young legs at play. The diagonal movement at the hips and the smart little butterfly bow at the neck are just sophisticated enough to make one feel very well-dressed indeed. The belt and bow are shown in solid color.

For church on Easter Sunday 6-to-14 wears an ensemble, Design No. 6121. The dress has two groups of side-turning pleats in the skirt and may be made with full bishop sleeves finishing in a wristband or without sleeves. The yoke band, which extends to a deep point in front, and the belt are made like the coat, of rayon-and-wool fancy basket weave in light beige, whereas the dress and coat lining are of a washable printed silk figured with unusually effective flowers in several shades of yellow and brown. The silk, which in this particular color combination would be particularly smart for a child with red hair, may also be had, as can the rayon-and-wool material, in several different color combinations.

Nothing is quite so enchanting when a brother and sister are very small and very nearly the same age as clothes which are very much alike, allowing, of course, for variations of feminine skirts and masculine trousers. When the same size goes to the same church, calls on the same friends and plays in the same parks, how much easier it is to dress these two mites alike to suit these same occasions. When one is effective two are bound to be more so, so try dressing your pair alike and let them dance out to the same tune together. No. 6078, designed for ages 2 to 6, shows the little girl's dress buttoning at the left side, sleeveless, and trimmed with applied bands of solid color, whereas the little boy's suit buttons at the right side, and trousers button onto the blouse. Like sister's costume, it is sleeveless and trimmed with solid color bands. The prints shown for these enchanting little suits come in seven different designs. They were designed by Percy Crosby, creator of the famous youngster, "Skippy," whose first long Skippy stories have been appearing in the JOURNAL during recent months. The figures of Skippy and his friends, at school, in swimming, flying kites, and up to all their usual mischief are printed on grounds of red, green, blue, pink, white, yellow and tan.

If you cannot procure the materials illustrated here in your local shops, a stamped, self-addressed envelope for further information about them should be sent to the Fashion Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Co., 18 E. 18th St., N. Y. C. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Transfers, 30 cents.



CORN FRITTERS

1¼ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder; 2 teaspoons salt; 2 egg yolks, well beaten; ¼ teaspoon paprika; 2 cups canned corn, drained; 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg yolks, paprika, and corn. Add flour, a little at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Fold in egg whites. Drop from tablespoon into deep fat (360° F.) and fry 2 minutes, or until golden brown. Serve hot with Log Cabin Syrup. Makes 12 fritters.

All measurements are level

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS, LOG CABIN STYLE

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour; 4 teaspoons baking powder; ½ teaspoon salt; 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening; ¾ cup milk (about). Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening; add milk gradually until soft dough is formed. Turn out on slightly floured board. Roll to ½ inch thickness. Cut with floured cutter. Bake on baking sheet in hot oven (425° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes fifteen 2-inch biscuits. Serve hot with Log Cabin Syrup or maple butter.

MAPLE BUTTER

1 cup Log Cabin Syrup; ¾ cup butter, melted.

Cook syrup until a little forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.). Add butter and beat with rotary egg beater until thick and creamy. Makes 1½ cups maple butter.

All measurements are level

With the magic touch of maple

—*this world-famous blend quickly transforms everyday dishes into masterpieces*

Waffles, griddle cakes, biscuits—what a difference when they are crowned with genuine Log Cabin Syrup, rich with the matchless flavor of early springtime maple. Log Cabin is rich maple — boiled down — concentrated — and mellowed with the choicest granulated sugar. *This* maple flavor is the real old-time maple flavor that smacks of the rugged forest camp and the great north woods at tapping time.

Just as the full rich taste and fragrance of the world's finest teas and coffees are obtained through the expert mingling of the rarest individual flavors, the matchless maple flavor of this luscious syrup is secured through the skillful blending of the most delectable sugars. Canadian maple for its fresh "outdoor" taste. New England maple for its melting sweetness. And for delicate mellowness, pure granulated sugar.

Ask your grocer for Log Cabin Syrup—and bring new deliciousness to your griddle cakes and waffles. With a tin of it on tap, a brand-new world of tempting maple delicacies is open to you.

Maple Recipe Book
Send for it — Free

Something different for tomorrow's breakfast, something different for lunch—for dinner! We have a wonderful new recipe book for you, just packed with delightfully different dishes—each recipe a little gem of Log Cabin maple cookery, delicious beyond words. Mail your coupon for a copy. It is free.

DEPT. L—LHJ—329

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS CO.
250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Kindly send me a complimentary copy of "Favorite Maple Recipes"

Fill in completely — print name and address

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

LOG CABIN SYRUP

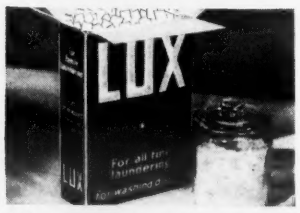
How the famous Maternity Center cares for *all* of baby's things

"Bands and shirts must not irritate tender skin—cleanse them in pure, bland soap flakes," says the Maternity Center.

"Baby's little dresses and gowns stay like new cleansed in Lux."

"Little sweaters washed in cool Lux suds, dried flat, do not shrink or lose their lovely colors."

"Diapers should never chafe—wash and boil every day in Lux, rinse very carefully."



"Lux is a truly sanitary form of soap," the Center says—"for the same Lux is never used twice."

AT the famous Maternity Center in New York, mothers learn the very best methods of baby care.

The Maternity Center uses Lux for *all* of baby's things—clothes, bottles, toys.

These experts say: "Many soaps contain alkali harmful to baby's skin. If even a little of such soap remains in baby's garments after washing, his tender skin becomes irritated.

"Analysis has shown that Lux contains *no harmful alkali*. And with Lux there is no rubbing to mat and roughen fibres. Small garments are kept soft and sweet, and baby kept comfortable, if Lux is used."

Charming Mothers-to-Be

By HELEN MONTELL

Drawing by Dorothy Edinger

IF EVER there is a time when women need to feel and to be beautiful, it is during those months, so potent for joy or for dullness, when baby is coming. Yet how "out of the running" and even a bit ludicrous most of us feel. Old-fashioned prudery has wrought us this harm. Doctors affirm—and my own experience verifies it—that after those first dragging weeks, baby becomes a sort of general tonic, clearing the complexion, adding becoming roundness to one's face, recharging stores of energy, as if Nature tried to compensate for the other physical handicaps. And if one is not well, how even more important to know that, at least, one is charming!

Most of us yield too easily to the temptation of exaggerating the tender state of our emotions at this time. They are, to be sure, nearer the surface; one weeps foolishly, to the puzzled distress of one's husband; feelings are readily hurt and nervous fears augmented. But is not all this equally true of a bad cold, of "that tired feeling" in spring, of convalescence, of any condition making a double drain upon the system?

Nothing, psychologists tell us, is so hampering to happiness as a sense of abnormality, and it is of this sense that we must first rid ourselves. To be sure, every doctor cheerily assures his patient that her state is "perfectly normal," but doctors are only men, and what can they know of the wistful looks even the most happily expectant of us cast at the slim, straight gowns in shop windows and the slim, straight girls and women moving about us with such incredible swiftness and ease?

Don't Slump

"WHEN this is over," we promise ourselves, "I'll splurge on some clothes and hair treatments and massages." Then we go home, fix up a few old duds that "will do," stop trying to entertain or to go anywhere except to market! And when baby actually comes we are immediately too busy and absorbed for self-beautifying.

How foolish deliberately to cut ourselves off from normal happiness for three-quarters of a year of life!

Let's not wait to have that new outfit; make it or have it made or buy it now, in our most becoming shade and the cleverest design, picked from a world full of fashions for such as we. And for heaven's sake, let's have a new hat! Nothing is so uplifting to the feminine spirit. A famous psychiatrist once told me that whenever a woman came to him with a nervous breakdown, the first step in his cure was to send her out for a shampoo, a wave and a new hat.

Were ordinary practitioners as wise about feminine psychology, they would add to their usual advice about keeping well and cheerful: "And in order to keep cheerful, get some pretty clothes, and DON'T SLUMP! Give up some of your fussing over baby dresses and expend some of that time and money on yourself."

One woman I know worked out with her dressmaker an economical wardrobe that kept her charmingly dressed while her first baby was on the way. They first made two underslips, set with elastic around bodice and hips, one of black satin—from an old dress cleaned and pressed—and one of écru georgette with an entire front of écru allover lace. Black, of course, reduces appearance of size, and softly falling lace gives just the right relief to the lines of the figure. Then several gowns, still good but of which my friend had grown rather tired, were split down the front, appropriately bound, and tied in front with ribbons or silk tapes, fastened to each side.

One of these, a black corded silk, bound in tailor's braid and tied loosely at the low waistline, was worn over the black slip as a tailored gown and over the écru lace as a more dressy frock for afternoon. A rather faded crêpe de chine, dyed warm yellow and bound with deeper yellow ribbon, set with tiny glass buttons, made a charming semidress frock over the écru slip.

Not the least clever feature of her wardrobe was its economy—the tied-in-front dresses needing no alteration later and serving admirably during the nursing period. Her two extravagances were a brand-new evening dress, most difficult to "fix over" for this period, and a hostess-gown negligee, worn also over the lace slip.

"Part of the time," my friend said, "I was without a maid, but I always dressed for dinner in one of my pretty things. And my husband didn't stop taking me out, from self-consciousness, as some men do. He knew he could always count on me to dress becomingly and to look my best."

"But," say you ruefully, "my husband is not like that. He scarcely notices my clothes."

Luxuries

SO CHEER yourself up during those first inevitable nervous, depressed weeks by beginning your new wardrobe and your new beauty regimen, as well as the layette; then by the time energy returns, often redoubled, you will be all set to enjoy life.

And there will be so much to enjoy. This is the time to start something new and stimulating—that correspondence course in interior decorating, those French conversation lessons even—yes, unless your doctor forbids, and many of them advocate it in moderation—even those lessons in social dancing. A famous diagnostician once told me that many women engaged in creative professions do their best work at this period, as though Nature furnished them a superabundance of life energy.

Treat yourself, too, to a course of relaxing massages at your favorite beauty parlor; have those scalp treatments, or give them to yourself; send for the delicious cold creams and skin foods and bath salts over which you have so often lingered in the advertising pages, and give yourself the luxurious fun of half an hour of vanity every evening. Do not forget, either, the extra importance of morning exercises—with your doctor's sanction, of course.

And by the way, while you are dressmaking, provide some "pretties" to wear in the hospital.

And meantime set no limits in your own mind; Nature never intended you should. Instead of stopping entertaining, make an extra effort to see your friends. Do it charmingly, waste some time "dolling up" for your dinner parties, set the prettiest possible table, toning your candles and centerpieces to your own gown. Deliberately make yourself a center of charm; foster that proud, secret sense of importance that Nature always gives to first mothers and to which all mothers-to-be are entitled. Let that new life growing within open you to all the world—to husband, children, friends, to ideas, to all beauty. For love and charm are like a well. The more you give, the more you have, springing up from that deep source from which every woman must dip her own cup.

Active Women of Today Are Free

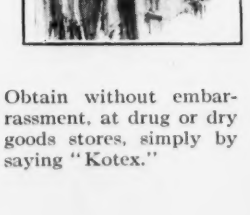
From the Handicap of Yesterday's Hygienic Worries

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton. Deodorizes,* too.



(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at drug or dry goods stores, simply by saying "Kotex."

This new way provides absolute protection besides ending forever the problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

NEW women today still employ the hygienic methods of yesterday. There is now protection that is absolute protection that enables one to meet every day unhandicapped.

Wear gayest gowns and sheerest frocks. Dance, motor, be about for hours in confidence and security.

Protection women KNOW is real

Kotex is more than a "sanitary pad"—it is scientific protection in the full sense of the term.

(1) Kotex is the only sanitary pad in the world today filled with *Cellucotton* absorbent wadding, the super-absorbent of modern scientific attainment. Thus Kotex absorbs *16 times its own weight* in moisture! Thus Kotex is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad!

(2) Kotex is scientifically designed for *safe* and comfortable wear. It is scientifically measured to allow ample gauze covering and strong gauze ends for pinning.

(3) Kotex actively *deodorizes.** Years of scientific research were spent in developing this obviously important factor.

No laundry

Kotex, too, ends for all time the problem of disposal. One uses it, then discards it—*as easily as tissue.*

Buy a box today—comes in two sizes . . . the Regular and Kotex Super. 45c for a box of 12 (Regular) at any drug, dry goods or department store; also obtainable through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—now 65c

Super-size Kotex differs from Regular Kotex only in giving the extra protection of additional layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The advantages in using it in connection with the Regular are thus obvious. Disposable the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it indispensable where extra protection is needed. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy one box of Super-size to every 3 of Kotex Regular. Its extra layers of filler mean much in added comfort and security.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

For the Formal Dinner

CALIFORNIA SPECIAL SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
Cherry juice and water to make 1 cup
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup white cherries, seeded and finely cut
½ cup nut meats, coarsely cut
½ cup celery, diced

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cherry juice, water, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, add cherries, nuts, and celery. Turn into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

FRUIT WHIP

1 package Raspberry Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup fruit juices
1 cup canned grated pineapple, drained
2 oranges, free from membrane, cut in small pieces, and drained
2 bananas, thinly sliced
½ cup nut meats, coarsely cut

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add fruit juices. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in fruits and nuts. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 8.

For the Children's Party

JELL-O SNOW

1 package Jell-O, any flavor
1 pint boiling water
1 egg white, stiffly beaten

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in egg white. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Serve with Custard Sauce. Serves 6.

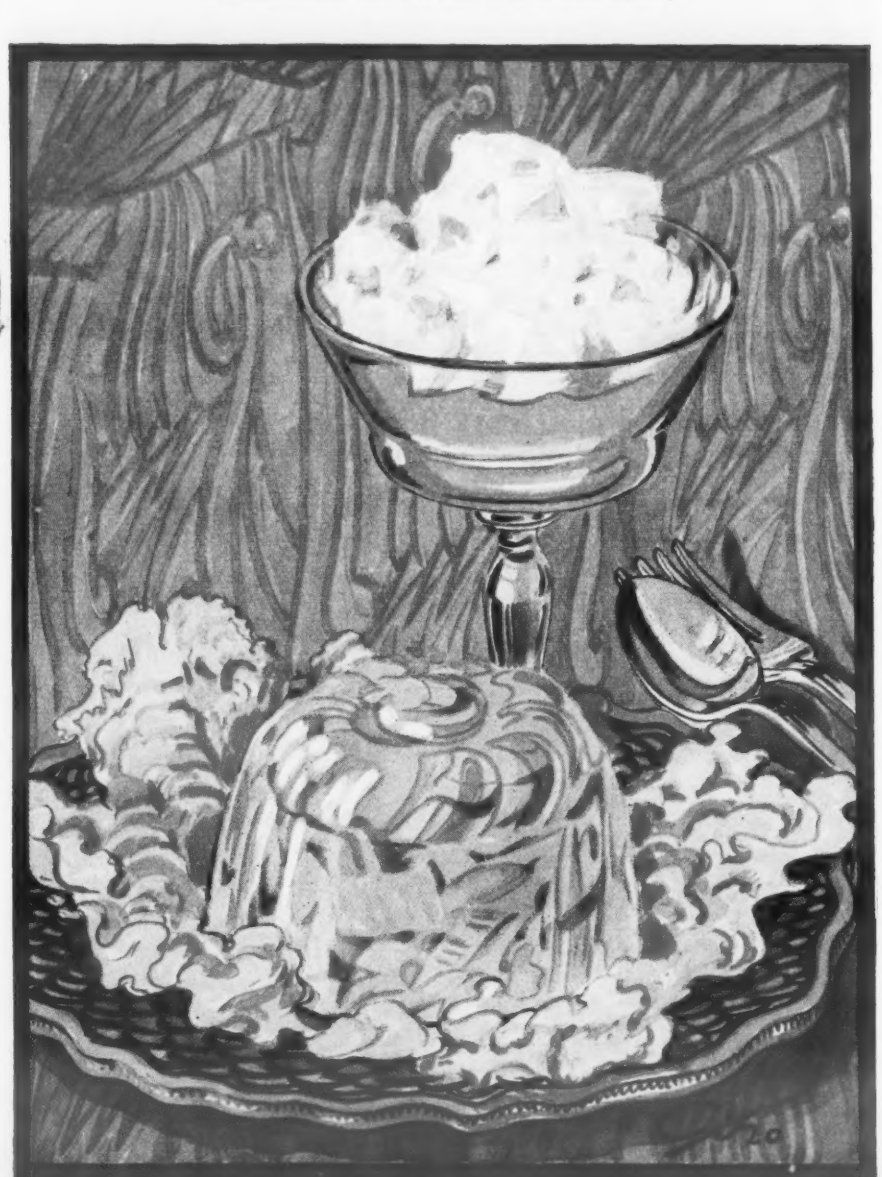
CUSTARD SAUCE FOR JELL-O SNOW

2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon flour
Dash of salt
1 egg yolk, well beaten
1 ¼ cups milk, scalded
½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, flour, salt, and egg yolk. Add small amount of milk, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Add vanilla. Serve with Jell-O Snow. Serves 6.

(All measurements are level)

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.



Jell-O knows so many ways of being *different!*

TODAY, perhaps—it's a salad—an intriguing sort of salad. Tomorrow, it's a relish, to give the meat course zest. Day after, most likely, it's as an entrée to win a bridge club's chorus of approval. And before the week's out, it's playing its role of dessert in a new and different way!

Jell-O's *different*, in every recipe on this page. But these recipes are just a start at telling you all that Jell-O can do. For dozens of good things—new, tempting good things —are described and pictured in the new Jell-O booklet. Send for it. It's free—and it's brimful of Jell-O surprises that you'll want to try. They're easy to prepare. They're economical.

Jell-O comes in five pure fruit flavors—sealed so that none of the precious freshness and aroma is lost. Avoid substitutes—be sure to get *genuine Jell-O*. It's one of the easiest of all foods to digest.

Try one of these Jell-O recipes today! And send this very minute for the new Jell-O booklet.

For the "Everyday" Dinner

APRIL SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
1 pimiento, cut in strips
2 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely cut
1 cup celery, finely chopped
⅓ cup olives, finely chopped
1 ½ teaspoons chives, finely chopped, or 1 teaspoon onion juice
1 tablespoon vinegar
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of Cayenne

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill. Decorate mold with pimiento. When Jell-O is slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup canned pineapple juice
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup canned grated pineapple
1 cup cream, whipped and sweetened with 3 tablespoons sugar

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add pineapple juice and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in pineapple and whipped cream. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Garnish with cherries or nuts. Serves 8.

For the Bridge Luncheon

SALMON MOLD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
3 tablespoons vinegar and boiling water to make 1 pint
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup horseradish, drained
1 cup salmon, flaked
1 cup peas, fresh-cooked or canned
1 cup cooked carrots, diced

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add salt. Pour small amount of Jell-O in bottom of loaf pan, 7 x 5 x 3 inches. Chill until firm. Arrange thin layer of horseradish on Jell-O, then layer of salmon, another layer of horseradish, and another layer of Jell-O. When slightly thickened, add peas. Chill until firm. Add carrots and another layer of Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold and cut in 2-inch squares. Serve on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

(All measurements are level)

FREE—*the new Jell-O recipe booklet—send* now

J.—L. H. J.—3-29

THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC.
LE ROY, NEW YORK

Please send me, *free*, the new recipe booklet "TODAY . . . what salad . . . what dessert?"

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

City_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

In Canada, address The Jell-O Co. of Canada, Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

Wedding Bills

(Continued from Page 27)

The pink horror was one of the first presents to have an accident, though it was closely followed by a pair of china candlesticks decorated with what looked like overgrown corn worms. Unfortunately some presents don't break so easily.

Polly and Dick had come over to admire our presents, so one evening we went over to admire theirs. The day's haul had been saved for our benefit, and after dinner we all went to the wedding-present room and started opening packages. Dick cut the string of a box stamped with the name of a well-known jeweler. Inside the box the offering lay swathed in paper, with the card resting lightly on top.

"Who's it from?"

"Mr. and Mrs. G.," Dick read.

"Ah, the G.s," said Polly's mother. "Now what was it I sent Betty G.? Oh, yes, I remember—a silver coffee service. This should be something very nice."

Carefully Dick stripped the object of its wrappings of tissue and, with a sense of the dramatic, paused a moment before divesting it of its fleecy bag.

"Come on, don't keep us in suspense. Let's see it."

"Why, wh-what is it?" Polly's mother leaned forward to see it better as it lay, long and slender, in Dick's hand.

Pause . . . "Perhaps," someone suggested brightly after deep thought, "it's for pickles." More pause. . . . "Or lemons."

"I wonder," observed Polly, "what made them think to send us something for lemons?"

The fork was passed around in gloomy silence. "Is there anything," Polly's mother mused, "smaller than a lemon fork that I could send the G.s' next daughter?"

We had our disappointments, too, but the pleasant surprises more than made up for them. Take my always-speeding aunt—the one I drove sixty miles one Saturday morning to rescue from the clutches of the law.

From that time on my aunt did seem to take quite a fancy to me, but even so I was amazed at the way she crashed through. Her check didn't show up like the silver trays and pots and bowls, when we spread out the spoils on the day of the wedding, but it came in handy afterward when we had to buy a dining-room rug and a corner cupboard to hold the china there wasn't room for in the attic.

Taking Stock

WITH each day the flood of presents rose higher until poor Patsy, struggling to keep up with her thank-yous, was hopelessly submerged, notwithstanding the help of her sisters and an army of bridesmaids. A week before the wedding she didn't care if we didn't get another present. Three days more, and she was hoping we wouldn't. The last two days no one could bear the sight of a package. We piled them all into a closet, unopened, as fast as they arrived.

Although the crest of the flood was past presents continued to trickle in. Even as I was saying good night the expressman staggered up the steps with another crate. For the last time I was leaving Patsy to go home. What could I say that wouldn't sound too sentimental?

"Well, it's wedding bells for us tomorrow, dear."

Dad paused in the act of sweetening the expressman. "And wedding bills for me the day after," he reminded us.

The wedding was a success—at least no one asked for his present back. And anyone who saw Patsy's starched and spick-and-span little brothers would never have guessed that they and the cook and the maid of honor had put in a busy morning on the dump excavating a sugar bowl which had gone out with the wrappings.

When we returned from our blissful honeymoon the first thing we did was to spread out the presents in the attic of our new house, on long tables improvised out of loose planks laid on sawhorses. The sight gave us a tremendous thrill—it looked like the main floor of a department store. Here silver glittered, stacks and stacks of plates, clocks and candlesticks were everywhere; everything we could ever need or want.

"Isn't it fun?" Patsy's cheeks were pink with excitement. "Let's pick out what we need for dinner. Here are some lay plates."

"Now for the soup plates."

"Do you see any soup plates?"

"There must be some somewhere."

"Pete, do you know, now I stop to think of it, I don't remember getting any soup plates."

"Well, finger bowls will do for soup."

Fruitless search!

"Well, anyway we've got plenty of teacups. We can use two apiece for soup." Patsy was equal to any emergency.

"How are these plates to eat dinner off of?" I suggested helpfully.

"Silly, those are lay plates."

"How about these?"

"Those are lay plates."

"Well, what are these?"

"They're lay plates too."

"How many lay plates have we got?"

"Thirty-two dozen," said Patsy, not without pride.

Deluged With Duplicates

FINALLY we discovered an unprepossessing set of honest-to-goodness dishes. Most of the donors of the thirty-two sets of gold-embossed and hand-painted lay plates have long since been forgotten, but the thoughtful soul who sent us that plain and useful set of dishes will never be. Again, we had at least two hundred goblets and tumblers but no butter plates.

Very soon we discovered that presents like small lamps, picture frames, ash trays and inkwells, which didn't make much of a splash when they arrived, were of real help to us in furnishing the house. But most of the silver is stored in the attic.

I was all for sending back the duplicates and the stuff we couldn't use, but I couldn't make Patsy see it that way—although, being a staunch prohibitionist, she did return six cocktail shakers.

A friend of Patsy's does not share her sentiments on the question of treasuring what has been given you. She even sent back a monogrammed silver tray, instructing the store to erase her initials and substitute those of another victim to whom she directed the tray sent. This was one present she was destined to keep, however. Back it came with the store's apologies—the monogram had been changed so often the silver was worn too thin to stand further alterations.

The inconvenience and expense of selling, wrapping and delivering presents which come right back to be exchanged is a not inconsiderable item, the head of a fashionable jewelry store told me. It would be much better for all concerned, he thought, if people would buy credits on the store and mail them to the bride. Then she could select the things she wanted in the first place.

The supersalesman of another store took me behind the scenes. "Naturally our

(Continued on Page 67)

Little Monkeys! How they do love to imitate. And how gratifying to know they can play at "make up" to their hearts' content without injuring that precious skin of theirs!

Mothers haven't changed much, but face powder?—*ah Yes!*

MANY a lovely lady of today recalls many a sound spanking, in the not so distant past, for just this very thing. Ah, those were the days!—when cosmetics were cosmetics! Something strange—mysterious. Something a woman used but little and told about—never. And woe unto the tiny tot who ventured into that land of forbidden things!

Times have changed. So has public opinion. So has face powder—very, very much.

Gone is the old-time face powder that the old-time physician warned against so lustily. The face powder of today is *pure*—pure enough even for a baby's precious skin. There's scarcely a brand of any importance on the market today you couldn't say this about.

But if you want a powder that has more than the negative virtue of harmlessness; if you want a powder as different from all the rest as they are from those of a generation past; if you want a powder that brings positive benefits—that will not only beautify, but actually *refine* and *improve* your skin every time you use it—then by all means you want—

Princess Pat—the only face powder with an almond base

Every time you powder with Princess Pat, it brings Almond into contact with your skin. And every woman knows, Almond has unquestioned value as a beautifier. It has been used for generations to soothe, whiten and improve the skin.

But Almond in face powder! Almond replacing the starch base of ordinary face powders! Ah, that *is* an improvement. That does give women a reason for preferring Princess Pat—the *only* face powder in which the Almond base may be had.

Moreover, Almond makes Princess Pat wonderfully better *as powder*. Forget for a moment that it actually improves skin texture. Think only of how your powder is going to look. Of course Almond permits a softer powder than starch. And the softer your powder, the better it clings, the more smoothly it goes on, and the *longer it stays*.

Light weight, 75c

Regular weight, $1

Another wonderful advantage. Almond does not easily dissolve, like starch. Consequently Princess Pat powder is little affected by perspiration. Indeed, if Princess Pat is applied over a powder base cream, it clings and clings, almost unbelievably. Princess Pat avoids that "powdery" appearance you dislike so much. Instead it gives just the soft, velvety tone that is natural to a perfect skin. Too often, powder makes the face look hard and mask-like. With Princess Pat, there is all the warmth, softness and beauty of living flesh, with powder an added touch of loveliness. It is easy to *note the difference*.

You'll surely want to try Princess Pat Face Powder and experience its advantages. You'll know then that powder can beautify and benefit the skin at one and the same time; that the Almond in Princess Pat improves skin texture and helps prevent blemishes.

Ask for Princess Pat Face Powder today—at your favorite toilette goods counter.

FREE *Send for a generous free sample of this new Almond Base Face Powder in purse size enameled box. Plenty for a thorough test.*

WITH YOUR SOFT, CARESSING ALMOND BASE POWDER, USE THE SUPREMELY BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS PAT ROUGES. SHADES: ENGLISH TINT (ORANGE), SQUAW, MEDIUM, VIVID, THEATRE, AND NITE. NEW!—PRINCESS PAT "INNER-TINT" LIP ROUGE COLORS INSIDE MOIST SURFACE OF LIPS, TOO!

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. A-823, Chicago
Check shade you prefer ☐ Olde Ivory ☐ Flesh ☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve

Name (Print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD MAYONNAISE

Break an egg in a bowl—add one tablespoon of Wesson Oil and beat vigorously until the egg and the oil are thoroughly mixed. Add another tablespoon of oil, continuing the beating. Then two more tablespoons. Then add three, beating all the time. Your mayonnaise will begin to thicken. Now add Wesson Oil about four tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition—until your mayonnaise is as thick and stiff as desired.

Now comes the seasoning—which of course may be varied according to taste. Perhaps you will like it this way. Mix well about one-half teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon each of sugar and mustard, with a generous pinch each of paprika and red pepper. Add approximately one and one-half tablespoons of lemon juice or vinegar, and stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved. Pour into the mayonnaise and beat well.

—and a garnish of thick, creamy *mayonnaise*

Bouillon cup, a dainty crab-meat salad, orange ice and demi-tasse—on your best Wedgwood china . . .

Do you realize how widely the salad has become the *pièce de résistance* at the smarter sort of informal luncheon? And how often the mayonnaise is made with Wesson Oil?

For the success of your salad depends so much on its dressing. And Wesson Oil and just a fresh egg, beaten together and seasoned to taste, make quite the most delicious mayonnaise imaginable.

One reason is that Wesson Oil is in itself so delicious to eat. A choice salad oil—pure, wholesome. The crystal clear, pale straw color of it tells you how good it is . . . And one could hardly ask for a flavor more exquisitely delicate.

Indeed, Wesson Oil is so good—and good to eat—that women are fast adopting it for frying, and for cake, muffins, biscuits and pastry.

For cooking, the Wesson Oil way is decidedly the modern way. And an easy, convenient way, too—for with Wesson Oil you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix; and your measurements are always exact . . . It makes food taste far more delicious.

. . . We have a new cookbook full of unusually good recipes that you'll like to try. Write to the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

(Continued from Page 65)

idea is to sell a customer the most expensive thing we can. Now when a woman comes in and says she wants to see something suitable for a wedding present—'not too expensive, as the bride is merely an acquaintance'—I know what she means; she wants to spend ten or fifteen dollars at the outside. So I show her something for fifty and shame her into buying something for twenty-five.

"Of course, if a customer names a definite price I show her articles at that price, except in certain cases. Take that woman who went out as you came in. She said she wanted to buy something for about a hundred dollars. I knew darn well she could afford twice that, so I got her up to a dozen silver parfait glasses for a hundred and thirty-five. I knew she'd fall for them because they made such a fine show for the money.

"But the most amusing though sometimes almost tragic experiences come with selling engagement rings. The girl always wants something way beyond what the man can afford; I've never known it to fail. Of course when the man is rich we're in luck and make a killing, but in most cases I dread to see the couple come in together, for I know just what's going to happen. I show them an assortment of rings, impressing on them that, large or small, our stones are all perfect. Finally the bride sees one that satisfies her. The groom sneaks a look at the price tag—$500—and looks kind of sick. Then they go out saying they want to look around a bit but expect to take the ring.

"The man will come back by himself. 'Here is the ring you selected, sir,' I say, getting it out. He shakes his head, looking kind of sheepish. 'I noticed you had one for $175. That's the one I want.'

"In my estimation," the salesman told me, "a man is very foolish to bring his fiancée with him to select the ring, unless money is no object to him. Likewise, a sensible girl will insist that he go alone. The ring will look much finer by itself, when he brings it to her, than it would had she seen it on a tray with bigger ones."

By the time of the wedding the poor bride has developed chronic writer's cramp from writing thank-yous. She even takes the list along on the honeymoon, resolved to do ten letters a day. The groom has to hide it, so her conscience will let her play golf with him. Nevertheless, friends and relatives from out of town begin writing to say, "Of course I don't want thanks—I just want to know if my present got there."

When the thank-yous are all written the weary couple breathe a sigh of relief, not knowing the hardest part is yet to come. Those presents hang about your neck like the Old Man of the Sea for years. I remember—would that I could forget it?—stopping in to see my father and mother on my way home from work one evening about six months after the wedding.

A well-known illustrator was there. All went well until she said, "Peter, I never got an invitation to your wedding."

She is accounted as great a wit as she is an artist, and I felt no ordinary apology would do. "You should thank us," I said brightly. "That saved you from having to send a wedding present."

For a minute she was speechless—taken aback, I thought, by my sally. Then she laughed. "Why, so it did. Ha, ha!"

I could hardly wait to get home to tell Patsy such a good joke. "And you should have heard her laugh," I finished gleefully.

"O Death!" moaned Patsy.

"Why, what's wrong?"

"She gave us"—my eyes followed the direction of hers, and suddenly I realized the terrible truth—"that magnificent Empire mantel mirror."

I have never had the face to write the charming giver of our much-prized mantel mirror since that fatal day, but if she sees this I hope she will forgive me.

As we look around the library at the beautiful lamps, the Terry clock, the tip-top table, the hunting prints, the handy little paper cutter, we are indeed grateful for the kindness of our friends. And when something takes me into the attic and I see the duplicates and things we can't use I can't help wishing something could be done about the system—something to prevent this awful waste.

There were many things we needed and wanted. Would these people had known what; would there had been some intermediary between our tastes and their generosity—in short, a wedding-gift consulting bureau!

The Strength of Sweetness

(Continued from Page 26)

When fresh fruits are available, their piquancy and flavor naturally lead us to them; in the winter months a well-made preserve or jelly is equally satisfactory. For, in addition to the extra sucrose sugar used in making them, we also get the fruits' natural fructose sugar and a valuable assortment of mineral salts and vitamins.

There is one other member of the sugar family that we encounter quite frequently, and that is glucose, into which all our starch foods must be turned before they can be digested and burned in our bodies. This sirupy sweetener was under a dark cloud of dietetic disapproval for a long time; but, even as we have begun to realize that we had sadly misjudged ordinary sugar, we are also changing our views on glucose. Although not so sweet as cane sugar, there seems to be little fault to find with the solid modern types of glucose, most of which are made from corn. Even under present conditions, the glucose mills furnish a steady and profitable market for corn; and so can be counted as among the farmers' best friends.

In fine, in the light of all these striking developments, our attitude in future toward sugar as a food should be little short of a reversal. This need grieve us little, because our former views upon sugar were based, not upon facts or reason or logic, but solely upon prejudice and ignorance. "It tastes good and children cry for it, therefore it must be bad," said the puritan. "Besides, it's expensive," added the penny-pincher. And high above rolled the thundering chorus of the mossbacks of all sorts: "It's new, therefore it is the cause of all our new-fangled diseases and other ills of these degenerate days."

Sugar is one of the three great pillars of our dietetic temple, meat, sugar-starch and fat, and the greatest of the three; for, as has been said, all starches are turned into sugar in digestion, thus making the latter nearly two-thirds of our diet.

The crimes and delinquencies blamed upon sugar simmer down to the claims that it "makes the teeth ache"; and, if eaten just before a meal, it sometimes kills the appetite for that meal before sufficient calories have been absorbed. Also, its taste is so attractive that children may devour it in excess.

As a matter of fact sugar in itself never affects a clean, healthy tooth, though it will sometimes make a decayed one jump. And here sugar deserves a vote of thanks for warning the owner of the tooth that it needs skilled attention before it becomes so bad that it has to be extracted.

Both of the other supposed ill effects of sugar can be avoided by establishing a closed season for sugar and sweets, during which none may be taken, beginning one hour before the next meal. Moreover, if children are given liberal and intelligently balanced amounts of sugar at their meals as dessert and in fruits they will never develop that irresistible, unreasonable craving for sweets.

"Another three months.. *would have* driven me insane"

"HAVE *you ever lain awake night after night, half awake and half asleep, listening to the clock tick away the age-long hours? Then, in the morning, have you dragged yourself from your bed and forced yourself, a big bundle of nerves, to move through another exhausting day?*

"That's what I did for five months and I don't exaggerate when I say another three months of it would have driven me insane. Fortunately, about this time, a friend suggested Postum with my meals, in place of caffein.

"That was four weeks ago. Now I sleep from the moment I hit the pillow; I eat heartily; I haven't been cross for days; I'm 100% happier. Even my casual acquaintances have noticed the change!"

MISS IRENE ANDERS,
2727 Hemphill Street, Fort Worth, Texas

YOU may have charged your sleepless hours to overwork, or worries. Don't be too sure! Caffein, the seemingly harmless stimulant you take with your meals, has probably caused more hours of wakefulness than any other one thing in the world. This "innocent" habit may be *your* trouble.

You can find out easily—this way! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then see how soundly you sleep!

For Postum contains no caffein—nothing to repel sleep, to attack nerves and heart, or affect digestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A distinctive drink with a rich, full-bodied flavor that millions prefer!

Postum costs much less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—L. H. J., 3-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.* 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY *Announces the Largest Prize Contest in Photographic History*

$30,000.00 *in* Cash Awards

for Amateur Picture-Takers Only

See opposite page for full details

Read these simple conditions:

1 Any resident of the United States and its dependencies or any resident of the Dominion of Canada is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Contest starts March 1, closes May 31, 1929.

2 Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or other camera producing negatives not larger than 3¼ x 5½ inches (postcard size) and any brand of film, chemicals and papers may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer.

3 Both ordinary contact prints, and enlargements not to exceed 7 inches in the long dimension, are eligible; but,

4 In the Special Enlargement Competition, prints having a long dimension of not less than 9 inches or more than 17 inches are eligible. Entries in the Enlargement Competition are eligible for Special Enlargement Prizes only.

5 Prints shall be unmounted, but an entry blank shall be enclosed. Use the accompanying blank, obtain others from dealers; copy the form, or write Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

6 An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after March 1, 1929, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by the specified closing date.

7 Entries in the Child Picture Contest to be eligible for the March award shall be received at the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by midnight of March 31, 1929; and for the April award by midnight of April 30, 1929. The child in the picture shall not have passed the twelfth birthday.

8 A picture that is to be considered in the Child Picture Contest must be so designated on the back.

In the case of other pictures, however, the entrant need not, unless he wishes to, specify into which of the classifications his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office reserves the right to change a classification for the benefit of the entrant. If not classified on the back by the entrant, the pictures will go into the classes in which they are most likely to win.

9 Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

10 No prints can be returned, except that entries in the Enlargement Competition will be returned upon request. All mailings are at the owner's risk.

Do not send negatives until they are requested.

11 The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

12 All pictures will be judged 50% on subject interest; 25% on composition and arrangement; 25% on photographic excellence (correctness of exposure, etc.).

13 Mail pictures to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

14 An entrant may receive only one prize. In case the judges select any entrant for more than one award, he will receive the largest thereof. If he wins, for example, a $100 State prize in the Child Picture Contest, and if either the same print or another of his prints in the General Contest wins an award larger than $100, he will receive the larger amount. The Eastman Kodak Company will consider the purchase of desirable pictures even though not prize winners.

15 Winners of the State prizes in the Child Picture Contest for March will be notified as soon as possible after March 31, and for the April Contest as soon as possible after April 30, 1929; winners in the Special Enlargement Competition and all other classifications will be notified as soon as possible after May 31, 1929.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

For further details of this Prize Contest see Opposite Page

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name.....
(*Please Print*)

Street Address.....

Town and State.....

Make of Camera.....

Make of Film.....

Enclose this blank with your entry and mail to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture. Be sure that each entry in the State Child Picture Contest is so designated on the back.

181

New Orleans

(Continued from Page 11)

woman with empty basket. The mistress is slight and wiry, dressed in sober black, for she goes to mass on her way to market. Stiff starchy ginghams rustle as quadroon "Mammy" trundles her fatness just behind Madame, the inevitable tignon bound around her head like a turban. They chatter volubly, unintelligibly, in a patois of gumbo French, disputing animatedly about what Monsieur shall be served for Sunday dinner.

No thrifty Creole makes purchases by telephone. Frugal saints forbid! She'd miss the joy of chaffering; and some rascally tradesman might swindle her by sending a specked tomato. Every morsel of food that goes on Madame's table is personally inspected at the stalls, using the utmost care and haggling over the last penny.

Madame's route to market leads past the cathedral built long ago by that so pious Don Almonaster. Here the two women perform their devotions, then hurry on.

The seething market. An uproar. Vegetables, groceries, tinware, ready-made garments, shrimps, crabs, chickens. A riot of fishy smells. With Hippolyte the poulterer, Madame opens negotiations for a plump hen. She examines every one, exclaims that they are skinny and far too dear. No, no! She will never pay such outrageous prices. Never! Never! When Madame and Hippolyte have about agreed, quadroon Mammy catches Madame's arm to drag away the generous mistress who will bankrupt herself. Thereupon Hippolyte abates another picayune, and the trade is consummated.

Next Madame purchases seven eggs, which must be "Creole eggs"—"yard eggs." Each egg Mammy "funnels" in her palm, holding it to the light, and rejects such as she deems suspicious. Seven transparent and irreproachable specimens are chosen. Coin by grudging coin Madame doles out the money, spot cash, while Mammy demands their lagniappe—pronounced "lan-yap."

Untutored Americans fail to comprehend this word and custom. Lagniappe signifies an extra, something for nothing, a good-will gift from the seller. If Mammy buys a cabbage at the *bunquette* the *marchande* presents her with a sprig of parsley. When little Antoine is sent running for a loaf of bread the baker never neglects to give him a cake.

Dishes for the Gourmet

THEREFORE, obeying the unwritten law, Hippolyte graciously bestows upon his customers one additional egg, after which they part with bows and mutual felicitations. There's no hurry in Creole trafficking, no bargain-counter rush, no shoppers crippled in the stampede.

Ah! The coffee stall of Mam'selle Cléonie! A marble slab, yellow with age, stools shabby, cups thick. But the coffee! Rich black nectar, fragrant, aromatic, its delicious odors topping like a bouquet the smell of shrimps and chickens. Madame and Mammy linger long, exchanging gossip with the smiling mam'selle.

At the butcher stall Madame selects the best cuts, or perhaps nothing more than a five-cent bone for her soup; as lagniappe, a slice of Italian sausage to flavor it.

Progress, however, is changing the tone of this ancient market place, like other landmarks of the *vieux carré*. It is now more orderly, better systematized; yet many an old-timer resents its stillness, especially on Sunday mornings, when babel would break loose from hucksters backing in their carts; Spaniards, West Indians, Italians, Americans, Portuguese, all shouting maledictions in a hundred different jargons. A recent labor agreement requires much of the market business to be transacted on Saturdays, so that the noisy, mongrel, colorful life of Sunday mornings has passed away.

Even more resentfully do we deplore the modernizing of certain French restaurants, since the Board of Health has ratproofed all the romance out of a Creole dinner. Hygiene and efficiency we commend; nevertheless our loving minds drift backward to the wabbly wooden floors, sprinkled with sand, to the fountain in the middle of a dingy room, to the crystal chandelier that hangs above that fountain, a labyrinth of spider webs, and many, many canaries that sing in their cages. And oh, the expectancy of a hungry man who watches the soft-footed waiter, crunching proudly across the sand, bearing marvelous foods from none too sanitary kitchens.

But if you are an old habitué the waiter will smile as he draws back a chair. You shake hands and inquire as to the health of his family. Perhaps discuss a barytone at the opera, or a recent exhibit of water colors. Presently the waiter suggests, "Monsieur, we have some fine buster crabs"—the tender young crab, captured within a few hours after it casts the shell. A Creole gumbo? A bisque of écrivisse? Pompano papier? Avocado salad? An embarrassment of choice.

The Little Theater

LEAVE everything to François or to Louis. Never a Creole waiter will overload either your table or your bill. Being an artist, he prefers to arrange a proper meal.

Esplanade Street was the downtown limit of Bienville's original settlement, just as Canal Street marked its uptown boundary. Here stood the stockade defenses, to which the name Rampart Street still bears witness.

Colonial life became easier as the indigo, rice, tobacco, sugar, and later the cotton crops, showed substantial profits, so that pioneering seigneurs who lived on their plantations began to build town houses. In winter the roads were bottomless streaks of quagmire, and ladies of the family must attend the opera, the carnival, the balls. Hence the city mansions, although monsieur's estates might be less than twenty miles away—thirty minutes now, over perfect highways.

Soon the Esplanade became a center of culture. Only a generation ago Creole gentlemen would boast that they had never been above Canal Street. But their daughters attended schools with American girls, had their eyes opened, and fretted at Creole restrictions. For the duenna system still survived.

Meanwhile the city had grown. Papa developed into a man of affairs, which carried him beyond Canal Street for a closer mingling of the once-hostile Creole and American elements. Except for the opera and Carnival balls held on Rue Bourbon, most of the social gayeties had shifted to the modern quarter far uptown. Whether or not these be the reasons, the fact is that Frenchmen of historic title erected new houses along St. Charles Avenue, and their Esplanade mansions fell into decay. "Yard eggs for sale." "Boarding." One may see the visible signs.

But of late years many of the neglected shrines of the picturesque *vieux carré* have been rescued from dilapidation. A notable example is the Little Theater. Nothing of the kind in America approaches it for unique beauty.

On the corner of St. Peter and Chartres stands the stuccoed residence of Don Manuel de Gayoso, Spanish governor. It had become almost a ruin when public-spirited men and women made this time-honored structure a part of their

(Continued on Page 70)

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY *Announces the Largest Prize Contest in Photographic History*

$30,000.00 in Cash Awards

for Amateur Picture-Takers Only

Grand Prize $2,500 . . 11 Prizes of $500 each . . 11 Prizes of $250 each . . 125 Prizes of $100 each . . 1,223 Money Prizes in All . . for snapshots, time-exposures, enlargements . . only strictly amateur photographers may compete . . Every picture-taker has an equal chance to win!

PRIZES

Grand Prize of		$2,500.00
11 *prizes of*		500.00 *each*
11 *prizes of*		250.00 *each*
125 *prizes of*		100.00 *each*
275 *prizes of*		10.00 *each*
800 *prizes of*		5.00 *each*
1,223		$30,000.00

$11,400 in Special Monthly State Prizes

For the most interesting picture of Children submitted during March and April, $100.00 will be awarded in each state of the United States and each province of Canada. $11,400.00 in all. Read the details below.

THIS is a contest for *everyone*. It is easy to enter—and there are 1,223 money prizes. Perhaps you have not taken more than a half-dozen pictures in all your life—you may never before have held a camera in your hands—yet *your* entry may please the judges most. And regardless of the make of camera you use—from an inexpensive Kodak, Brownie or Hawk-Eye on up to a camera of the costliest kind—your chance to win is just as good.

This prize money will not be awarded for technical skill alone. You do not need to be an experienced picture-maker to win. The bulk of this $30,000 will go to those who send in the *most interesting pictures* in each of 10 different classifications. Now is the time to get your camera into action. The opportunity to win a cash prize of anywhere from $2,500 down is knocking at your door.

Here is the way in which the $30,000 prize money is to be distributed. You may enter for each and all of the classes. Send in as many entries as you like. The more pictures you submit in this contest the better is your chance of being numbered among the 1,223 fortunate ones to win.

GRAND PRIZE—For the Best Picture of Any Type— The best picture of all of those submitted in the following classifications will be awarded a grand prize of $2,500.

STATE PRIZES—For Child and Baby Pictures— $11,400 will be awarded for the pictures showing the most interesting children . . . in both March and April $100 will be given for the best child picture from *each state* of the United States and *each province* of Canada,* making 114 prizes in all.

*District of Columbia counts as one state; Hawaii, Alaska and all other U. S. dependencies combined count as one state; the Maritime provinces of Canada count as one province. British Columbia and the Yukon count as one province.

Snap as many youngsters as you want, from babies to boys and girls who are beginning to think of themselves as young men and women. Maybe there's a baby right in your own family that could help you win first prize by a big margin. Not necessarily a beautiful child, but one with personality, character, "IT"—in eyes and smile and dimples. Maybe there's such a youngster next door, or next street, but no matter whose baby it is, get the kind of picture that shows it at its best.

Every picture of children that you submit stands a chance of winning the Grand Prize; or any of the 103 prizes in each of four other awards. And even if you don't come in for a share of the prize money you will, at least, have made an attractive picture to add to your collection. With a little patience, however, you can almost surely get a picture good enough to win. A striking close-up of a boy or girl; a group at play; youngsters laughing, sleeping; in every-day clothes, rompers, overalls or fancy costume. Anything goes as long as it is a picture of children, and if it has the least spark of interest in it, don't fail to send it in. What looks to you like a "flop" may look like a "wow" to the judges.

This award gives you 106 chances to win: (1) You can enter the March contest for the best child picture from each state, (2) You can enter the April contest for the best child picture from each state, (3) The pictures that you have entered for the state contest during either of these months and pictures that reach Rochester during May are all eligible for the Grand Prize of $2,500 or for any of the one hundred three prizes in Awards No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, or No. 10.

AWARD NO. 1—Scenics— For the best picture of any city or country outdoor scene . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each. Here's your chance to capitalize your ability to spot an interesting outdoor subject. Landscapes and marines, distant and nearby views, mountains and water, nearby bits of nature composition, travel subjects and street scenes.

AWARD NO. 2—Informal Portraits— Pictures made at from, say, two to ten feet distance, for the purpose of showing a person's features . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 3—Story-Telling Pictures— For the pictures telling the most interesting story . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Take a picture in which children, adults or animals do something—anything except looking at the camera. For instance, a puppy pulling at a baby's sleeve; children in any form of play; father proudly exhibiting the new car to a friend. There are any number of opportunities for you to take pictures like these.

AWARD NO. 4—Sport Pictures— For the best pictures of sports and games . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each. It may be skating or coasting or skiing—or baseball, tennis, golf. Hiking, too . . . and boating, archery, polo riding—all serve as opportunities to make prize-winning pictures.

AWARD NO. 5—Animal Pictures— For the best pictures of pets, livestock, wild animals either at large or in zoos . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 6—Nature-Study Pictures— For the best pictures of flowers, birds, butterflies, leaves, rocks, spider webs, any nature subject . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 7—Buildings and Architectural Detail— For the best exteriors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, other buildings, or portions thereof . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 8—Interior Pictures— For the best inside views of rooms, corridors, staircases, or other portions of homes or other buildings . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 9—Still-Life Studies— For the best pictures of art objects, curios, cut flowers, any still-life subjects in artistic arrangement . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 10—Unusual Photographs— For the best pictures made at night; pictures of fires, lightning, storms; silhouettes; or any pictures that are unusual either as to topic or as to photographic treatment . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Special Prizes for Enlargements—$1,350— Any picture is a better picture when enlarged. For the best enlargements from negatives made on or after March 1, 1929 . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 and 50 prizes of $5 each. Your film dealer or photo-finisher will be glad to help you choose a picture likely to win. (See Conditions Nos. 2 and 4.)

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

Each of these big cash prizes will have to be won by somebody . . . why not you? Aim at the big money and you stand an excellent chance of winning it or of coming in for one of the smaller prizes. Don't miss this chance of winning a share of the big prize money. There is always the certainty of being rewarded with some excellent pictures you might otherwise fail to get.

THESE ARE THE JUDGES. Observe how diversified are their interests and how broad are their viewpoints and experience. You must admit that no fairer Board of Judges could be assembled than that represented here:

Madame Galli-Curci, internationally known singer; Miss Ethel Barrymore, leading actress; Howard Chandler Christy, noted artist; Clare Briggs, famous cartoonist; James R. Quirk, publisher, Photoplay magazine; Rudolf Eickemeyer, distinguished photographer, Medalist Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain; Hector Charlesworth, author, critic, editor "Toronto Saturday Night"; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor "Kodakery" and photographic expert.

For the two Monthly Child Picture Contests, the following will be judges: James R. Quirk, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Kenneth Wilson Williams.

NOW—read the simple Contest Conditions on the opposite page and get your camera out!

For further details and entry blank of this Prize Contest see opposite page

In Winter Wind or Burning Sun

it keeps your skin flower-soft, snow-white

TRAVEL is *always* harder on a woman's skin than staying at home. But you can triumph over all its discomforts by tucking a bottle of Jergens Lotion into your travelling-bag. Use it for cleansing when the water is hard. Use it whenever your skin feels dry and irritated. It is healing, comforting, deliciously soothing. It keeps your skin smooth and velvety through every change of weather and climate.

Because of two wonderful healing ingredients ~ it instantly soothes

SOOTHING, healing, restorative—Jergens Lotion stands by your skin in all kinds of weather.

It makes winter a season of delight, since you no longer have to struggle with chapped hands, a rough, harsh skin, fingers that catch disagreeably on silk or wool when you sew.

It keeps your skin smooth and supple in summer, taking the fever out of a hot, parched skin, soothing and healing it when you have been too long in the sun.

Jergens Lotion owes its wonderful restorative power to two famous ingredients long known to medicine for their beneficent, healing action on the skin. Combined with other healing elements in Jergens Lotion they form a deliciously soothing, fragrant liquid—easy to apply, leaving not a trace of stickiness.

Use Jergens Lotion regularly through the day—take it with you when you travel. It will do wonders in keeping your skin fresh, youthful, lovely to look at and touch.

You can get it for 50 cents at any drug store, any toilet goods counter.

FREE

A new trial bottle • A beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3005 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

In Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3005 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

JERGENS LOTION

Made by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap

(Continued from Page 68)

experiment in the drama. The once tumbledown patio, or courtyard, was restored into a thing of charm, where the audience flocks during an intermission.

A limited audience, fewer than five hundred, most of whom are well acquainted, stroll out from their seats for coffee in the coffee room, for a lemonade punch beneath the ancient arcades of Governor Gayoso, or to ramble about the patio itself, chatting of the play. A southern moon floods the patio with mystical illusion. A fountain ripples, low voices murmur from beside a clump of scarlet oleanders.

Every production at the Little Theater is staged by amateurs, under professional direction, presenting such dramas as road companies rarely bring to New Orleans—The Gods of the Mountain, John Ferguson, The Importance of Being Earnest. Nearly half the plays are acted in French. Occasionally a program of one-act sketches and farces; or the manuscript of a local playwright is tried out, to develop unknown talent. With competent men and women to manage it, the enterprise is a success.

Another landmark of the *vieux carré* is the Cabildo, whose grim gray towers have gazed down upon much of turbulence. They overlook the Place d'Armes, the original parade ground for Bienville's colonial troops. Here, in 1769, the Spanish Governor O'Reilly executed five French patriots, leaders of those who resisted the cession to Spain.

Within the Cabildo the Province of Louisiana was officially transferred to the United States. In front, where Jackson's statue now stands, the first American flag was raised in 1803.

Beside the Bayou St. John stands a private residence equally historic; once it was the old Spanish customhouse, from which His Most Catholic Majesty collected tolls.

The quaint exterior remains unaltered; within it has become a treasury of curios connected with Louisiana legend. Few artists, writers or musicians visit New Orleans without enjoying the hospitality of its clever hostess. Her pantry is the old *calabozo*, wherein *contrabandistas* were imprisoned, the single window barely wide enough for one to reach out an arm. If the milk spoils, let it spoil; the Spaniard's *calabozo* shall not be changed.

Outside the Creole quarter, social life in New Orleans is much the same as in any other American city, tinged always by the *sauce piquante* of French. When the New Yorker has his summer home on Long Island or in the Adirondacks, New Orleans goes to the same sort of villa along the Gulf Coast, not so lavishly rich, but cool, spacious and suited to a subtropical climate. Almost continuously from the Crescent City to Mobile, a town many miles long and three hundred feet deep fronts the southern sea. That is the New Orleans playground. The men are usually sportsmen. Sport runs in the chevalier blood. They know how to handle a gun, a rod, a horse, a yacht.

Writers upon New Orleans do the city uniform injustice by creating the impression that it is a jumble of antiques, of indolence, far behind the band wagon of American progress. Which is far from being true. From the somnolent *vieux carré*, five minutes' walk will take us to the busiest of ports, where every nation flies its flag. Their race course is one of the best. The great industrial canal, a triumph of engineering. Or we may stroll, if it pleases us, into the most modern of skyscraper hotels and receive the air mail from Philadelphia.

Every city boasts of up-to-dateness; New Orleans alone has its *vieux carré*.

Cedars Must Have the Wind

(Continued from Page 33)

At the end of it Edna put on her hat and went down to the bank and deposited the check, and the petrified receiving teller hurried back to tell Warder Vincent, the president, and he at once came out of his office and shook hands with her and said that anything he could do . . . or the bank . . . if they could serve her in any way . . . or Mr. Talbert . . . and how splendid for the town to number a great inventor, a real genius among its citizens, and so on . . . to all of which Edna listened with ironical relish. She made no allusion to the day five years ago when she overdrew her account six dollars and thirty-four cents and old Warder Vincent had been so nasty about it; no, she thanked him calmly and went on her way with her head up.

Thereafter began a changed existence for the Talberts. Joe, to be sure, went on pottering and puttering in his workshop and in his little study, and he refused with blunt shyness to let the town lionize him. But he had no more patched and faded clothes, and he put on a little healthy flesh because he was eating more and better food.

Edna tried to remain the same, too, and in a large measure she succeeded, though it wasn't always easy to be casual and disinterested when so many people who had barely noticed her now began to call and send her invitations to luncheons and teas and to ask her to join clubs and committees and advisory boards. The hard years had taught Edna caution, and she showed it in everything she did. She didn't splurge with the money. She eased up the family's living stringencies, but the bulk of that first big check she invested cannily as an anchor to windward. But when Joe's predictions came true and more and more money rolled in, and she was sure that short of a red revolution the Talbert family would always have a living income, she at last made up her mind to realize her dream of a garden.

There was an old place for sale at the edge of town; the house wasn't much, though what there was of it was solid and substantial; but the attraction for Edna was the ground around it, nearly ten acres, with some of the finest tulip and black-oak trees in the state. After considerable dickering this passed into the hands of the Talberts, and Edna made Cara an offer: "You fix up the house the way you'd like it, and I'll fix up the garden. I want you to have a good time, Cara, so plan for plenty of room for parties and dancing and everything your crowd likes to do."

Making over a house takes a good bit of time. Cara was seventeen when her father sold his invention, and only by hurrying the painters and upholsterers out was she able to celebrate her eighteenth birthday in the new Talbert home. It was a big affair, and all the younger set and many of the older were invited, for it was planned to be a housewarming as well as a birthday party.

When Edna Talbert came downstairs on the night of the party she knew she was the happiest woman in the world. She looked at her husband and adored him anew, she looked at Cara, and her heart shook with rapture at the girl's tall loveliness. She looked at her house and found a joy in its amplitude that only those who have lived in cramped rooms ever know, and she went out on the porch and looked over the garden she was developing from the neglected plot about them, and could have danced for joy.

"It's paradise," she said, "paradise!"

Joe, still a little untidy and rumpled in spite of his new clothes, had followed her. "Don't say paradise," he warned her jokingly, "or the serpent might come along."

(Continued on Page 72)

THE positive delight of finding all their food needs at one store has so profoundly impressed the women of America, that store-to-store shopping is now being rapidly abandoned.

So soon as women learn of the modern way their neighbors shop, new faces appear before the counters of completely stocked A&P stores.

And every A&P store is completely stocked. Here you find fancy fruits and vegetables... the popular nationally advertised brands of groceries ... dairy products ... fine teas ... choice coffees ... tidbits from across the seas ... in fact, hundreds of good things to eat are found at the A&P. And prices are always remarkably low.

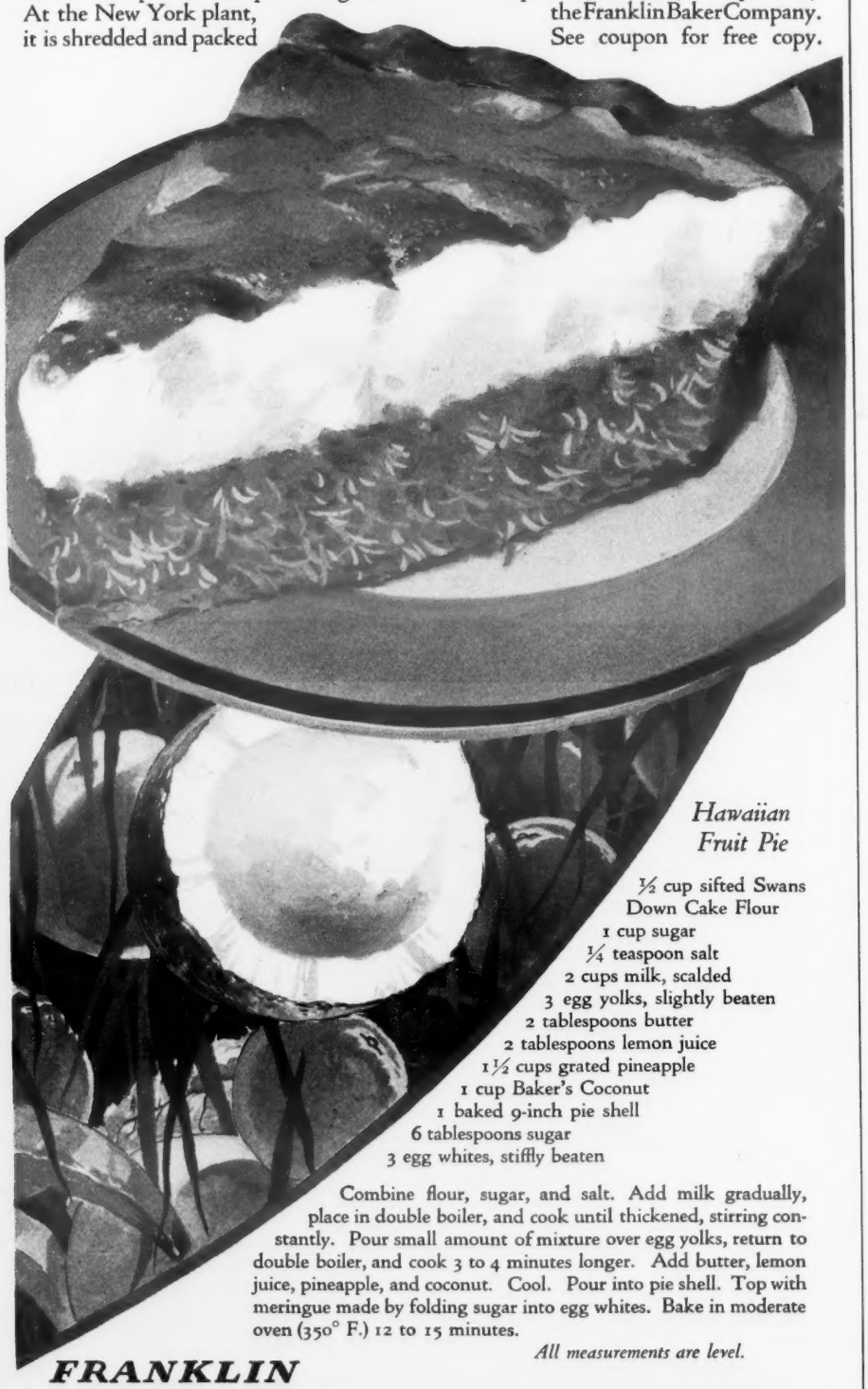
THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

At the A&P you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.

A delectable Pie . . .

Richer for the tropic sweetness of COCONUT

PIES, compotes and salads are more intriguing for the crisp, tender taste of sun-ripe coconut. Franklin Baker's Coconut comes to you straight from the tropics—its white, milky meat sealed cool and deep in its own protecting shell. At the New York plant, it is shredded and packed —still moist and fresh—the native flavor magically retained. In this respect, Franklin Baker's Coconut is outstanding. Tempting ways to serve these sweet, fruity shreds are given in a fascinating new recipe book recently compiled by the Franklin Baker Company. See coupon for free copy.



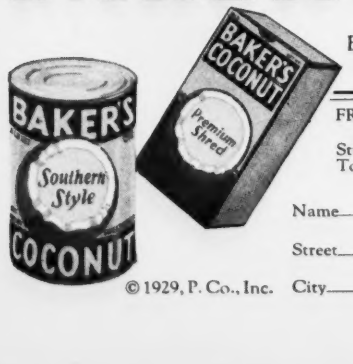
Hawaiian Fruit Pie

½ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk, scalded
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1½ cups grated pineapple
1 cup Baker's Coconut
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
6 tablespoons sugar
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine flour, sugar, and salt. Add milk gradually, place in double boiler, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, return to double boiler, and cook 3 to 4 minutes longer. Add butter, lemon juice, pineapple, and coconut. Cool. Pour into pie shell. Top with meringue made by folding sugar into egg whites. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

All measurements are level.

FRANKLIN BAKER'S COCONUT



BAKER'S SOUTHERN STYLE, *moist-packed in tins* BAKER'S PREMIUM SHRED *in triple-sealed packages*

FRANKLIN BAKER CO., Inc., Hoboken, N. J. L. H. J. 3-29
☐ Send recipe book (free) ☐ I enclose 10c for ½ size can Southern Style. (If Canada, address Franklin Baker, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.) *Print name and address—Mark x for choice.*

Name_____
Street_____
City_____

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 70)

"Oh, what did you want to say that for?"

"It was just fun—I didn't mean anything. Gosh, Edna, you look stylish! I always did like you in blue. You used to have a blue gingham when we were first married."

"BLUE gingham! Joe Talbert, it was blue silk, and awfully expensive. Aunt Mattie gave it to me, and it's the only thing she ever did give me. Blue gingham indeed!"

"You looked beautiful in it, and you look beautiful in this, too, and I don't care what the stuff was."

"I don't either, if you're going to butter me up like this. But Joe—look at Cara!"

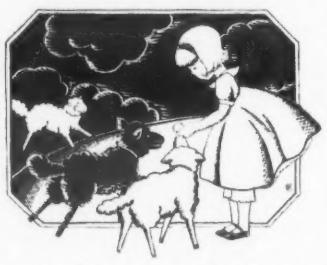
They turned and regarded Cara through the window as she walked down the long living room to speak to the musicians. The light shone on her fair hair, and as she moved her thin white dress flowed about her slenderness with an arresting airy grace. She was poised and straight, and there was distinction in her carriage, her walk; she did not stamp or shuffle as many young girls do.

"She's wonderful," whispered Joe.

"And she's ours," whispered Edna, slipping her hand into Joe's.

"Till some lucky fellow comes along and snatches her away."

"Oh, she won't get married for years and years, and anyway I want her to marry. I wouldn't have her be an old maid for anything. I only hope she'll find somebody who'll be almost as nice as you are; she never could find a man quite as good as you, I know that."



"Now listen, wait a minute ——"

"Oh, it's true. I'd like to see her make a *brilliant* marriage, Joe."

"Like you did, I suppose."

"Well, I got a famous inventor! She couldn't do any better than that," laughed Edna. "But I don't believe marriage is buzzing round much in Cara's head, and I'm glad of it. Everything is so perfect now I wish we could keep on just this way forever. The only thing I want to change and improve is my garden."

IT SEEMED to Edna Talbert that she must be moving in a dream, that this luxury and gayety and ease could not truly be hers. She went about conscientiously among her guests and made them comfortable, for Joe had slipped away into his workshop with an old crony, but she kept an eye on Cara and felt so proud and happy that she could have cried from the stress of it. Cara was so popular! Not just the popularity that a hostess receives—no, the young men who crowded about her and cut in on her weren't doing it out of mere politeness. Edna noticed that the most persistent of all was Warder Vincent, Junior. He danced with Cara every chance he could contrive, and when she was dancing with someone else he stood in the window and watched her and didn't hunt another partner. He was a tall good-looking lad, and he and Cara together made a noticeable couple and danced perfectly together.

"That's just the sort of man I'd like Cara to marry," thought her mother. "He'll stay right here in town and be in his father's bank, and he'll always be well off, and he's a nice sort; no one ever says anything about him being wild or mean or foolish like Tommy Parsons and Andrew Trent." She sighed with content.

The party went on smoothly, pleasantly. The bridge tables in the back hall were filled, the dancing seemed never to slack. And when it was time for the supper there was ample for everyone; the salad, rolls, sandwiches, sliced cold ham, ice cream, cake, bonbons, coffee and fruit punch were all perfect. Edna had been a little afraid there wouldn't be enough salad. She was immensely pleased at the bonbons, for they were unusual and everyone exclaimed about them. Until all the guests were served she did not think of Cara, and when she looked about for her finally, she saw her sitting on the stairs with Warder Vincent on one side of her and a strange young man on the step below. Cara was talking to the strange young man while Vincent sat silent, gazing at her devotionally.

"That must be Agnes Mack's cousin that she telephoned about," thought Edna. "He has a kind of look like the Macks. I'm glad Cara's seeing that he has a good time."

Then she thought no more about him, but went to hunt Joe and see that he had his supper. She dragged him and his crony out of the workshop, established them with a group of contemporaries and herself gave them a double supply of everything. Then the orchestra resumed playing and the young folks flocked in again to dance, and before long the older ones began to dribble off home, a few at a time. They said many agreeable things to Edna about her house, and her garden, and how well Joe was looking, and how good the supper was, and nearly everyone said something about Cara, her looks, her pretty manners and nice ways, her dress, her dancing. All the world it seemed had observed her particularly, and it gave Edna Talbert a fond rosy glow to hear her daughter so praised.

JOE said he was sleepy and went off to bed, but Edna stayed up until the party was over. She sat where she could see the dancing, and she noticed again how much attention young Warder Vincent was paying to Cara. She saw, too, that Agnes Mack's cousin was apparently enjoying himself hugely, dancing, joking, laughing like a kid. She liked his face, though he wasn't so handsome as Warder. But he was just as tall, and more strongly built, and he had a lightness of spirit that Warder Vincent lacked.

When the tired musicians finally left off playing and the young folks prepared to leave, Edna went into the hall to be there to help Cara say good night. Agnes Mack's cousin came up to her ingratiatingly.

"You were busy when I came," he said, "and so I had no chance to meet you, Mrs. Talbert. I'm Francis Mack. I've had a wonderful time! It's like a miracle to be dancing round with a lot of jolly people after being in the jungle for two years ——"

"In the jungle! For heaven's sake!"

He nodded. "I'm an engineer and I've been working on a bridge in South America, in the wildest place I ever struck. I've only been off the boat two days. So you can imagine what a treat this has been. I feel like a kid let out of an orphan asylum at a baseball game."

"If you're staying with the Macks any time you must come again," said Edna, feeling sorry for him.

"You couldn't keep me away," said Francis Mack and looked round, laughing, at Cara.

CARA laughed, too. "You and Agnes come over tomorrow afternoon," she said. "We'll teach you some of the new steps; you were making such a fuss about not knowing any."

"That's a date, then," said Francis blithely, and tucked Agnes's hand under his arm and went along. Edna wondered if he and Agnes might not be interested in each other, and though she didn't approve of cousins marrying, she felt that she wouldn't blame Agnes for taking to him.

Warder Vincent was the last to go and he drew Cara out on the porch to linger

(Continued on Page 74)

Perhaps he's hankering for them now...

BUCKWHEATS *with the real old-fashioned "tang"*

TUNE IN ON THE AUNT JEMIMA RADIO PROGRAM

We are often asked, *"Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; Peterborough, Canada*

SOME men say that women have forgotten the art. Old-time Buckwheats are a part of their lost boyhood, they believe—like the sound of sleigh bells on a frosty morning.

That lusty Buckwheat "tang": Does your husband remember it? Perhaps he's hankering for those savory golden-brown cakes old-timers talk about!

These winter mornings in countless homes women are awakening smiles of youth at breakfast—giving their men folk the real Buckwheat taste they long for. For now there is an easy, certain way: Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats.

Her own ingredients with just enough choice Buckwheat flour added—her celebrated recipe, slightly changed by experienced cooks, comes *ready-mixed* in the *yellow* package: Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats. It makes those fluffy, golden-brown cakes with the true old-fashioned "kick" men can't forget. To give you the wonderful taste of Buckwheat at its best, we use the pick of the crops from certain grain-growing sections which are known to produce the finest flavor.

No trouble—now

It is easy today to make these tantalizing Buckwheat cakes. No chance to go wrong. *Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheat (yellow package)—and stir!*

See how your husband cheers up at breakfast when he first tastes the old-time flavor of Aunt Jemima's Buckwheats! So light, so wholesome, too! Plan now to test this famous recipe—*ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats, the *yellow* box.

Remember, too, those dainty plantation pancakes that your family enjoys so much: the kind you make with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the *red* package.

Ask your grocer for two packages: one *yellow*, Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats, one *red*, Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

FREE—a chance to test this famous recipe—ready-mixed

Trial size package Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats free with new recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions for pancakes, muffins and waffles. Mail coupon today

THE AUNT JEMIMA MILLS BRANCH
The Quaker Oats Co., Dept. A-26, St. Joseph, Mo.
Gentlemen: Send free trial package of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats with recipe folder.

Name.....

Address.....

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"...

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white, as POWDER.

Powder is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice, a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it . . . costs less to use.

A 35c package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

(Continued from Page 72)

over his good-by, and also, Edna supposed, that Cara's mother wouldn't hear what he said. She smiled indulgently at this. "The foolish young one!" she thought, "as if I couldn't guess to the word!"

So she went into the kitchen to see that everything was in order there and did not come back until she was sure that young Vincent was gone. Cara met her in the hall, and her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were lit with lamps of happiness. Edna pretended not to notice. "Aren't you tired?" she asked; "it's half-past two o'clock."

"No," said Cara, "I'm not even sleepy. Oh, mother, wasn't it the most gorgeous party!" She put her arms round Edna and hugged her excitedly.

"IT WAS fine," said Edna. She thought perhaps Cara would tell her something about Warder Vincent. But she said nothing more than that she would put out the lights in the living room and hall, and that her mother should go on upstairs.

"That was a nice boy," said Edna, lingering, "that cousin of Agnes's. I liked him."

"I did, too," said Cara. "He's heaps of fun. And mother, what d'you think? His father left a lot of debts and he's paying them off, bit by bit, Agnes told me." But not a word about Warder.

"She's shy of speaking of him to me," thought Edna. "Well, that's as it should be. Cara never was one to talk out her deep feelings. I'll know when the time comes—and I'm in no hurry. I'll pretend I don't notice their sweethearting."

"He must have fine principles," said Edna aloud, about Francis. "Well, good night, darling child." And "Good night, darlingest mother," came back Cara's light soft voice, with a little thrill in it.

From the night of the party onward the Talbert house was the headquarters for a young quartet, Cara and Agnes, Francis and Warder, and if they weren't indoors dancing or singing or chattering, they were out in the garden, often right at Edna's heels, or maybe starting off somewhere in Warder's car, to a picnic or a party or for tennis at the country club. Every evening they were together, and sometimes in the afternoon. Or perhaps Francis would come over alone in the morning, but he didn't tag after Cara closely then. Instead he came out with Edna and helped her plan where to put the bulbs, and how high the posts must be for the pergola, and he actually cleared out a good bit of the little stream which ran at one end of the grounds and made a shallow pool close under a group of trees, and planted ferns and alders about it until it looked as though it had been there for years.

EDNA was enchanted with him. She thought it very considerate of him not to rouse Warder Vincent's jealousy by trying to be with Cara during the hours when Warder must be at work, and she felt certain that he was in love with Agnes but had met with no encouragement from the Mack family. She felt that they might be right to oppose such a match, what with Francis being a first cousin and loaded down with his father's debts; yet he was such a nice boy and in such a hard profession, and so she was very kind to him. Again and again she told Joe and Cara how much he helped her, and what a splendid young fellow he was.

"He says he'll build me a bridge over the brook if I want it," she said, "and he's opening up a path through that thick undergrowth to go down the back way. It'll be lovely. He doesn't know much about planting things or even the names of flowers, but he's got a great sense of design, and that's where I'm weak. Why, with old Raffy Dugan to help we'll have three years' work done in the garden this one season."

Cara teased her about him and called him her boy friend, and even Joe was facetious now and then. "Guess I'll have to look out," he said, chuckling, "you'll be slipping off to South America or China with this young rascal. You're a regular cradle robber, Edna."

"Maybe I am," admitted Edna, "or maybe I'm getting to be a vamp—I'm not sure which. About time I did a little stepping out—I don't get much chance with you stuck in your workshop twenty-four hours of the day."

And when Francis went into that same workshop and spent his morning fooling with Joe's wheels and valves and pipes and other gadgets, Edna was very amazed, for Joe enthusiastically proclaimed him a wizard with tools and smart as lightning to get the hang of new mechanism.

"There's not a boy in this town that's got the intelligence or the knack that he has," said Joe. "It's not his technical education, either, it just comes natural to him."

"You leave him alone," said Edna, "I need him in the garden. You can do your own inventing."

"Don't bicker, children," Cara told them, "and don't be greedy. I like Francis myself, you know—and so do Agnes and Warder."

JOE smiled and went off into the workshop, but Edna lingered. She thought she detected a slight self-consciousness in the way Cara pronounced Warder Vincent's name. She tried to draw her out. "Don't imagine from my praising Francis so much that I don't like Warder, too," she said. "I've always considered him the finest young man in town. He's more manly than Francis in his ways."

"I don't see that exactly," said Cara.

"I mean he doesn't laugh and joke and carry on so high. Francis is a regular kid. Warder has more dignity, he's more serious."

"I suppose he is—but Mother, he's done nothing really to compare with Francis. Francis worked his way through college and tech, and he's done awfully well for a beginner. Of course he doesn't make much—an engineer never does at first—but his firm thinks heaps of him. Agnes told me so. They're going to send him on a much better job in South Africa." At Edna's surprise she flushed slightly. "I don't mean anything against Warder. Of course he didn't need to work his way through college and he's done well enough in the bank, but Francis is—oh—he's exceptional."

"Now I wonder," thought Edna, "if she's comparing Warder with other boys to try to make up her mind! I've never thought she cared so much about him as he does about her." She was glad of it. Cara had plenty of time to get married in. Let Warder Vincent wait—do him good! The Vincents thought they owned the earth. Now they'd see that their money didn't mean a thing to Cara. Aloud she said, "I'm sorry to hear Francis is going away so far. Maybe it's just as well though."

"Why, Mother, what do you mean?"

"I mean on account of Agnes."

"Agnes!"

"Cara, you're stupid! Anybody can see she's head over heels in love with him, and he's certainly taken with her. But he's so poor, and anyway it's not the right thing for cousins to marry. I suppose her parents wouldn't countenance it."

Cara was staring at her. "I never thought of Agnes being in love with him," she said at last in a strange voice.

"I DON'T see how you could help noticing it," Edna wanted to add, "any more than you can help noticing how much Warder's in love with you." But she didn't say it. Instead she asked, "Are you going to play tennis this afternoon? I'll press your white linen if you are."

"I'll press it," said Cara. "You run along into the garden. You know you're dying to be out there. Pretty good, isn't it, after all those years of growing geraniums and begonias in the window to play

(Continued on Page 77)

YOUR car looks worn and battle scarred. Months of fighting wind and rain and dust and sleet have dulled its original lustre and faded its bright finish to a lifeless, drab hue. You are ashamed of it—you hate to drive it any longer—yet you cannot afford a new one. Then, one day you see these three magic words:

"MOTORISTS WISE-SIMONIZ."

You have seen them many times before, but this time you take their advice. YOU SIMONIZ YOUR CAR.

The Simoniz Kleener quickly and easily removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes, restoring the lustre, and then the Simoniz is applied.

. . . and behold, you have a bright, shining car, brilliant in its beauty. And, you thank heaven for Simoniz.

The sooner you Simoniz your car, the better. It gives lasting protection in all weather, makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading.

Easily applied with a cloth.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
Chicago, U.S.A.

. . . such perfect poise . . . such a gloriously graceful carriage!

..the telephone *taught me the secret of her complete beauty*

I HAD never met Stewart's wife until just recently, when he took me home with him for the week-end.

As I bowed over her hand, she impressed me as being a most charming person—exactly the sort of girl, I thought, that beauty-loving Stewart *would* marry . . .

But I had yet to learn, it seemed, how *completely* beautiful she was . . .

The telephone taught me *that*.

For, at its strident call, she rose from her chair, and, as I watched her move across the room, her grace reminded me of the effortless beauty of a swallow on the wing.

I could scarcely wait 'til she was out of hearing to exclaim: "How *completely* beautiful she is. Honestly, Stewart, I have never before seen such animate loveliness . . . such perfect poise . . . such a gloriously graceful carriage!"

Of course, he agreed with me, and then when she returned, I heard the "secret" of her buoyant walk, her natural grace. She told me about Red Cross Shoes, and I understood, as you will understand when you read about them.

* * *

Made over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts—the result of averaging the measurements of thousands of feminine feet—The Red Cross Shoe fits snugly, yet yields gracefully to every changing contour of the foot. The exclusive Arch-Tone support holds up the active arch with comforting firmness, but leaves the foot free to flex naturally at every step. And because the curve at the heel is designed to follow Nature's own lines, thus providing a perfect "heel pocket", there is none of that slip-slip and rub-rub—so wearing on silk hosiery.

You can readily see why all Red Cross Shoes *fit*—even the "hard-to-fit" foot . . . why a graceful, unhampered walk and a superbly buoyant bearing follow as a matter of course.

At the smartest shop in town you will find on display Red Cross Shoes for street, sport or formal wear—perfect blendings of Parisian design and American ingenuity. Beautiful, modish, correct in every detail—at prices ranging from $10 to $16.50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.

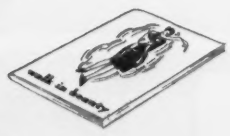
BELLAIRE

ARDSLEY

FREE BOOK! *Send for this interestingly illustrated book, "Walk in Beauty." It gives the views of prominent educators on the subject of correct posture, tells how many beautiful women have acquired the charm of a graceful carriage. Address Dept. J-15.*

The RED CROSS SHOE

WALK IN BEAUTY



© 1929, U. S. Shoe Co.

PRODUCT OF THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, CINCINNATI

Laundry-washed clothes LAST LONGER

I ALWAYS thought of the laundry as a steamy, disordered, magnified picture of my own basement on washday," Alice Gartley declared. "But here everything is clean and fresh as a hospital!"

"Yes," agreed Ted Hall, the superintendent, "and we are equally careful in safeguarding the health of your family. In this purifying bath you notice we add a mild clarifying agent—a final safeguard to insure absolute sanitation. No home laundry could possibly be more sanitary. As for laundry sent away to questionable quarters, there simply is no comparison!"

In *your* city, modern laundries offer services to meet each need—they *all* save you money! Laundry-washed clothes are cleaner and they last longer.

A Service for Every Family Budget.

WHETHER you supervise the laundress at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry in a variety of services to meet every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and a plan which returns clothes damp for ironing are a few of many individualized services available at laundries today.

© 1929, L. N. A.

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

Go with Alice into Launderland

This delightful journey booklet may be had from any modern laundry displaying on its trucks this picture of Alice in Launderland. A telephone call will bring your copy.

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

(Continued from Page 74)

round with this big place." Her voice was full of affection for her mother.

"I didn't mind it for myself," said Edna, and then, with sudden vehemence, "but it would kill me dead if I thought you had to go through the same thing. There isn't a night that I don't go down on my knees and thank our Heavenly Father that your father made this money in time for you to have the things other girls have. Oh, Cara ——" She gave her daughter a long eloquent look.

"Mother, I didn't guess ——"

"It's true. To have you sheltered and safe, and without that awful endless grind of poverty hanging over you—if you knew what that means to me! And I can buy pretty clothes for you, and nice shoes, and silk stockings, and you can entertain the other young people, and go about with them just as easy and carefree as any of them! People can talk all they want about poverty being a state of mind, and that you must rise above it, but you can bet they're the ones who never had to put paper in shoes to keep their feet off the frozen ground, or sew old gloves together to make a coat lining with warmth in it, or eat corn-meal mush three weeks running at every meal." She rose and went out into the garden without another word. She knew she was saying too much, that she must not talk like this, even to Cara.

HER garden soothed her, as it always did. Tall larkspurs were in bursts of azure bloom, with little particolored violas at their feet, and soon there would be orange lilies. The pergola was finished and Raffy Dugan was laying paving stones beneath it, leaving space between for grass and sod. There was a seat at the end, and Edna dropped down on it, considering whether she would have the white wisteria at the left side, and the Silver Moon rose at the right, or the other way about. Or should she have a pink rose, one with lavish clusters of flowers? She put a handful of soil in a cranny of one of the stone posts—she would stick a wall plant there tomorrow. And where should she put her cedars? She had ordered three beauties, and it was almost time to plant them.

"Raffy," she said, "what do you think about putting those cedars here at the left? They'll be lovely dark slender things against the lighter green shrubbery and they'll look attractive in winter from the living-room windows."

But Raffy shook a wise old head. "No use planting cedars there, Mis' Talbert. They wouldn't live, leastways they wouldn't thrive. It's too sheltered. Cedars must have the wind."

"Oh, is that so? I never heard that before."

"That's true. They have to use their strength if they're to grow and flourish. It takes a mighty gale to break them, they bend and lean maybe, but they love it, and they grow strong and handsome. Where there's shelter they don't do much."

"I'll have to think of something else then," said Edna absently.

A CAR had driven in; she was sure it was Warder Vincent. Cara came out in the white linen—"I don't believe she pressed it," thought Edna—and they whirled away. They would probably pick up Agnes and Francis over at the Macks'. Edna decided that she would go in shortly and call up the country club and tell Cara to bring them all back for supper. And she would make a devil's-food cake, four layers, and a chocolate icing filled with chopped nuts. How delightful it was to make a cake without a qualm about the grocer's bill. And Justine, the cook—another delightful thing, a cook—was so admiring when Edna went out and displayed her skill in the kitchen. Oh, but life was beautiful! She thought of what she had said to Joe on the night of the party, and said it again. "It is paradise!" adding with comic defiance, "and not a single snake!"

She stopped at the workshop door and saw Joe peacefully puttering. "Hello," she said, "put on another tie for supper. We're going to have company. Just the young folks, but I don't want them to see you with that string round your neck. Invented anything new today?"

"Not a thing. Any suggestions?" This was one of their stock jokes.

"I'd like a dandelion digger that wouldn't break the sod and would get all the root out. Try your massive brain on that."

"Too hard!"

"Oh, very well—I knew nothing I'd say would suit."

SHE went on to the kitchen. Her cake making went deftly on, and as she beat eggs and creamed sugar and butter she thought of Cara. There couldn't be a more satisfactory daughter. Noiselessly her lips formed the words, Cara Talbert—Mrs. Warder Vincent, Junior—Cara Vincent. The names went well together. Warder Vincent, Senior, and his wife would be pleased with the match, now that Joe was a rich man and known all over the country as a great inventor. Edna curled her lip just a trifle at the Warder Vincents! Cara was plenty good enough for young Warder even if Joe hadn't a nickel, and they were still living in the tiny back-street house. But there—no use of holding it against them that they were worldly! Wasn't she herself glad that Cara had chosen a young man who was well-to-do and of a good family? People in glass houses ——

The young folks were late to supper, but it didn't matter. At last they came rushing in, in the highest spirits, acting, as Edna told them, "like a pack of six-year-olds."

"It's Francis," declared Agnes. "He's been carrying on like a wild thing and finally we all got going. Ouch, Francis, you pig, don't you pinch me!"

"I'll do worse," threatened Francis; "I'll tickle your elbows."

Agnes screamed and fled to Joe. "Don't let him do it, Mr. Talbert. If there's one thing that I can't stand it's to have my elbows tickled."

"Sit down, all of you, and behave yourselves," said Edna. "Francis, be a good boy, or you'll get no ice cream."

"OH, IS there ice cream?" He beat time on the table with a spoon and sang loudly, "Ice cream, ice cream, you are my dream, if I don't get a lot I'll scream ——"

Warder shut him up with a violent hand over his mouth, and they subsided. But it was a foolishly hilarious meal. When it was over some more men and girls dropped in, and Joe fooled with the radio until he found them some dance music and presently they all went careening about the living room.

Edna and Joe sat on the porch and listened. They did not talk very much, but Edna told him about the cedars and what Cara had said about Francis going to South Africa, and Joe said they'd have to build a little addition for a downstairs sitting room, if Cara and her friends were always going to be dancing in the living room.

"We needn't act hastily," said Edna; "she might get married, then we'd have gone to the extra expense for nothing, with just another room to heat. Not that it matters, I suppose, only I can't get in the way of spending money without good reason."

"Is Cara thinking about getting married?" asked Joe in a dismayed voice.

"She hasn't said anything, but you've seen how much Warder Vincent's been here this summer, haven't you? He's thinking about it, if she isn't. And she likes him better than anyone else, I feel pretty certain, or she wouldn't let him come round so often."

"Warder's a fine young man," said Joe, "but he never seemed to me to have much flavor to him."

(Continued on Page 79)

COME ON, MOTHER— BE A SPORT

EYES SPARKLING with fearless happiness in the adventure of living—living that's all tomorrows with no yesterdays—all eagerness and no regrets; the infectious charm of outdoor health, skillful at everything, confident, enthusiastic, sane of outlook, wholesome—that is the modern daughter who is coaxing mother to be young again.

The world is having a hard time to keep up with this daughter of today. She wants the best, usually gets it and then wants something better. She will not tolerate the traditions and drudgeries which held her mother in bondage.

That is why young women everywhere have accepted Modess. Simply because it is better. The old way was senseless. Substitutes for the old way were lacking in pliancy.

Modess is amazingly soft, yielding, conforming, non-irritating. It is safe. Disposable, of course. It was developed by Johnson & Johnson, world's leading makers of surgical dressings and adhesive tape. A remarkable new filler was invented—soft as down, highly absorbent. A way was found to soften the gauze and then to cushion it with a film of cotton for greater comfort. Sides are smoothly rounded.

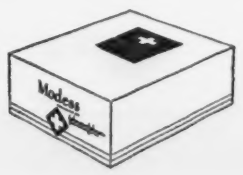
Modess is deodorizing. Scientific laboratory tests prove it to be far more efficient in this respect.

Try Modess. Its gracious ease will delight you. You will appreciate its safety and deodorizing quality. It costs no more than you usually pay.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

MODERNIZING MOTHER... *Episode Number Two*

Modess
SO INFINITELY FINER



Now with Frigidaire you can regulate the speed of freezing ice cubes and desserts

THE NEW COLD CONTROL

offers greater convenience... utmost simplicity

Today Frigidaire offers a new and far-reaching development in automatic refrigeration. Now you can regulate, at will, the temperature in the freezing compartment.

QUICK FREEZING

If, for any occasion, unusually quick freezing of ice cubes is desired, just set the control lever at "Colder". The temperature drops! Freezing is accomplished with much greater speed.

In the freezing of desserts, various ingredients require different temperatures for best results. The Frigidaire Cold Control enables you to set the temperatures of the freezing compartment just right for the particular dessert you are freezing.

The New Frigidaire is now equipped with the "Cold Control" without added cost to the buyer. Its adoption is in keeping with the policy that has established Frigidaire's leadership and made it the choice of more buyers than all other makes of electric refrigerators combined.

INCREDIBLY QUIET

Frigidaire offers dependable refrigeration...a temperature in the food compartment below 50 degrees. Frigidaire offers economical operation so that its savings more than repay its entire cost. Frigidaire offers utmost convenience in the arrangement of food shelves... incredibly quiet operation... and a low price that could be possible only as a result of quantity production.

MAY WE SEND YOU THESE BOOKS?

We should like to tell you more about the New Frigidaire... what it will do... the work and bother it will eliminate... the protection it offers to health. We want to give you a book of recipes for the new delicious desserts that can now be made so easily and quickly. And we want you to know how Frigidaire can be bought on the easiest of terms.

You can get the complete facts at any Frigidaire display room, or mail the coupon and we will gladly send you copies of the recipe book and the New Frigidaire catalog. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Dept. T-500, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me copies of the Frigidaire Recipe Book and the new catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from Page 77)

"Of all the queer things to say! What flavor do you want? Pep'mint—or wintergreen? Anyway, he's never been flavored with bootleg gin like some of the boys in town I could mention."

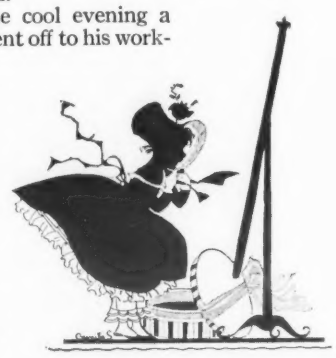
"That's true, I guess he's all right."

"Of course he's all right. I like him first-rate."

"Any young fellow that can make the girl's mother like him must be pretty good. Your mother never took any shine to me, I remember."

"Mother was a wonderful woman, but she held wrong prejudices sometimes," said Edna, loyal to both.

They sat there in the cool evening a while longer, then Joe went off to his workshop and Edna drifted upstairs to do a little mending and read the evening paper. The music and dancing had stopped, but she could hear voices on the porch. Their wild mood had passed, they seemed to be talking in a rather bored desultory way. Edna set fine stitches in a scrap of lingerie and wondered where Cara and Warder would live when they were married. There was a convenient new bungalow a block down the street, and she had heard that the Jennings house was for sale too. But both of these might be gone if Cara was slow in making up her mind. Maybe the Vincents would build a home for their son as a wedding present. If they did Edna determined that she and Joe would furnish it. "And I'll start their garden," she thought happily.



THE voices below were at last silent. Cara must have come upstairs so quietly that her mother had not heard her footstep. Edna went out into the upper hall. Careless child—the lights below had been left on. The rule of the house was that one small lamp only must remain lit, to be turned off by Joe when he finally decided to stop work.

Edna went downstairs yawning, turned the switch for the living room. "I'll just step out on the porch and get a breath of air," she told herself, and opened the screen door. Even as she did so, she became aware of Cara and a young man on the settee in the deep shadow, and—Cara's head was on the young man's shoulder and his arms were round her. It was too late for Edna to go back, or to make believe that she had not seen.

"I'm sorry," she said, smiling, "I didn't realize you were here. Of course I can keep on acting as if I was deaf, dumb and blind, but I've known all the time, and I think, Cara, you and Warder might as well own up and ——"

They came out into the strong light pouring through the open door and stood before her, and her words died on her lips. The young man was not Warder Vincent. He was Francis Mack!

"Well!" said Edna breathlessly. "Well ——" The quite irrelevant thought flashed through her mind that Cara Mack was a dreadful-sounding name! And suddenly she was furiously, completely possessed with anger against the two of them.

"I never imagined ——" she began again, but Cara broke in.

"OH, MOTHER," she begged, "how could you think I'd care anything for a—a fish—like Warder Vincent when Francis—why—what's the matter, Mother? You like Francis—you're always saying you do ——"

"I like Francis very well," said Edna, recovering her poise but not her temper, "very well, indeed, except for a son-in-law. And you needn't think for one minute that I'll ever give my consent for you to marry a man who's as poor as Job's turkey, and all covered over with his father's debts, so that he'd never be able to give you any kind of a home, let alone dragging you off into the most outlandish places where no white woman ought to dare to think of living; I'm surprised at you, Francis. I honestly am. You haven't a bit of business to make love to any girl under such circumstances."

"I KNOW it, Mrs. Talbert," said Francis humbly. "I know it too darned well. But I couldn't help falling in love with Cara."

"You could have helped telling her so, if you'd had the the least idea of honor!"

"Mother," said Cara gently; "don't talk to Francis like that. You mustn't, really. And Francis, you go along now. Mother'll feel differently in the morning."

"I will not," said Edna. Her anger exhilarated her, she felt very alive and strong enough to hold Cara away from Francis with her own hands, if necessary. She tossed her head at Francis' departing back, and shut and locked the front door with quite unnecessary energy. Cara waited, looking at her mother in amused tenderness, and this exasperated Edna still more. She would not let Cara put her hand in hers as they went upstairs.

"You can't come round me like that," she said, "I won't have it! No, I simply won't have it! You're only a child, you've not the least idea what it would mean to marry a poor man. That's the first thing. I will not have you go through all the same horrible grind that I went through! You don't know, I've never paraded it—but I can tell you that it was just plain hell. Little dribs of money coming in, and spent before I got it, generally. Never enough of anything, not enough coal in winter to keep the house warm, not enough warm clothes, not enough to eat. Your father didn't realize, he never could see anything outside of his workshop. It all fell to me, and it wasn't that I had to go without myself, but I had to do it for you too. And now you want to push yourself back into that life. Just when we've crawled out of it and got this lovely house, and you're being like other girls for the first time in your life. Just in the first peace and happiness I've had for nearly twenty years. A mother's got some rights even in these days and times. Haven't you any sympathy for what I've been through, that you want me to begin it all over again, for you? Because I'd suffer a whole lot more to see you doing as I had to do than I ever suffered for myself. It's not fair, it's not right for you to put this thing on me. You're not in love with Francis, he's just a passing fancy. You can get over it. And you'll have to, because I—will—not—have—it!"

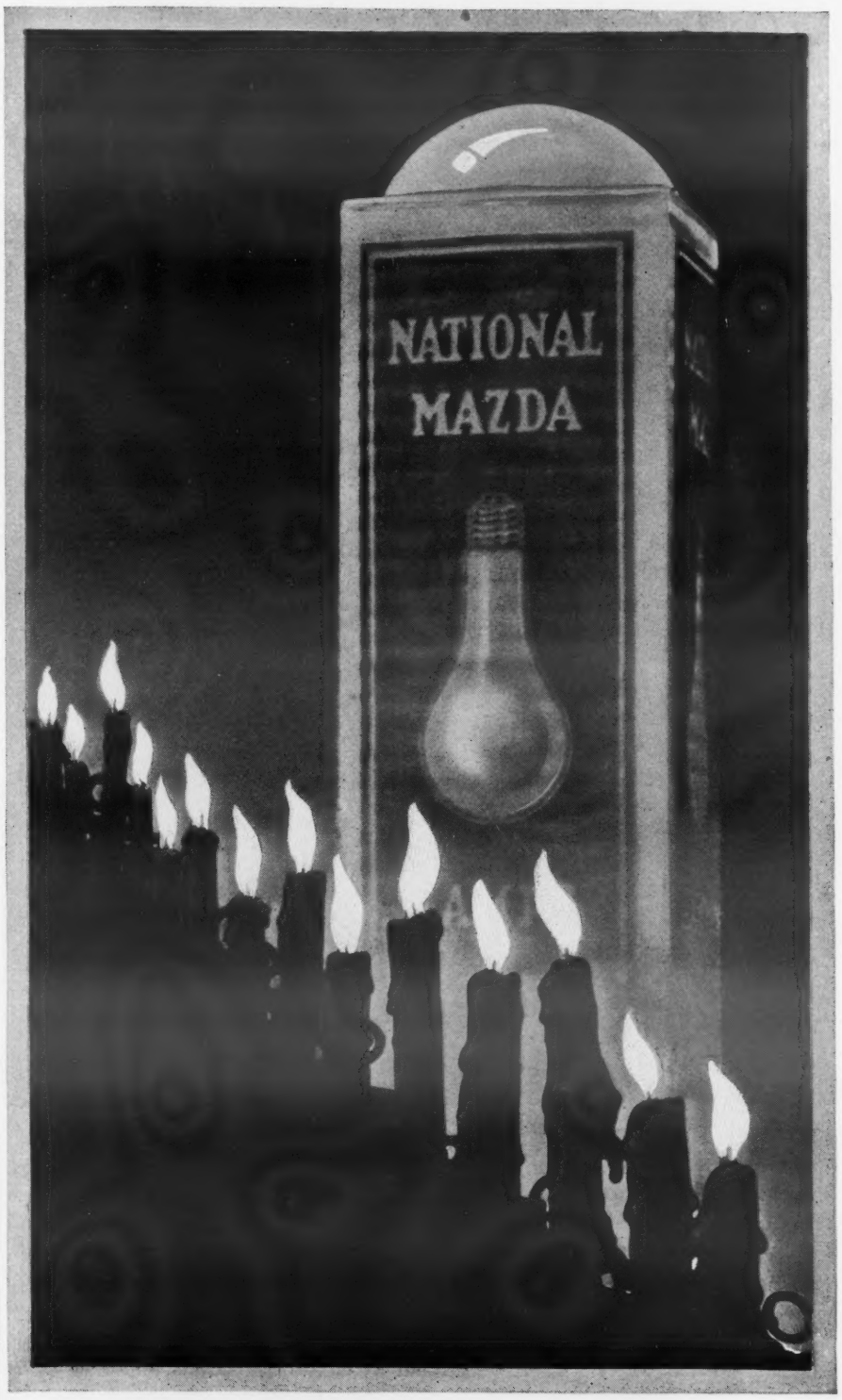
BENEATH the sharp and selfish tyranny of the words ran an undertone of agonized solicitude, of intense love crucified upon its passion to protect and save, and Cara, listening and quickened by her new emotion, heard this undertone and was wrung with pity.

Before Edna could hinder her, Cara came to her swiftly and kissed her. Then she stood before her, straight and tall and radiant. "Mother, I do love Francis. But unless you give your consent, I won't marry him. That's a promise. Only I believe when you've thought it over you will consent."

"I will not," said Edna. "Never!"

They had to leave it there, for Joe Talbert was coming upstairs. Edna couldn't say a word of the past before him, she had never reproached him, she never would. She moved uncertainly toward the door. "Well, good night, Cara," she said, as easily as she could.

"Good night, mother," said Cara dutifully, going into her own room.



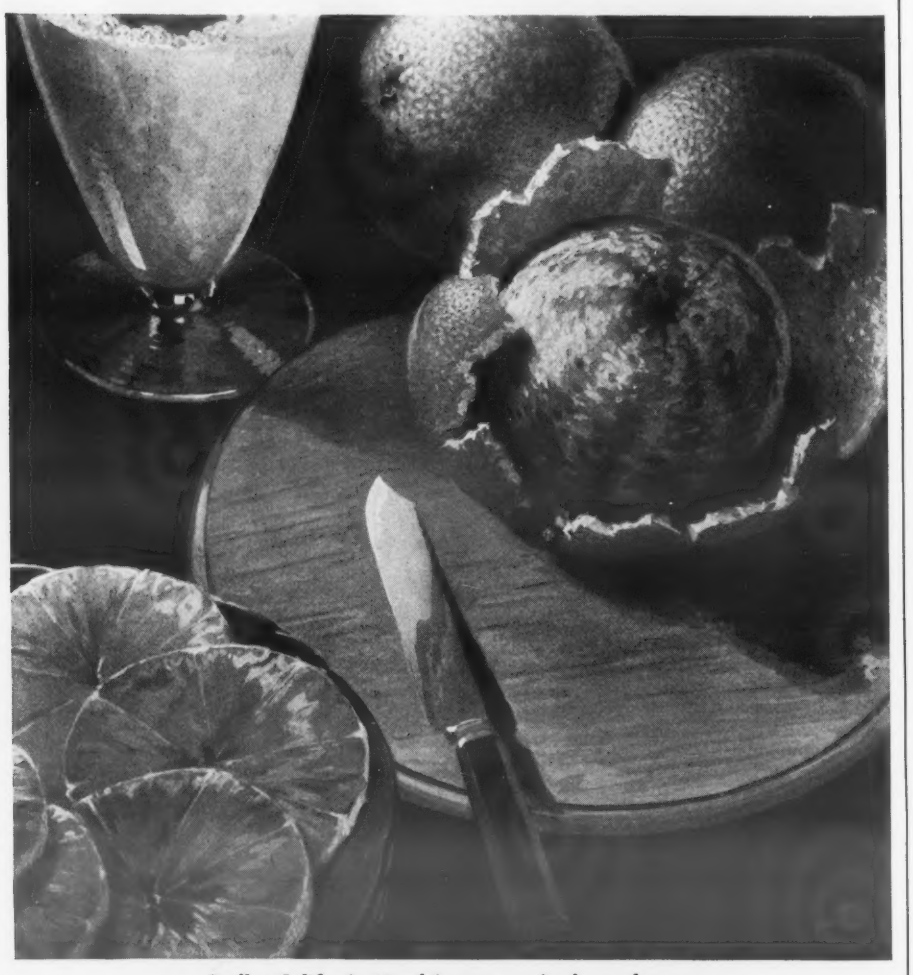
You can enjoy the light of 134 candles from this 100-watt National MAZDA Lamp for less than 1¢ an hour. Recommended for floor lamps, kitchen, basement, garage and wherever plenty of light is needed.

NATIONAL
MAZDA
LAMPS

MAZDA—the mark of a Research Service

The Richest *Orange Juice!*

Science has proved that California Oranges lead all others in natural health-making and extra-luscious flavor elements



Seedless California Navel Oranges are in the market now.

FOR health as well as for enjoyment California Sunkist Oranges stand supreme. Science has proved them richest in healthful fruit salts and sugars and an excellent source of vitamins (including scurvy-preventive vitamin "C"). You have but to see and taste their heavy, luscious juice to know they are just naturally superior in any comparison.

Besides, Sunkist Oranges are easiest to peel, slice and segment for quickly-made salads and desserts. Tender, firm meat lends itself to clean, fast preparation. Send coupon for "Sunkist Recipes."

There is an abundance of the small-size Juice Oranges from California this season. Your market right now has a plentiful, reasonably-priced supply. These smaller sizes are just as good, and just as good for you, as the larger ones. They are all grown on the same trees.

Listen to the highest medical advice and drink fresh Orange Juice daily for its needed alkaline reaction in the body. It is a potent corrective and preventive of Acidosis—the prevalent malady which is due to our faulty diet of too many of the necessary acid forming foods like eggs, fish, meat, cereals and bread and too few alkaline-reaction foods like Oranges and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk.

Acidosis is discussed fully in a free booklet, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," which also contains normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets, approved by an eminent authority. Send for it.

Sunkist Oranges are sold by the best dealers. The trade mark "Sunkist" is printed on the skin and on the wrapper. It assures uniform quality. © 1929 C. F. G. E.

Sunkist
CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE
Richest Juice - Finest Flavor

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. In Canada $19.95.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 203
Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California

☐ Enclosed find $14.95 (Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor.

☐ Please mail me a FREE copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and containing normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets. Check if desired.

☐ Mail me FREE copy of "Sunkist Recipes."

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

"What in the world were you and Cara arguing about?" asked Joe. "I could hear you down in the workshop."

"I didn't realize we were talking so loud," she answered evasively, "I'm sure we didn't intend to. This house is a regular sounding board."

Joe had never been inquisitive. He asked no more questions, but busied himself getting to bed and to sleep. But Edna lay awake until dawn, tortured, bitter. In the morning she woke from brief troubled slumbers with her determination increased instead of abated, but with her temper in firm control.

"Send for Francis to come over here," she said to Cara. "We'll have this out, so there'll be no possible mistake about it."

PRESENTLY he came, his gay boyish face turned pinched and appealing. He, too, it was plain, had not slept. Edna led the way down to the bench in the garden out of earshot of the workshop. They waited for her to speak.

"You two probably think I'm very unreasonable," she began, "but when you're older you'll thank me. You, Francis, are in no position to hamper yourself with a wife. You can't afford it. As I understand it, you give up all you make except just enough to skin along on to pay your father's debts. That's very commendable in you, and shows you've got fine principles, but—why should Cara be called on to help you? And even if you had your full salary to spend, it wouldn't be much, though I dare say you'll make more later. Cara's had a thin-enough time up until last year. I won't have her pushed back into it. Understand me—I won't! She's promised me that she won't marry you unless I give my consent. I'm not going to give it."

"Oh, Cara—you didn't ——" began Francis, then checked himself. "I know that every word you say is the truth, Mrs. Talbert. I shouldn't have told Cara I loved her. My only excuse is, I couldn't help it. I'm going away in a few days, and when I thought of being separated from her for a couple of years, of never letting her know what she means to me—I hadn't the strength. It wouldn't be so bad as you think. Some of the engineers have their wives with them, and if it isn't luxury, at least they seem to be contented. They have each other. Still, I suppose ——"

CARA broke in. "It would be all right with me, Francis. I told you so last night, and I meant it. But when I saw how mother felt—you don't understand about mother, Francis, she's had the most awful battle, she's borne the brunt of everything, for years and years and years, when it seemed as though father never would invent anything that would bring in more than twenty or thirty dollars a month. And she's been such a good sport, she's stuck by and never said a word, and she's gone without so much for me that now, when she feels I ought to go without something for her, I can't be a piker and say, 'No, I'll have what I want, no matter how it hurts you.' I simply can't. Look—you're paying your father's debts. You don't have to do it, but it's because you loved him, and you know he would want you to do it. That's the way it is with me. I must pay my debt to my mother. I owe her everything, and I love her more than she knows. I can't marry you when it makes her so terribly unhappy. I simply can't do it. D'you understand?"

"Yes," said Francis heavily, "I understand."

It annoyed Edna to have them so docile, so reasonable. It made her seem unimportant. She was not making the decision; they were. And they were not doing it because it was best for them, but because it was best for her. Somehow it reduced her stature of tragedy, sapped her strength. But instantly she reminded herself that no matter how they behaved, no matter what reason they gave, it did not change the fact that she was absolutely in the right. No decent man can ask a girl to undergo privation and hardship such as she herself had undergone.

"I suppose Mr. Talbert feels the same way as you do," said Francis, addressing Edna.

"I didn't talk to him," said Edna. "It would seem too much as if I was flinging in his face the long struggle we had. I can't do that. But anyway, that was different—I knew all the time he'd make good."

"Father'd not oppose us, Francis," said Cara. "Father'd want to give you the money to finish off the debts."

"I wouldn't take it," flamed Francis.

"No," said Cara, "of course you wouldn't. But that's what father would want to do."

Francis got up with a little desperate gesture. "There's nothing more for any of us to say."

"There's one more thing for me to say," Cara said, standing beside him. "I'll always love you, Francis, and I'll never love anyone else, and I'll never marry anyone else. I'm just as much bound to you as though we were engaged and going to be married before you leave."

"No, you're not," said Francis. "If you won't marry me, I won't tie any strings to you. That would be a low trick."

"IT CERTAINLY would," said Edna. But she wasn't sure they heard her. She raised her voice a trifle. "Now this matter is all cleared up, and everybody's been perfectly straightforward. You've behaved very well, Francis, and the time will come when you'll thank me ——"

But Francis backed away from her in horror. "Oh, don't, Mrs. Talbert," he said, "don't rub salt in the raw spots."

After he had gone Edna and Cara walked silently to the house. In spite of her victory Edna was unsatisfied. How had these two rash, ignorant young things managed to put her, with all her experience and hard-earned wisdom, so completely in the wrong. "Cara," she began, and in spite of herself, her voice shook, "Cara, my darling, my dear little girl, if I could only get you to understand why I've done this! You know how much I love your father! There never was another man in the world so far as I'm concerned. And I can't say it to him, I'd rather cut my hand off than have him know it, but when I look back on our life together, it makes me deathly sick! There was one time when you were about ten years old we didn't have a cent in the house for over two weeks."

"I remember that. It was the time when I wanted a dress for the school entertainment, wasn't it? And you made me one out of a sheet."

"Oh, child, I never thought you knew. Yes, that was the time. I sat there and sewed on that dress, and I'd go out into the kitchen and scrape the flour barrel and fry out the old scraps of bacon rind for fat, and it seemed to me I'd go out of my mind. We couldn't get another nickel's worth at the grocery. And to have to make you a dress out of an old sheet when the other girls would have lawns and organdies and dotted swiss—it seemed to me while I did it that my heart was bleeding, drop by drop."

CARA slipped a strong young arm about her mother. "Don't," she begged, "it's all over. And I didn't mind the dress out of a sheet, I thought it was awfully nice."

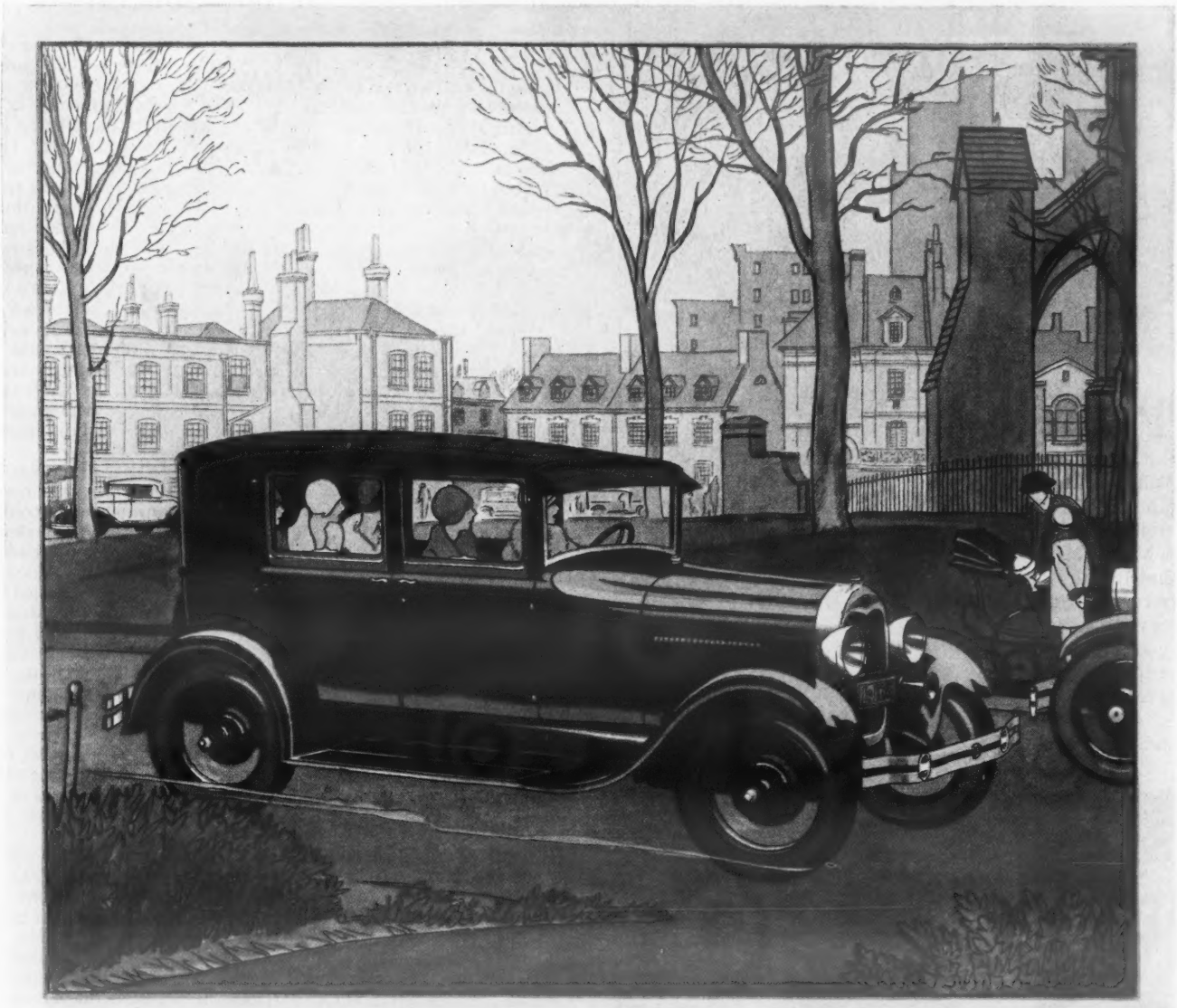
"Yes, but you see you understand? You don't think I'm cruel and mean?"

"No," said Cara, "of course I don't. I remember that time, too, mother, and how your eyes looked. But you were always so cheerful when you spoke. And father never had the least idea! But I don't see why ——"

"What?"

"You made all those sacrifices for father and me, you loved doing it, because you loved us. But mother—you want to deny me doing as much for the man I love, and for my children. Don't you think you

(Continued on Page 82)



You will find the new Ford a comfortable easy-riding car

In days gone by, it was Mother who seemed destined to get most of the bouncing on those Sunday afternoon rides. Bumps that seemed like innocent little bumps to Dad in the front seat were quite large and aggravating by the time they reached the riders in the rear.

Perhaps Mother mentioned it in clear, brisk tones. Perhaps, being long-suffering, she didn't. There seemed no way it could be helped in a low-priced car.

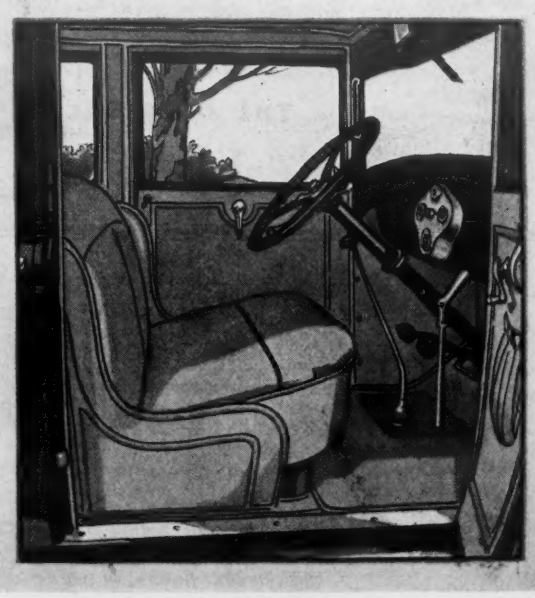
Then along came the new Ford and with it a new idea of riding ease. Now there is no dividing line for comfort. Everybody can lean back and relax because even rough stretches may be taken at a reasonably fast pace without the exaggerated bouncing rebound which is the cause of most motoring fatigue.

This comfort means so much to the joy of motoring that it should be one of the first things you think about in selecting a motor car. "Is it a comfortable car to drive?" is almost as important as "Is it an economical car to operate?"

The new Ford brings you truly remarkable riding ease not only because of its low unsprung weight and transverse springs but because it has four Houdaille shock absorbers. Formerly these were installed as standard equipment on only the most expensive automobiles. Their use on the new Ford is an example of the quality that is built into every part of the car.

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan



Shown on the left is the interior of the new Fordor Sedan. Upholstery is soft and luxurious, yet long wearing. All appointments are fully nickeled. Note the wide door, the convenient arm rests, the air of restful riding comfort.

The illustration on the right shows the roominess of the front compartment of the new Fordor Sedan. Here, as in rear view, you can see the restful tilt of the wide, deeply cushioned seat—the richness of every detail of finish and appointment.

After shopping

A day in crowded stores . . . an exhausting trip home on cars or train . . . dinner to get . . . You simply can't do it!

When you come in from shopping, drink a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk. You feel stronger immediately!

"Horlick's" concentrated nourishment restores your energy . . . stimulates your nerves. As good as a nap!

You can mix up a glass of "Horlick's" (natural or chocolate flavor) in a few seconds. Send for free sample and speedy mixer (see coupon below) *today*.

Restful sleep

Frayed nerves . . . a rundown physical condition . . . These break your sleep.

Insure your nights against sleeplessness by taking a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk—preferably hot—before retiring.

Its warmth is relaxing. It calms the nerves. It is quickly digested . . . You sleep . . . the night through.

Take a glass of "Horlick's" (natural or chocolate flavor) every night before you go to bed. Send coupon below for free sample and speedy mixer.

On cereals

You coax. You scold. You play a game. Still Sister doesn't eat her cereal!

Why not try this healthier method? Sprinkle it with Horlick's Malted Milk (natural or chocolate flavor).

"Horlick's" supplies not only the sweet of pure malt sugars, but it is an aid to digestion. It contains the proteins, minerals, vitamins necessary to child health. Physicians have recommended it for nearly 50 years.

It gives the old breakfast standbys a new flavor. Send coupon below for free sample and speedy mixer, now.

Convalescent?

How you crave a new flavor in your daily diet!

Horlick's Malted Milk supplies that "different" taste—malty, refreshing . . . And it gives you, in easily digestible form, the precious, body-building nourishment you need. Physicians have recommended it for nearly 50 years.

"Horlick's" (natural or chocolate flavor) can be used in so many tempting ways. Drinks, hot or cold . . . soups . . . desserts . . . on cereals.

Send coupon below for free sample and speedy mixer, today.

THE ORIGINAL

MALTED MILK

HORLICK'S

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.
Dept. A-17, Racine, Wis.

Tear out and mail this coupon for sample package. Check flavor wanted. For Speedy Mixer, the improved method of mixing a creamy Malted Milk *in a glass*, enclose 4 cents in stamps for postage.

☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name.....

Address.....

(If you live in Canada, address 2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)

Horlick's, the original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

(Continued from Page 80)

make me out sort of weak? Don't you believe I'd have the strength?"

Edna's lips tightened. "Maybe you would, Cara," she said, and her voice was sheer pain. "Yes, I know you would. But I haven't got the strength to see you do it. It would be going all through it again for me, only worse. I can't, I can't."

There was a silence full of stress. At last it was broken by Cara. "Then we won't talk about it any more," she said with determination.

And so they didn't talk about it any more. Life in the Talbert home was resumed at its usual pace. Francis and Agnes and Warder Vincent appeared each evening as before; nothing seemed to have happened. Only there was a difference somewhere; the spring of gayety was broken. When liveliness did seize them it was forced and feverish and ominously short-lived. Joe asked Edna:

"The young folks haven't had a fuss or anything, have they?"

"No," she said, "not that I know of. I suppose they're all thinking about the time when Francis goes away."

"When does he go?"

"Next week, I think." She was, in fact, perfectly sure if it, but she affected a lack of interest.

"I'm sorry," said Joe, "I'm going to miss Francis. I don't know when I've taken a shine to any young chap like I have to him. I wish to gracious Cara had picked him instead of Warder Vincent."

"He's too poor to get married."

Joe chuckled. "Being poor didn't stop us, did it, hon? I shouldn't wonder if there were plenty times when you wished it had."

"I NEVER did," said Edna. "I never did. You know it, Joe Talbert. I wouldn't change the years we struggled along together for all the riches in the world. We had each other, didn't we? That was enough." She stopped, shocked at her vehemence. With her own lips she was reciting Cara's longing, she was convicting herself of error, and bias, yes, and prejudice. She began hastily to talk of the garden.

She had diverted his attention, yes, but she had not diverted her own. It came back to her and tormented her. Was she only gratifying herself, was she a coward, not for Cara, as she had said, but for herself? Hateful, nagging questions, persistent beyond belief—no effort of will could quite banish them. Oh, she must protect Cara, she must! But, came the instant answer, could she always protect her? And could she protect her from everything hard, from all suffering, all experience? Suppose Cara did, after a while, marry Warder Vincent, was it sure to be the perfect match? Might not Warder have inherited some of the evident traits of his father? Warder Vincent Senior was a stingy old creature at home, people said. And there were whispers that when he went to the city he wasn't the discreet and strict moralist he appeared among his fellow townsmen. His wife had never had the appearance of a very happy woman.

Most of these tense days of waiting for Francis to go Edna spent working in the garden, though he came no more to help her, and she missed him. She toiled there trying to be so tired at night that she would not notice Cara's haunted eyes.

Joe said to her, "You're digging too hard. Take it easy, hon."

But she would not listen. She kept Raffy Dugan on the jump, changing things about, and she was so sharp with him that the old man got up on his dignity and was sulky and disobliging.

THE afternoon before Francis left she had a cruel nervous headache and had to stay in her room, faint with nausea and the stabbing relentless pain. The four young people had gone off on their last picnic, and Edna, so that Joe would not be alarmed, dragged herself up just before suppertime, got into a dress, she hardly knew how, and went downstairs, holding to the banister rail to keep from falling. She went out into the garden, managed to reach the pergola bench, and sat there, weak and miserable.

Old Raffy came by. He was pleased because she had let him alone all afternoon, and he had been able to do a piece of work which he knew she had wanted specially to supervise. He couldn't resist reporting his malice.

"I put them cedars in, up on the knoll, Mis' Talbert," he said. "My boy Tom come and helped me. They'll do fine up there—they get the whole sweep from the northwest." He waited, hoping Edna would show her annoyance, but she did not answer him, and so he went on his way.

Edna lifted her eyes slowly to the knoll. The cedars were there, straight and tall and young and darkly, intensely alive. Their slenderness, their grace, reminded her irresistibly of Cara. As she looked at them tears began to drip down her cheeks. Cedars could only grow and be strong and beautiful if they were free to battle against the elements. If they were sheltered they were stunted, malshaped. And Cara—yes, she, too, must war with life if she was to reach full stature, full fruition. Her mother knew it, had known it all the time—only she would not admit it. Sitting there gazing at the trees she yielded. "I daren't live her life for her," she said aloud. "Her life's her own. I gave it to her first, and I must give it to her again." A strange serenity fell over her harassed spirit as she made her renunciation. Cara would love, and suffer, and find life good, and if it was hard, so also it was sweet. Cedars must have the wind.

"LITTLE DID WE DREAM A YEAR AGO THAT TODAY WE'D BE SITTING IN THE SHADE OF OUR OWN APPLE TREE"

DR. GASTON LYON—one of the outstanding figures of the medical profession in France, on whom his colleagues have lavished professional honors; he has been chief of the Medical Clinic of the Faculty of Paris; he is Laureate of the Academy of Medicine; he is author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Digestive Tract," and many other medical works.

"Yeast regulates the intestine," *says* DR. GASTON LYON, *of Paris*

"IN FRANCE, yeast is in current use. It is especially used in disorders of the skin, but should not be limited to skin diseases. It reduces intestinal fermentation, and regulates the functioning of the intestine. Its mode of action should be taken advantage of all the more, since yeast can be taken without inconvenience."

DR. GASTON LYON, author and prominent physician of Paris; authority on maladies of the digestive tract, verifies the experience of millions of Americans—that eating yeast relieves constipation and its attendant ills.

In an authorized interview he says, "Yeast modifies the intestinal action while not being destroyed itself." He further points to the value of yeast in the treatment of skin diseases and declares, "Its efficacy in this field is already strongly established."

In a recent survey covering the entire United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these living yeast plants pass through your intestine daily, they combat harmful poisons and purify the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time.

At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, soda fountains and lunch counters. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply. It will keep in a cool dry place. Start today!

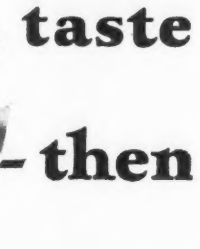
Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. G-108, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

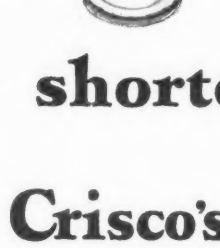
FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines spread and attack the weakest spot. Colds, sore throat, headache, bad breath, bad skin—90% of your ailments—start here, doctors now agree. And here, too, is where yeast works. For bubbling good health, keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

Copyright, 1929, The Fleischmann Company

You taste milk.

You test eggs. 

Now,  taste

Crisco – then

your shortening.

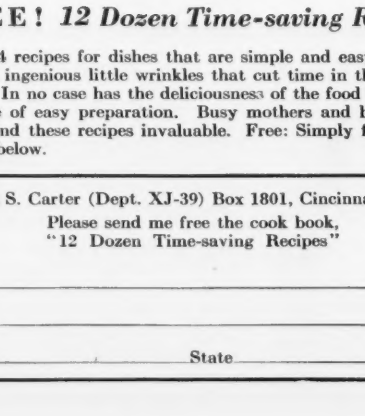
Taste Crisco's sweet

fresh flavor.

. . . Imagine how

Crisco improves

the flavor of your



© 1929, P. & G. Co.

FREE! ***12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes***

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free: Simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XJ-39) Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.
Please send me free the cook book,
"12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes"

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

4 Hasty Hot Breads

GOOD-MORNING BISCUITS

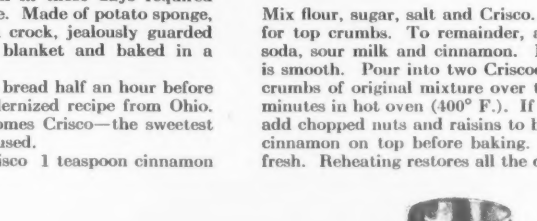
(Mixing time: 7 minutes)

Baked in a jiffy for breakfast, they may be reheated to their original fluffiness — for Crisco biscuits hold the moisture which insures lasting freshness. And, of course, their flavor is sweet. How could it help be otherwise when the flavor of Crisco itself is so sweet and fresh?

4 tablespoons melted Crisco ½ teaspoon salt
3 cups bread flour 6 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup sugar 1 cup raisins ¾ cup milk

You won't have to wash rolling-pin or biscuit-board—because they're not needed. Melt 4 tablespoons Crisco while you wash and drain raisins. Sift together flour, sugar, salt and baking powder. Add fruit. Add enough milk to melted Crisco to fill cup, and mix with dry ingredients. Dust a sheet of oiled paper with flour, spoon out the dough and pat it with floured hands to about ½" thickness. Cut into small rounds, lay on Criscoed tin, brush tops with milk to insure golden browning, and bake in hot oven (450° F.) for about 15 minutes.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.



BISHOP'S BREAD

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

If your grandmother ever entertained a circuit-riding preacher she probably celebrated his presence at breakfast with Bishop's Bread, which in those days required twelve hours, or more, to prepare. Made of potato sponge, it was set to rise in an earthen crock, jealously guarded from drafts with a homespun blanket and baked in a brick oven.

Now you can make this same bread half an hour before breakfast by following this modernized recipe from Ohio. And from Ohio, by the way, comes Crisco—the sweetest flavored shortening I have ever used.

2½ cups bread flour ½ cup Crisco 1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups brown sugar 1 teaspoon baking powder 1 egg
½ teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon soda ¾ cup sour milk

Mix flour, sugar, salt and Crisco. Save ¾ cup of mixture for top crumbs. To remainder, add baking powder, egg, soda, sour milk and cinnamon. Beat briskly until batter is smooth. Pour into two Criscoed cake pans and scatter crumbs of original mixture over tops. Bake for about 25 minutes in hot oven (400° F.). If you want a richer bread, add chopped nuts and raisins to batter, and sprinkle extra cinnamon on top before baking. The Crisco will keep it fresh. Reheating restores all the original fluffiness!

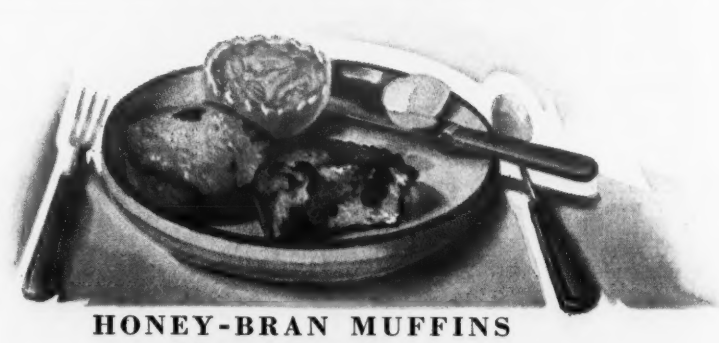
HIGHLAND SCONES

(Mixing time: 12 minutes)

A Scot from Aberdeen said these were better Scotch scones than Scotch scones—which was his way of being humorous and honest at the same time. A Caledonian viand with an American accent—SPEED! And with a delightful fresh sweet flavor imparted with a shortening that is itself sweet and fresh-flavored—Crisco!

2 cups bread flour 5 tablespoons Crisco ½ cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder ½ teaspoon salt 2 eggs
2 tablespoons sugar jam or marmalade

Blend Crisco with sifted dry ingredients. (No long process of cutting hard fat into the flour—*Crisco is of workable consistency.*) Stir in milk and eggs. Spoon dough onto oiled paper dusted with flour. Pat with hand to ¼" thickness. Spread jam or marmalade over half the dough, cover with other half and press gently together. Cut into squares and then crosswise to form triangles. Brush with milk to give a rich brown glaze, and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) from 10 to 15 minutes. Serve while hot for tea or breakfast. (Omit sugar from recipe and spread dough with ¾ cup grated American or pimiento cheese instead of jam or marmalade and you'll have a delectable scone to serve with salad.)



HONEY-BRAN MUFFINS

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

Nature's oldest and purest sweet—honey—joins two other natural foods, fruit and whole wheat, in these quick muffins. And Crisco, the sweetest, freshest-flavored shortening you could possibly imagine, lends its freshness and pure flavor to the ensemble.

4 tablespoons melted Crisco 1 cup whole-wheat flour
1 egg, beaten ½ cup bread flour ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup honey 2 cups bran ½ teaspoon soda
1½ cups thick sour milk 2 teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup raisins or chopped dates

Light and set oven at 375° F. (medium oven). Melt sufficient Crisco for recipe and to brush into muffin tins. Beat the egg, stir in the honey and sour milk. Sift the two kinds of flour with soda, salt and baking powder, mix with the bran and stir into the first mixture. Add raisins and melted shortening and beat well. Fill Criscoed muffin tins half-full with batter. Bake in medium oven (375° F.) from 20 to 25 minutes. This makes 24 large muffins. I have reheated these muffins when they were a week old and found that Crisco had kept them fresh and moist.

Is the Antique Fever Waning?

(Continued from Page 18)

highboy having original brasses brought seven hundred and fifty dollars. A curly-maple butterfly table was sold for nine hundred, though this price was a bit disappointing, since five years before twelve hundred and fifty had been refused for it. And then a Savery grandfather's clock, which had been exhibited at the Sesquicentennial, sold for thirty-eight hundred dollars. After this, surely there could be no surprises, and during what was left of the four-day sale, though bargains were nabbed gladly when possible, high prices were sufficiently continuous to give antiquity a new dignity.

A note of pathos crept into the bidding on the mahogany bridal chest, for after once refusing to part with it for seventy-five dollars, it had finally been sold by a descendant of the maker, for bread. If he could have seen it go now for one thousand and twenty-five dollars! A set of six bow-backed, braced-back Windsor side chairs, of a particularly beautiful honey-amber color, brought one hundred and forty-five dollars each; a Queen Anne walnut lowboy with the original brasses went for five hundred dollars. A Martha Washington sewing table was bid in for four hundred and thirty-five dollars; a Martha Washington mirror brought five hundred and twenty-five dollars. And the prize piece of the sale, a huge curly-maple highboy, with a scroll top, ball and claw feet and original brasses, an extremely rare piece admired by thousands at the Sesquicentennial, was purchased for forty-two hundred dollars.

Auction Psychology

SURELY this auction of old pieces at Doylestown can prove that the antique fever is not on the wane!

But remembering the skeptical attitude of the lady in glasses, I knew it would take more than one sale to convince her of the value of our host's bow-backed Windsors! And I was glad, shortly after this at the auction in Pennsburg, Pennsylvania, that the bidding grew extremely hot over even such small things as an adjustable wooden candlestick, about fourteen inches high, which sold finally for one hundred and fifteen dollars; over an iron trammel, hammered and etched, very rare and beautiful, which brought the unusual sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars. On medium-sized pieces, seventeen hundred and fifty dollars was not considered out of the way for the purchase price of a Philadelphia serving table of mahogany, with ball and claw feet—very fine and all original. And on large pieces a new peak in high prices was attained when a Savery highboy, dated about 1763, was bid spiritedly up to eighty-five hundred dollars, and then went back to its original owner for nine thousand dollars, who had faith that it would bring much more than this at some future day.

At still another sale, a pair of rare Queen Anne side chairs, with solid splat backs and slip seats, sold for three hundred and twenty-five dollars each. A very small pine corner cabinet, in the rough, sold for one hundred and sixty. Another auction proved that about one hundred and ten dollars each was a fair price for bow-backed mahogany Windsor armchairs. That the smallest Chippendale mirrors, all original, rarely sold for less than fifty dollars, and sometimes went up much higher than this, depending on the mood of the bidders. That a high pine writing desk with a flap lid, at the psychological moment, well may sell for four hundred. I began to anticipate congratulating the lady in rose, and I wondered if the young woman in lace wouldn't begin collecting dilapidated antiques when I unfolded my sheaf of high prices before her shocked eyes.

I knew one thing, however, that they would ask me. And so I might as well set it down now. In purchasing antiques through public auctions, doubtless many people pay more than they would for the same article in a straight sale. But at plenty of auctions doubtless many pay less. Against other bidders there is the incentive of coming off victor and gaining the spoils, which offers the temptation to bid more than the piece is actually worth. On the other hand, some exceedingly choice pieces are obtained at much less than their value before the crowd gathers in the early part of the morning, and after it starts dwindling away in the late afternoons. At one sale, in direct opposition to the high prices maintained all day, in the late afternoon I saw an Adam semicircular console, five feet long, bought in for fifty dollars, when it was worth at least three hundred; and someone sitting next to me acquired a large Queen Anne gate-legged table for the low sum of thirty-eight dollars.

Then there is psychology to be reckoned with. If in the crowd at an auction there is not more than one person who really wants the piece to be bid on, there will be too little competition to boost the price greatly. One of the best bargains I ever saw was an antique Chippendale sofa, covered in plum, in shape very like the lovely piece in the Philadelphia room of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, which, at one of these unpsychological moments, sold for one hundred and fifty dollars, very much less than a reproduction would cost. At another sale I saw a small and exceedingly graceful Victorian sofa bid in for a dollar, and for the same reason. I have seen a walnut Pembroke table, with X stretchers and a reeded edge, go for thirty-five dollars; an inlaid Hepplewhite table go for thirty-four; a chair table in pine knock down for eighteen dollars; and a corner cupboard sell for as low as eleven. I am sure such prices make sales very exciting and worth while especially to collectors who are limited in means. But they make us realize, too, that antique investments must be carefully guarded if they are to bring us a proper and final return.

An Undying Interest

IT IS in regular antique shops, however, that sales are made slowly and surely. Nothing is left to the whim of the crowd. The price is fixed according to actual value; and though some old piece may wait for years before it is sold, over a period of time the price is likely to increase as the piece becomes older and as such antiques become more difficult to find. When, however, sales in a permanent stock of antiques seem, at least to the owner, exceptionally slow he resorts to an auction.

There is little doubt that well-advertised sales and auctions of celebrated collections can be counted on to bring extra-high prices because of the wealth and importance of the people who will be sure to attend. And almost everyone will come with the hope of making some purchases, whether small or large, for once the antique hobby is acquired, there's no denying the urge to make fresh acquisitions. That this urge is threefold makes it more lasting; some will be there with the idea of furnishing a home, others to increase a collection, or invest capital with the hope of big returns later. But in any case it is the sure knowledge of antiques which protects the bidder, who realizes it isn't the old age of furniture alone which makes it precious, but fineness and rareness of type.

Those who have speculated heavily in fine old mahogany and maple, in rare walnut and pine, in antique turnings and carvings and wormholes, may rest assured that the interest in antiques will not wane; that it cannot do so while fine pieces ever grow scarcer and scarcer. Modernism cannot touch it, because its values are rooted in a too scant supply.

What shall our children read?

Now, Olive Beaupré Miller Offers a Definite Answer to this Question

TEN YEARS AGO Olive Beaupré Miller saw that she could definitely classify right reading and wrong reading for children. Some stories were not to be read at any time; others were to be read but at the right time—not just at any age or at any time.

A child of three years may, and perhaps will, cry with hurt feelings at the story of the poor little kittens who lost their mittens. To him it is a tragic thing in the lives of these poor kittens. But a red-cheeked boy of five will be considerably entertained by the same story.

This is because he reads the story at the right time, at the proper age, not at the wrong time. These are points that seem small in themselves but over a period of time they are of vast importance because children are impressed in many different ways and by many different things.

Imitation is second nature to the young; but what are we to say and think about imitation when four-year-old Betty reads the verse which ends, "I took him by his left leg and threw him down the stairs", and then does the same thing to her baby brother, much to his inconvenience and surprise?

Surely every parent will agree with Olive Beaupré Miller that there is right reading and wrong reading for children and that the difference between them may mean a great deal to our children during their impressionable years.

My BOOKHOUSE is not an encyclopedia or just a set of books. It is not a miscellaneous collection of children's stories and rhymes. It is a definite plan of right reading for children. The particular arrangement, grading and plan of selection can be found only in My BOOKHOUSE.

But it has this additional advantage—the child is not made conscious of a definite plan of reading. He naturally follows the Bookhouse and grows up with it because it is built to fit the requirements of the child's mind. The child is not required to fit himself to My BOOKHOUSE.

That is why My BOOKHOUSE is in daily use by thousands of children everywhere. They use it year after year. No other stories have ever achieved *this great success with the children* themselves. It is an outstanding feature found only in My BOOKHOUSE, created by Olive Beaupré Miller.

The whole story of right reading for children, which was originated and created in its entirety by Olive Beaupré Miller, is told in a small booklet written in her home studio. We suggest to all fathers and mothers that they send for it now. It is free. *The* BOOK HOUSE *for* CHILDREN, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

A Brief Outline of the Nine Volumes of My BOOKHOUSE *and* My TRAVELSHIP

In the Nursery. A volume filled with sunshine and lovely illustrations for the very young child. It is so interesting and attractive that grown-ups, as well as children, read it and enjoy it.

Up One Pair of Stairs. Consists of stories of child life in other countries. It expands the child's thought and introduces him to the more simple fairy tales.

Through Fairy Halls. The third volume is the book of fairy tales, gathered from the folk lore of almost every nation in the world. The child has now reached the age when fairy tales will no longer make the wrong impression on him.

The Treasure Chest. The book of realistic adventure. Gives the child the opportunity to use his imagination in imitating worthwhile characters.

From the Tower Window. The book of romantic adventure. Its basic material consists of stories from the great national epics. At no time in a child's life is guidance in right reading more important than at this stage.

The Latch Key. Contains the biographies of the authors, written in a style particularly appealing to children. It also contains the ethical theme index to hundreds of stories invaluable to parents as well as children.

Nursery Friends from France. A translation of the old nursery rhymes of France. They offer American children the most interesting gallery of quaint and picturesque French nursery characters.

Little Pictures of Japan. Presents a moving picture of all sides of Japanese life. Its chief aim is to awaken in the soul of the child a deeper appreciation for the beauty of the universe.

Tales Told in Holland. The stories in this book are legends and folk tales and there is at least one tale from each of the eleven Dutch provinces.

© 1929, T. B. H. F. C.

My BOOKHOUSE TRAVELSHIP

The Bookhouse *Group of Right Reading*

All LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Recipes Call *for* Level Measurements Using Standard Measuring Cups *and* Spoons

The Practical Homemaker

A Department of Cookery and Household Economies

Conducted by MILLICENT YACKEY

All Recipes Printed Here Have Been Successfully Made *in* Our Own Home Demonstration *and* Testing Kitchen

Things That We All Want Alike

Buying Information for the Spring Bride

By ALICE L. EDWARDS

UNQUESTIONABLY great-grandmother's kitchen belonged to another age. There was the stove, the inevitable wood box, a large worktable with the big bucket always sitting on one corner, cupboards containing spices, salt, saleratus, cream of tartar, tea, coffee, and the two small cans—one for lard, the other for drippings—kerosene lamps on small conveniently placed shelves, and that special table with its great kneading board and bins beneath for flour, meal and sugar. A spinning wheel was kept in one corner so that great-grandmother might spin while keeping an eye on the baking bread. The outside door opened on a large porch where you peeled potatoes and apples or shelled peas on warm summer days. There were two storerooms at the side of the porch, one for preserved fruits, the sauerkraut barrel, milk, butter, eggs, and the great lard cans, the other for fresh fruits and vegetables. Down at the end of the hollyhock-bordered path were the vegetable garden and the berry patch. The smokehouse with its dark golden-brown store was off by itself near the orchard gate.

"It can't be good, it doesn't cost enough ——" Unless the consumer is told the reasons, it is sometimes hard to convince her that a truly better product is available at reduced price.

How astonished great-grandmother would have been had she caught a glimpse of the household of today. Much of the work which was carried on in her home—the weaving, bread making, food preservation, sausage making and laundering—has departed from the homes of her great-granddaughters, while a new group of home activities entirely unknown to her are the accepted necessities of today.

Household Products are Being Simplified

PRESENT-DAY housewives are urged to supply their needs with the products of great factories that are busily turning out an immense stream of household goods, appliances, equipment, furniture, food products, fabrics and wearing apparel. This mammoth factory system with its ever-increasing output has been made possible and profitable through the development of power machinery and the adoption of efficient methods. It grew and grew until it seemed that there was an unlimited multiplication of the number and variety of articles, but in recent years there has come an opposition to this growth and a demand to simplify and decrease the number of sizes and styles of various articles, thus reducing the cost of their manufacture and standardizing the quality and uniformity of the products. As yet most of this standardization and simplification is found in the materials which are required in industry or building, such as steel, concrete, chemicals, and engine parts. But gradually the products which are to be used in the household are being simplified. For instance, we now have only one size of electric-light plugs for all usual purposes, and the thread is the same on all, so that any plug will fit in any one of the sockets in the house; the standards of their construction, also, are such that with correct wiring there is little or no danger of cross circuits. Wouldn't it be awful if the 25, 40 and 60 watt light bulbs each required a special socket, and the 10, 15 and 20 ampere fuse plugs were different sizes?

Another example is the number of sizes of bed blankets, which have been reduced from the seventy-eight once on the market to twelve sizes, now found to be an entirely adequate number.

The home is a very different place from a factory, and so naturally the homemaker's viewpoint toward the standardization of household products is not the same as that of the manufacturer. She is most interested in the finished product, whereas he is most interested in raw material and in methods of production, because these are most closely related to quantity production and profits. The homemaker does not care where the metal in the blade of her kitchen knife came from nor how its steel was tempered, but she does want to be sure that the blade will hold an edge, and if it is rustproof and stays bright, so much the better. Similarly, she is more concerned about the wear of sheeting than about the length of the cotton fiber or the twist of the thread from which it is made, although she may have a vague idea that these have some relation to wearing value. If she can afford it, she may be willing to spend more for a sheet of fine, smooth, even texture; but if she must do her own laundry, she may choose a slightly coarser, looser weave, because it washes much more easily. It is impossible for the housewife to know about the specific materials and the manufacturing methods which result in the best article for each of her multitudinous needs. She leaves practically all these to the manufacturer to determine, and she appreciates all the information he gives that helps her judge how well a given article will wear, what kind and how much service it will give her, and what the operating cost will be. Speaking in the manufacturer's terms, she wants some assurance as to the performance of the article she buys. For instance, the durability of hosiery depends upon the quality of raw stock, the kind and size of yarn, as well as on the methods employed in making and finishing it. If the manufacturer could tell about the wearing value to be expected from the methods and the materials which he has used in making a given line of hose, it would be a great help to women in determining how much to pay for hosiery and what kind to buy in the light of their own particular need.

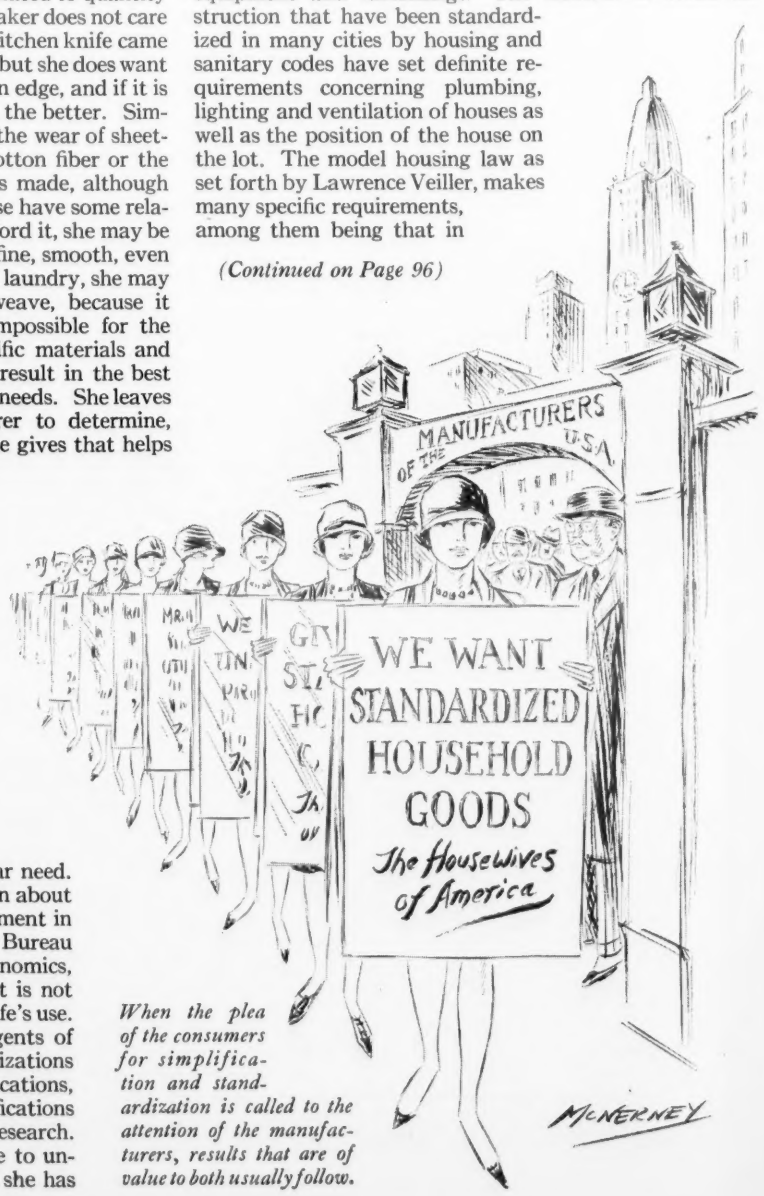
Though there is a wealth of information about all sorts and kinds of material and equipment in the files of government offices—such as the Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Home Economics, and the Federal Specifications Board—it is not available in a form suitable to the housewife's use. It is of greatest value to purchasing agents of the Government and of industrial organizations who make all their purchases by specifications, which are drawn up by the Federal Specifications Board and are based on the most careful research. They are too technical for the housewife to understand in most cases, and furthermore she has no adequate means of testing such products as sheets, ink, varnish or radios to see whether they meet the requirements. Though the governmental departments have this information, they will not at present tell her whether a given article under its trade name comes up to their specifications, and she is thus often at a loss to know whether an article she is considering buying meets the standard she wishes.

Women Show Increased Interest in Buying

WOMEN are growing more and more interested in buying and are now demanding more information comparable to that given to government and industrial purchasers, so that they can buy more intelligently in the light of their economic situation.

There are many places where simplification and standardization can be of benefit to the individual or household consumer. Their influence has already been felt in house plans, building materials and the construction of the house itself; and to a somewhat lesser degree in the case of household equipment and furnishings. The features of house construction that have been standardized in many cities by housing and sanitary codes have set definite requirements concerning plumbing, lighting and ventilation of houses as well as the position of the house on the lot. The model housing law as set forth by Lawrence Veiller, makes many specific requirements, among them being that in

(Continued on Page 96)

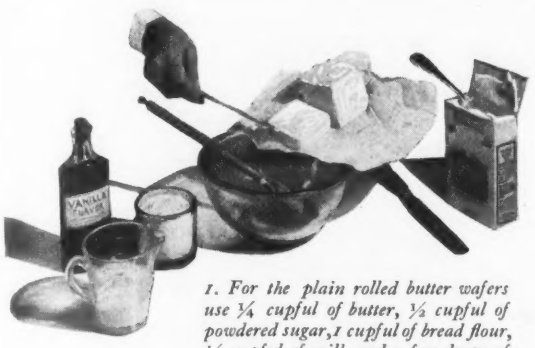


When the plea of the consumers for simplification and standardization is called to the attention of the manufacturers, results that are of value to both usually follow.

Crisp Rolled Wafers are Dainty Desserts

Either Plain, Filled or Chocolate-Coated

MAYBE you, too, have brought back from Scotland memories of luscious rolled ginger wafers and would again love to feel their "gingery" crispness melting on your tongue, revealing whipped cream filling. We make them now and sometimes use a fluffy, well-beaten cream cheese filling, or roll them like toots and fill with ice cream. One simply drops in a nicely rounded tablespoonful of it; either plain vanilla or pistachio is preferred because of their delicate flavor. But in case of the straight ginger rolls, the filling is "shot" through from one end from a rose pastry tube, which is simple enough and quite a lot of fun. As for the plain, delicate, rolled butter wafers, they have always been a teatime delicacy here, and when brushed with melted dipping chocolate or sprinkled with chopped nuts—they have an added touch of the caterer's artistry.

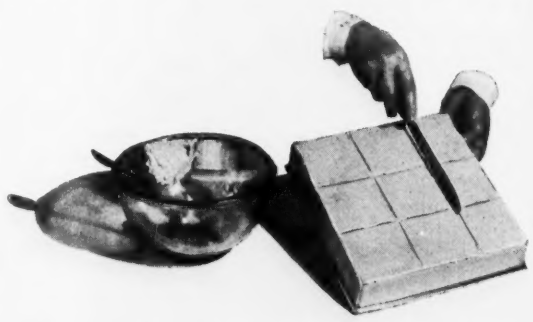


1. For the plain rolled butter wafers use ¼ cupful of butter, ½ cupful of powdered sugar, 1 cupful of bread flour, ¼ cupful of milk and a few drops of vanilla. Mix as any butter cake, but be sure to use bread flour as the gluten gives elasticity so the dough spreads easily.

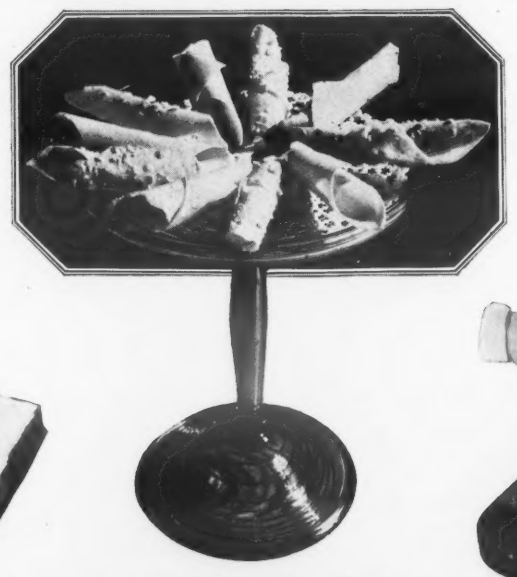
2. Put a tablespoonful of the dough on one side of the bottom of a smooth, well-buttered pan and draw it along with a spatula, spreading it very thin and evenly.

3. When you have drawn the spatula the full length on one side, pushing the dough ahead of it, turn the pan and run the spatula down on each of the other sides in the same way, and you will have the dough spread on in a very thin, even sheet.

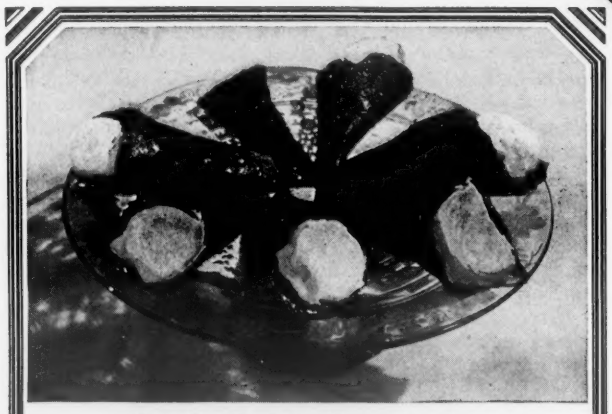
4. In spreading the dough, some of it may slip over the edges of the pan. This should be carefully removed by cutting upward with the spatula, so that when the wafers are rolled they will have even, straight edges on all four sides. Otherwise that side of the wafer clings to the pan and has to be cut free before the wafer can be rolled.



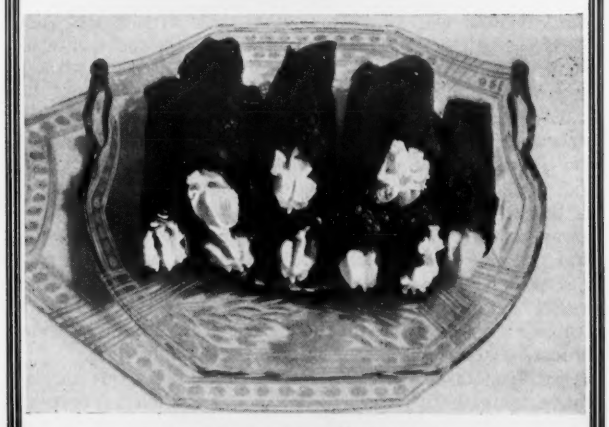
5. Then mark the dough off clearly in 3 or 4 inch squares and bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. until it becomes a very delicate tan and is puffy-looking. This requires about 7 minutes, but watch so it will be evenly colored all over and only light brown. Then slip the grate halfway out and have a slender-bladed paring knife handy.



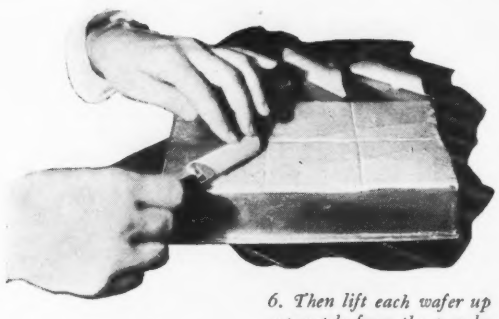
A most appropriate teatime delicacy.



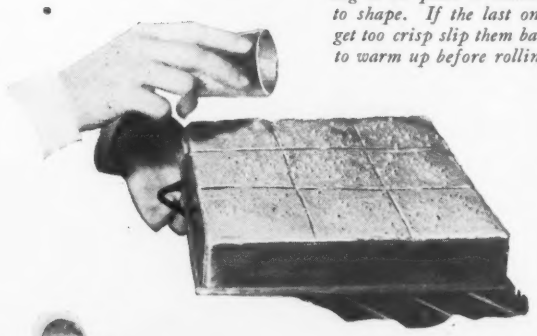
One will suffice, but you'll want them often.



You will want these rolls piled high.



6. Then lift each wafer up separately from the pan by one of the corners and roll it over the knife blade, holding it in place a moment to shape. If the last ones get too crisp slip them back to warm up before rolling.



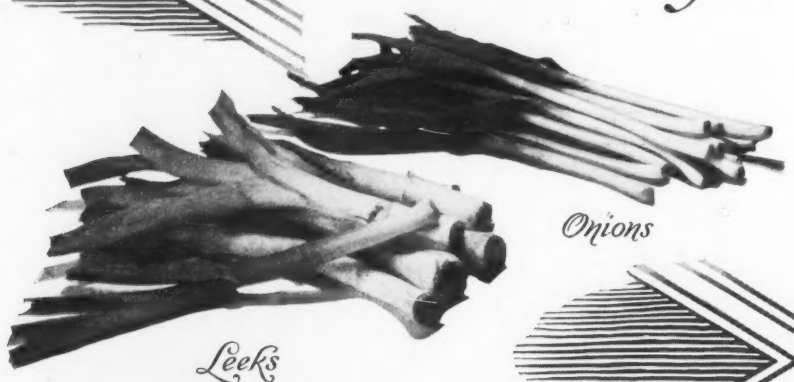
7. Before baking the wafers chopped nuts may be sprinkled over them. If you want the nuts on the outside, turn the wafers over just before rolling them. Either almonds or peanuts finely chopped are popular for this purpose.

8. For the ginger toots or rolls, the batter is very different. It is first cooked before baking on buttered sheets, and is not spread as the other rolled wafers are, but is baked much longer. Should you want our recipe, we will be glad to send it at your request.

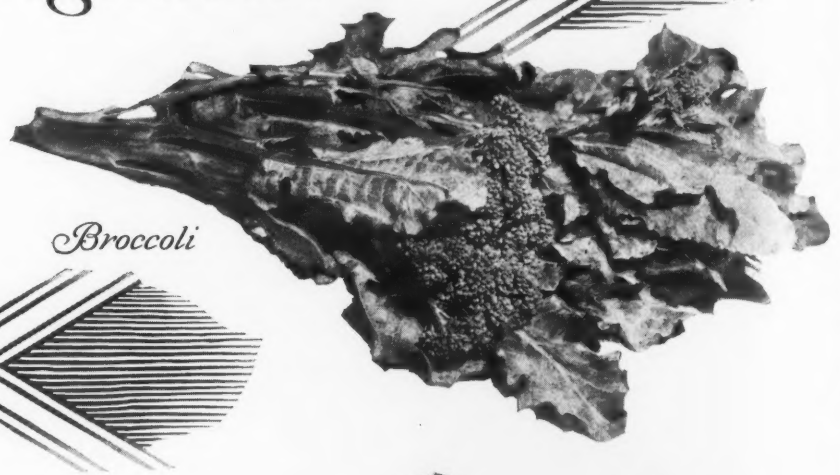
9. You will be very much surprised at the appearance of the ginger-wafer dough while it cooks. It spreads and bubbles and seems very soft, even after 12 minutes. Then you take it from the oven and allow it to cool until easy to handle and roll up on a wooden stick, ¾ inch in diameter, and hold in place a minute to shape perfectly.

10. The toots are made the same way except for the shape. Roll them in a semicircle and tilt the stick up to make a wide opening while holding the ends in place so they stick together when cold. These ginger wafers are very crisp and brittle and most gracefully eaten right from the fingers, so are especially nice to serve at large teas or receptions when a minimum of silver is deemed desirable.

The Modern Fashion in Old-Style Vegetables

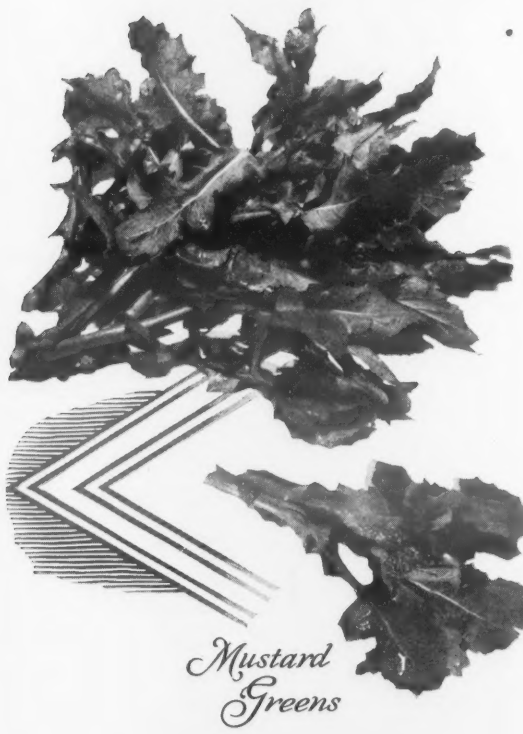


Leeks



Broccoli

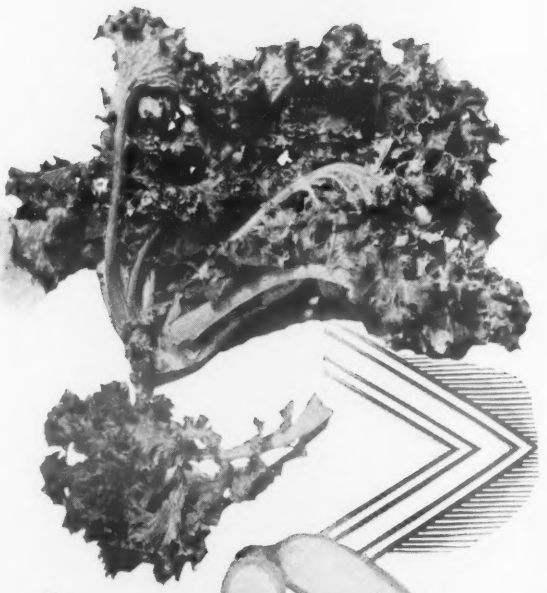
Onions



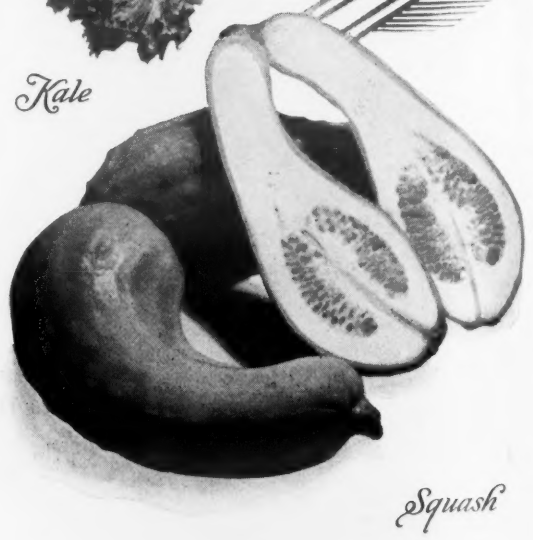
Mustard Greens

Bean Sprouts

Poke



Kale



Squash

Italian Dandelion

THERE is no new thing under the sun," and if you think there is, either you are very, very young or else you are very, very wise. If you are very, very young you are still having your introduction to the experience of life; and if you are very, very wise you will see things to the last moment of your life that are new to you, for no one can live everywhere at every time and know everything.

Take, for instance, these vegetables. If you grew up in Virginia the crisp, tender, pink stalks of poke, with yellow, half-unfolded young leaves, will mean home and springtime; but if you have lived in a number of other places, you will greet poke as a new vegetable.

We often have to cook new foods a number of different ways to find how we like them best. Poke has a penetrating flavor much less delicate than its appearance indicates, and so is best cooked in a large amount of water. You might like it served in the whole stalks with plain melted butter and vinegar or drawn-butter sauce, or cooked as you prefer greens in general, or with a ham bone or salt pork or other smoked meats. If you do not like it one way, try it another, and always be as fair in your number of trials of new food products as you are in those of literature, music, art, etc., in developing taste in those lines.

Bean sprouts are used largely for salads and have always been grown by the Chinese. They are already so popular on American tables that they are sold not only fresh but also canned, and we doubt this is due alone to their vitamin C.

Mustard greens, like poke, can be had for the gathering in many localities, and also appear regularly as vegetable greens on our markets, since modern science has explained the "why" of their old-time prescription. The leaves and stems have a determined flavor common to it alone, which is natural, since the seed itself is a condiment.

A springtime vegetable that we all welcome because its sweet greenness stimulates the taste buds and sharpens the appetite is the new onion; but how many of us know its cousin, the leek? Though somewhat larger in girth, it is more delicate and sweeter in flavor and is much more often used by the French for soups and flavoring.

Broccoli is a vegetable contribution from the Italians, and one of the real aristocrats of this group. It is delicate in flavor and texture and very, very green, and when it comes to the table steaming hot, or even cold, with a smooth rich Hollandaise sauce, you settle down with a satisfied comfortable feeling, knowing that one of the joys of life is just ahead. For a spring one-dish luncheon, it vies with new asparagus and the less-often-used but just as delectable French artichoke.

Kale, like poke and mustard greens, needs renewal of acquaintance and proper appreciation for the variety it offers in providing "two green vegetables and a salad a day."

To you, does squash mean just plain, white, pattypan, summer squash, or large, green, yellow-meated winter squash? Do you know the small crooked-necked ones, so nice for individual serving in planning satisfying vegetable dinners; or the long narrow vegetable marrows, as delicate as their name implies? If you haven't tasted striped squash, small and straight, called zucchini, do so before you meet the next Californian. He has cause to expound on its versatile sweet meat. Zucchini is the Italian for this variety of squash. The Italians have a delicate taste for green vegetables, for besides broccoli and zucchini, we also have Italian dandelion.

Each vegetable has its own group of followers, but the new converts are often the strongest supporters, which may account for the increasing introduction of vegetables new to us, and the return to fashion of the old ones. But let us all be young enough in spirit or wise enough in years to reap the advantage of the variety that means so much to our well-being.

And - - the richest of marble effects, too - in this newest EMBOSSED LINOLEUM

"SAPPHIRE" No. 3506 Sealex Embossed Inlaid Linoleum

"ABBEY" No. 3507 Sealex Embossed Inlaid Linoleum

"RUBY" No. 3500 Sealex Embossed Inlaid Linoleum

"ALPS" No. 3502 Sealex Embossed Inlaid Linoleum

"CHATEAU" No. 3503 Sealex Embossed Inlaid Linoleum

"SIERRA"—Spruce green tiles, richly veined, give the Sealex Embossed Inlaid pattern pictured below all the richness of rare marble. (No. 3504.) The same rich marble effect also comes in the two other colors shown—"CHATEAU" and "ALPS". There are still other Sealex Embossed Inlaid designs which owe their charm to lovely groupings of plain tiles of varied tones.

DIFFERENT from any embossed linoleum you've ever seen—so beautiful, so natural-looking! Floorings that re-create in faithful detail the beauty of time-mellowed, old-world floors; and provide also the quiet, comfort underfoot and ease of cleaning which have made *Sealex* Linoleums so popular.

The tiles in the new *Sealex* Embossed Inlaid Linoleum are so well defined that they give the appearance of having been set in actual mortar by a master craftsman. You'll be fascinated by the subtle play of light and shadow along their softly rounded edges and in the gently depressed mortar lines.

These qualities of realism, beauty and accuracy are all due to a remarkable new method* of manufacture evolved by Congoleum-Nairn engineers.

And—*Sealex* Embossed Inlaid Linoleum is made by the *Sealex Process.* This means that the tiny pores are sealed tight against dirt and spilled liquids.

Make it a point to see this popular-priced *embossed* linoleum. The Sealex Shield, pasted on the face of the material, identifies this newest achievement in modern resilient flooring—as well as other types of genuine linoleums.

*Patent pending

FREE—"Your Floors as a Decorator Views Them" —by the well-known authority *Winnifred Fales.* A color scheme selector comes with the book. Address us at Kearny, N. J.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

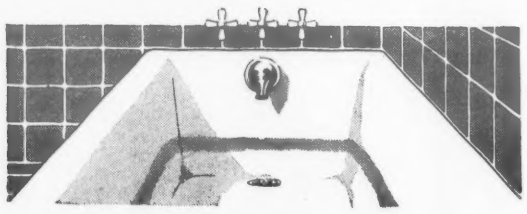
EMBOSSED SEALEX LINOLEUMS

Stain-proof - Spot-proof - Easily cleaned

AMAZING—modern—time-saving—a new version of the Liquid Veneer Polish so favorably known to millions of housewives. Now, a cleanser as well as a beautifier—suitable for every type of furniture and finish—help for your every-day dusting and cleaning. So easy to use—hours of work accomplished in minutes of time.

THE NEW LIQUID VENEER

Cleanser and Home Beautifier



KEEP your house the envy of your friends without spending hours doing it. The NEW Liquid Veneer is help extraordinary for all your dusting, cleaning and polishing—woodwork, linoleum, furniture, tiled walls and mantel, porcelain, nickel; removes the bathtub "ring"; keeps waxed and varnished floors at their very, very best—the universal beautifier for every room, upstairs and down.

UNDER the magic touch of the NEW Liquid Veneer, the finger-marks, the dirt, and dingy film that hide beauty become things of the past. Beauty beams forth again like the noon-day sun. And no greasy film to attract more dust and dirt and film. Little wonder that more than 2,000,000 women use it constantly.

SWARMS of disease germs lurk in dust. That's why doctors say: "Old-fashioned dusting is unhealthful. It scatters dust—and germs". A little of the NEW Liquid Veneer on your dust cloth confines dust—picks it up and protects the health of young and old. More, your house is clean, and it stays clean.

With the New Liquid Veneer dusting, cleaning, polishing Glove, the NEW Liquid Veneer is even more wonderful, more helpful, more time-saving. The glove protects the hand from the mess and fuss of the ordinary dust cloth—picks up the germ-laden dust instead of scattering it—beautifies quickly and without any hard rubbing, without a trace of greasy film. Sold by hardware, drug, grocery, and department stores everywhere—4 oz. bottle, 30 cents; 12 oz. bottle, 60 cents; Combination Package of 30c Glove and 60c bottle, both for 75 cents. Liquid Veneer Corporation, 5413 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Leaves no greasy film. Won't soil even a white kid glove. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

Cooking en Brochette

An Old Method of Cookery Brought Back Into Use by Modern Conveniences

By CAROLINE B. KING

IN THE old days, which were not really so long ago after all, the housewife cooked her roasts and joints, her turkeys and fat geese, her saddles of mutton and sirloins of beef before the open fire, impaling them upon a huge spit that turned slowly in its rack while the heat drew forth the rich juices and flavorful fat and the meat took on that delectable shade of shining brown which to the initiated meant savory perfection.

The spit has gone the way of many other good old-fashioned things, but cooking en brochette is a modified way of cooking on a spit; indeed, the very term "brochette" itself means "little spit" for it is the diminutive of *broche*, the French word for spit.

A "kitchen spit" in old-time parlance was the skewer, not quite the skewer of our times, but a rather ornamental affair of varying lengths, on which the housewife cooked the smaller birds, portions of tender meat, kidneys and other savory bits that she wished to serve in especially dainty manner.

Cooking en brochette has never gone out of fashion. In many of the finer restaurants one may find kidneys and chicken livers and scallops en brochette included among the entrées on the menus, but that these and other tempting morsels may be quite easily prepared at home is a fact not generally recognized.

Any stout skewers will answer for brochette cookery—even those designed for holding the Thanksgiving turkey in position are quite suitable for the purpose, and as they are to be had in graduated sizes they are very practical.

LAMB'S KIDNEYS EN BROCHETTE makes a very delicate dish, and one that possesses the charm of novelty, for the kidneys are not only cooked but also served on the skewers. Split them down the back or thick side, taking care not to sever the cord, open them flat and run the skewers through the bit of connecting membrane, still keeping them quite flat. Dip the kidneys in olive oil or melted butter, season with salt, paprika and a dash of mace, then dip them in fine crumbs until well covered. Now suspend the skewers on the broiling pan, or lay them across a dripping pan and place under the broiler or at the top of a very hot oven—550° F. Four minutes should be sufficient to cook them if the heat is just right. Then lay the skewer on long, narrow strips of buttered toast on a hot platter and serve with a piping-hot tarragon sauce, and if for luncheon or supper, a tart grapefruit salad.

Make the tarragon sauce by cooking three tablespoonfuls of butter to a rich brown, and then adding a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, with salt and paprika to taste.

For a breakfast dish prepare the kidneys in the same way, serve on toast and pour over them a sauce made by mixing together 2 tablespoonfuls butter, ½ teaspoonful each of salt and paprika, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce.

DEVILED KIDNEYS makes a tasty supper dish for a spring evening or an unusual luncheon for a bridge-club meeting. Prepare the kidneys by splitting as before, and arrange them on the skewers, then lay the skewers in a sauce made by creaming together 3 tablespoonfuls of butter, ¾ of a teaspoonful of dry mustard, ¼ teaspoonful of paprika, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice, 1 teaspoonful of walnut catchup, and 1 tablespoonful of catchup. Let the kidneys marinate in this sauce for half an hour, then dip in fine cracker crumbs and broil or cook in a very hot oven. Garnish with bacon curls and serve with celery stuffed with cheese, small hot tea biscuits, or toast made at the table, olives and tea or coffee.

CHICKEN LIVERS EN BROCHETTE WITH OLIVE SAUCE makes an epicurean dish. Clean the livers, removing all stringy membrane, and cut them in halves. Wrap each half in a wafer-thin slice of bacon and thread on skewers alternately with mushroom caps, cleaned and dipped in melted butter or olive oil. Place the skewers across a dripping pan in a very hot oven or under the broiler flame, basting occasionally with the fat that will collect in the pan. Serve on the skewers and accompany with olive sauce made as follows: Brown 2 tablespoonfuls of butter with the same quantity of flour, add one cupful of hot water or stock, ½ teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, with salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Cook till slightly thickened, then add a dozen stuffed olives thinly sliced.

Browned potato balls, or potatoes au gratin individual, with tiny string beans or peas, go nicely with this dish.

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK is the amusing name given to oysters cooked en brochette. Select oysters of medium size, wipe them well and marinate in lemon juice seasoned with a few grains of cayenne, for half an hour, then drain on a cloth and wrap each oyster in a thin slice of bacon. Fasten with toothpicks and run the skewers through the other end to avoid burning the toothpicks, allowing six oysters for each serving. Broil, or cook at the top of a very hot oven, reserving the juices which are drawn out by the heat. Serve on narrow strips of French-fried bread, season the liquid to taste with salt and pepper and pass with the oysters.

As a first course with halved stuffed mangoes, or pimiento cups filled with coleslaw, these oysters are very inviting.

DEVILS ON HORSEBACK also makes a very tempting first course for a luncheon or supper. Select large, meaty prunes, soak them overnight, then steam them till tender and extract the pits through slits at the sides. Stuff the prunes with chopped stuffed olives, and wrap each in a very thin bacon slice. Thread on small skewers holding but three prunes each and broil just long enough to crisp the bacon. Serve very hot with strips of caviar toast.

BROCHETTES DE CERVELLES are merely calves' brains cooked with bacon on the ever-useful skewers. Soak the brains in cold water made slightly acid with lemon juice or vinegar for half an hour, then rinse, cut in halves, then in 1½-inch squares, dip in melted butter and bread crumbs well seasoned with salt and pepper. Cut slices of bacon in squares of the same size and place on the skewers alternately with the brain squares. Broil under a moderate flame till evenly cooked and the bacon crisp and brown. Serve with French-fried potatoes and water-cress salad for luncheon or supper.

SWEETBREADS EN BROCHETTE are most delicate. One pair will serve six persons. Soak the sweetbreads in cold acidulated water fifteen minutes, then blanch and press them flat. When cold cut away all bits of sinew or gristle and slice half an inch thick. Then dip each in well-beaten egg and fine bread crumbs which have been seasoned with salt, paprika and a dash of mace. Fry in very hot fat, drain on paper and serve on the skewers, garnish with sprays of parsley fried crisply in deep fat. Broiled tomato slices or ramekins of cauliflower au gratin with baked potatoes on the half shell dressed with paprika and butter make a very nice accompaniment for the sweetbreads. The potatoes may be omitted and the plates may be garnished with toast points or tiny hominy croquettes.

SCALLOPS EN BROCHETTE. Clean the scallops and marinate in oil and vinegar for half an hour. Cut bacon in 1½-inch squares and partially broil it to insure crispness, then drain the scallops and arrange them alternately with the bacon on the skewers, at the end of each skewer placing a mushroom cap. When done dip the filled skewers in melted butter, then in fine, well-seasoned crumbs, broil, and serve on hot plates with crisp potato chips and lettuce or chicory salad with French dressing made with lemon juice.

KABOB CURRY. Large iron skewers are used in much of the cookery in India and dishes prepared on them are termed kabobbed. Kabobbed curry was one of the most popular dishes at the native restaurant at the Indian Building at the recent Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. To make this kabob dish, cut a pound of fleshy lean lamb into 1½-inch squares. Cut fresh ginger (which can be secured in Chinese stores if not in season in the green vegetable markets) or use dried ginger which has been soaked in water for an hour and then drained, into thin slices, and 2 onions rather thickly. Run the skewers through the centers of the pieces of meat, place a slice of ginger next, then one of onion, and so on until the skewers are filled. For individual service they should be but 2½ inches long. Chop two onions fine and brown them in a tablespoonful of butter, add a teaspoonful of curry powder and one finely chopped apple and cook all together for a few moments; then add one cupful of stock or hot water, with 1 teaspoonful of salt, and simmer ten minutes. Now put in the skewers, cover the saucepan closely and simmer for an hour, adding more water if necessary. Serve on the skewers with boiled rice and the curry sauce.

KROMISKIS EN BROCHETTE are made by wrapping small portions of any nice croquette mixture, preferably chicken after it has been chilled, in thin slices of bacon, then threading these on the skewers in the usual manner and cooking in a hot oven.

NOISETTES OF LAMB EN BROCHETTE adds a novel note to an informal dinner. Small pieces of lamb cut from the saddle or other fleshy parts of the lamb are used. Trim these neatly, season with pepper, salt and paprika and string on the skewers, then dip in melted butter and broil quickly. Serve with green peas, soufflé potatoes and avocado salad.

HAMBURG STEAK EN BROCHETTE is a very different dish from the Hamburg steak with which everyone is too familiar. To prepare it, select tender round steak, have it chopped very fine with a few ounces of suet, season well, adding a little onion juice, and make into small oblong cakes. Wrap these in bacon and arrange on the skewers. Cook in a very hot oven and serve with spinach in Bechamel sauce and tomato salad.

SANDWICHES EN BROCHETTE are delicious titbits for serving with the salad course or as hors d'œuvres. Cut bread very thin and trim away the crusts. Butter, and place fragments of ham, chicken or cheese between the slices, press lightly and cut into narrow strips about one inch wide. Dip these in a thin fritter batter and arrange on skewers alternately with strips of bacon. Arrange the skewers across a pan and cook in a very hot oven—550° F.—until browned delicately. Serve with thinly sliced cucumbers dipped in French dressing, and garnish with strips of pimiento.

LEGACY

The New Pattern

AS SMART AND MODERN ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ AS THE LATEST PARIS GOWN

No silverware pattern in history ever scored the instantaneous success that has greeted LEGACY . . . In the six months since its début it has broken all sales records.

The reason is delightfully self-evident in the pattern itself. It is the first truly modern pattern in silverware . . . the first to embody the crisp, straightaway lines of modern art.

New as the latest issue of Vogue or Harper's Bazar in its modernity. But as ageless as a classic in the craftsmanship back of it . . . For it expresses four generations of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate artistry.

Lucky is the bride who is starting her silver service with this smartest and loveliest of new-day silverware designs.

* * *

Would you build a complete and an ultra-modern silver service, without feeling the cost? There is a way, fascinating and new. Send for the famous Silver Budget Book. Write for Booklet C28 to International Silver Company, Department E, Meriden, Connecticut.

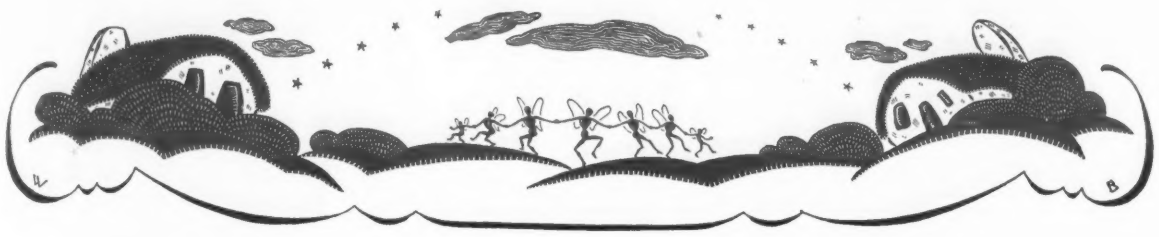
LEGACY FINDS PERFECT EXPRESSION IN THIS 3-PIECE TEA SET, $65 . . . LEGACY TEA SPOONS, "EIGHTS" $5.00, "SIXES" $3.75

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO . . . CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO



Menus for St. Patrick's Day Entertaining

Noonday Luncheon

FRUIT COCKTAIL
Alligator Pear Cubes Marinated in Lime-Juice Dressing,
Garnished With Shredded Sweet Pickle

CHICKEN LIVERS EN BROCHETTE
SCALLOPED POTATOES BROCCOLI WITH HOLLANDAISE

WHITE RADISH AND LETTUCE SALAD—FRENCH DRESSING

ANGEL FOOD WITH WHIPPED CREAM
NUTS DIPPED IN GREEN FONDANT

Bridge Luncheon

FRIED CREAM PUFFS FILLED WITH SEA FOOD À LA NEWBURG
SHAMROCK ROLLS OLIVES WITH ONION STUFFING

BEAN-SPROUT SALAD WITH GRATED CARROT GARNISH

GINGERBREAD SHORTCAKE
BANANA FILLING MARSHMALLOW SAUCE
MARZIPAN POTATOES

COFFEE

Afternoon Refreshments

EMERALD SALAD
Canned Pears Molded in Green Gelatin
With
OPEN-FACED SHAMROCK SANDWICHES
Sweet Pickled Cucumber Shamrocks on White Bread
Surrounded With a Fluting of Cream Cheese
ST. PATRICK COCONUT KISSES
Ordinary Kisses Dipped in Green Coconut
TEA

Evening Refreshments

PATTY SHELLS FILLED WITH CHICKEN IN PINEAPPLE SAUCE
LETTUCE SANDWICHES STUFFED CELERY

SCOTCH TOOTS FILLED WITH PISTACHIO ICE CREAM
MINT GUM DROPS

COCOA
or
COFFEE

Dinner

ST. PATRICK'S HORS D'ŒUVRES
Dill Pickle Slices Topped With a Sardine
Slices of Salami Sausage With Onion Rings Filled With Chopped Chives
Squares of Sweet Pickled Watermelon Rind
Garnished With a Shamrock of Green Pepper

STUFFED LAMB CHOPS
or
ROAST DUCKLING
Accompanied by Prunes Stuffed With Mint Jelly
or
Slices of Orange Under a Mint Jelly Cube

NEW BOILED POTATOES WITH BUTTER SAUCE
IRISH HAT TIMBALES
A Spinach Timbale Crown Resting on a Brim of
Buttered Toast, Dipped in Minced Parsley, and
a Hatband of Hard-Cooked Egg White

ENDIVE SALAD
CORNMEAL CRISPS ROQUEFORT DRESSING

GREEN PEPPERMINT ICE CREAM WITH CHOPPED ANGELICA
or
MERINGUE GLACÉE WITH GREEN-CHERRY GARNISH

COFFEE

Drawings by Weldon Bailey

Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

Send This *Coupon*, Try it *FREE*

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 29-G-6
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian address: 462 Wellington St., W. Toronto 2-Ont.

TO MAKE YOUR FAVORITE SALAD MORE TEMPTING

Try this new 2 minute dressing

Quick and easy to make—inexpensive—oilless—and it gives the delicious zest of that flavor called French.

Two tablespoonfuls of French's Prepared Mustard; two tablespoonfuls of evaporated milk or sweet cream; one teaspoonful of granulated sugar; stir until smooth. Delicious on potato, tuna, shrimp, and all vegetable or fruit salads.

And after you have tried this delicious salad dressing you will be surprised by the many ways that you can use "that flavor called French"—the distinctive flavor of French's Prepared Mustard—as an aid to home cooking.

Expect more of French's than from ordinary mustard—there is no comparison—for "that flavor called French" is produced by blending the choicest of mustard seed with other savory ingredients—using a formula that has been a jealously guarded secret for generations.

A Set of French's Recipes

FREE

You will find French's Mustard very helpful every day—especially if you use these tried and tested recipes.

Recipes on cards, one illustrated and six cards to a set—12 or more recipes. Sent FREE—just mail the coupon.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Housewives' Service Dept.
THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
1-10 Mustard Street, Rochester, N.Y.

FRENCH'S MUSTARD

We Test Our Readers' Recipes

Iowa Makes New Contributions for Every Course

Barbecued Spareribs

3 Pounds of Pork Spareribs
2 Onions
½ Cupful of Catchup
1½ Teaspoonfuls of Smoked Salt
¼ Teaspoonful of Tabasco Sauce
⅛ Teaspoonful of Chili Powder
1 Cupful of Water

FOR preparing this dish, you will need a heavy pot to which there is a well-fitting heavy lid. Put half of the ribs in the bottom of the pot and cover with a layer of thinly sliced onion and half of the sauce made from the catchup, smoked salt, tabasco sauce, chili powder and water, all thoroughly mixed together. Add the rest of the ribs, the onions and sauce in the same way. Cover and bake in a moderate oven—375° F.—for about two hours. When done the meat will be tender and brown, with a rich well-blended and individual flavor that has no outstanding trace of the great variety of spices and seasonings added. With plain boiled hominy this makes a hearty dinner main course.

—MRS. N. M.,
Sioux City.

Cheese Cream Puffs

½ Cupful of Shortening
1 Cupful of Boiling Water
½ Cupful of Pastry Flour
½ Teaspoonful of Salt
A Few Grains of Cayenne
½ Cupful of Grated American Cheese
2 Eggs

HEAT the shortening and water just to the boiling point. Turn in all at once the flour, salt and cayenne, well sifted together, and stir vigorously until the mixture clings together in a mass and leaves the sides of the pan. This will take but a minute or two. Then beat in the cheese, cool till the dough feels lukewarm to the touch, and drop in the unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating each time until the mixture is smooth and velvety-looking. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto an oiled baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—for about thirty-five minutes. These tiny puffs have a snappy cheese flavor that will add a new touch to your favorite salads.

—MRS. M. B. B., *Afton.*

Buckwheat Waffles

2 Cupfuls of Milk
1 Tablespoonful of Molasses
1 Tablespoonful of Shortening
1½ Cupfuls of Buckwheat Flour
½ Cupful of Wheat Flour
5 Teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder
½ Teaspoonful of Salt

IF BUCKWHEAT cakes is one of your winter favorites, this recipe will soon be added to the list, especially if you serve the waffles with honey warmed with a little butter. To make the batter, blend the milk and molasses together, add the melted shortening, stir in the mixed and sifted dry ingredients, and beat until smooth. Then bake like any other waffle.

—MRS. P. B. S., *Grinnell.*

Easter Salad

6 Hard-Cooked Eggs
¾ Cupful of Chopped Celery
1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire Sauce
Shredded Lettuce
Mayonnaise

RUB the yolks of the eggs through a sieve over the celery, chopped very fine, and mix with enough mayonnaise flavored with the Worcestershire sauce to make a moist mixture. Form into balls, each about an inch in diameter, and serve on a nest of shredded lettuce surrounded with a border of the egg whites finely minced. This makes a seasonal and attractive Easter salad.

—MRS. J. M.,
Cherokee.

Cornmeal Crisps

1 Cupful of Cornmeal
1 Cupful of Flour
2 Tablespoonfuls of Shortening
½ Cupful of Milk

THESE are dainty, round cornmeal wafers that offer a new accompaniment for the family vegetable soup or any fruit or vegetable salad. Mix and sift the cornmeal and pastry flour together into a bowl and cut in the shortening until it seems to be a part of the meal. Make a hole in the center, pour in the milk, then lightly toss the ingredients together with a spatula. When formed into a ball, roll out as thin as possible on a board, lightly sprinkled with flour. Cut into rounds about an inch and a half in diameter and bake in a moderate oven—375° F.—about ten minutes. When left over, these crisps may be reheated with a sprinkling of grated parmesan cheese on top.

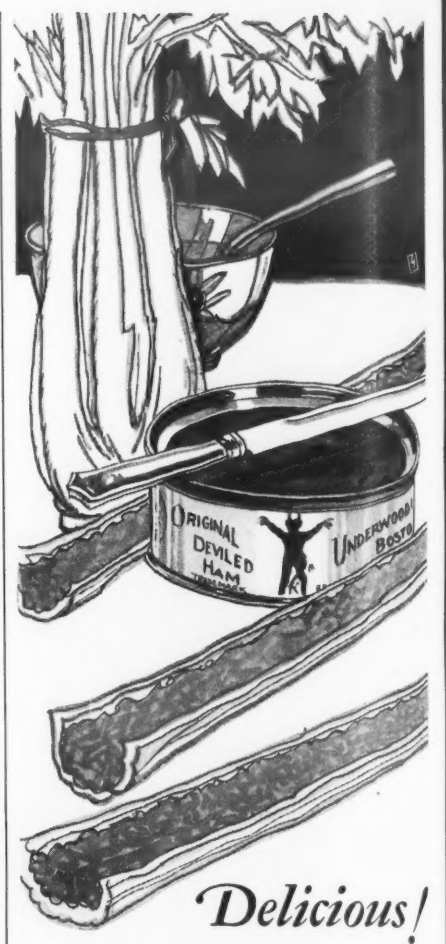
—B. M., *Ottumwa.*

Gingerbread Shortcake

¼ Cupful of Shortening
¼ Cupful of Brown Sugar
1¼ Cupfuls of Pastry Flour
1 Teaspoonful of Ginger
¼ Teaspoonful of Cinnamon
¼ Teaspoonful of Mace
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
½ Cupful of Molasses
1 Egg
½ Teaspoonful of Soda
¼ Cupful of Milk

BANANA shortcake is not unusual, but banana gingerbread shortcake is. This recipe makes enough to have some left-over gingerbread. Cream the fat, sift in the sugar gradually, then part of the mixed and sifted dry ingredients. Then beat in the molasses, blended with the well-beaten egg and with the milk in which the soda has been dissolved. The rest of the dry ingredients may then be added and the mixture poured into a well-oiled layer-cake pan and baked in a moderate oven—375° F.—for about twenty-five minutes. When done and cool, cut a square for each individual. Split them and on the under half place sliced bananas and pieces of marshmallow, cover and garnish with whipped cream. This gingerbread keeps well.

—MRS. R. B. J., *Des Moines.*



Delicious!

STUFFED CELERY . . . *with* Underwood Deviled Ham

STUFF crisp stalks of celery with Underwood Deviled Ham moistened with mayonnaise. A little finely chopped green pepper gives an added touch.

Try this delicious and simple recipe for Sunday night supper, or as an hors d'oeuvre before dinner when you have guests.

Underwood Deviled Ham is an ingredient to conjure with . . . it gives new zest to ham-and-egg dishes, and a million dollar flavor to the simplest sandwich.

Let us send you a copy of all the Underwood Recipes . . . *They're fine!*

UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

Wm. Underwood Co.
41 Walnut Street
Watertown, Mass.

CHECK THE ARTICLE WANTED:
One copy of the Underwood Recipes FREE.
One 10c can of Underwood Deviled Ham, 10c enclosed.
Six 10c cans of Underwood Deviled Ham, 50c enclosed.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

To Wives who want to stay Young!

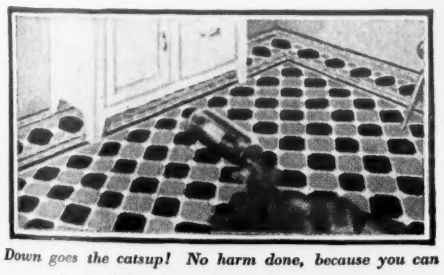
To enjoy life today, you must free yourself from scrubbing-brush drudgery.

How pretty this modernistic pattern would look on your floor! It is Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4661.

Don't look for the fountain of youth in a scrubbing pail

SOONER or later, women who keep their floors clean by rubbing and scrubbing say, "I'm getting old-looking." Such hard work *does* hasten the years. It puts lines in your face, fatigue in your figure.

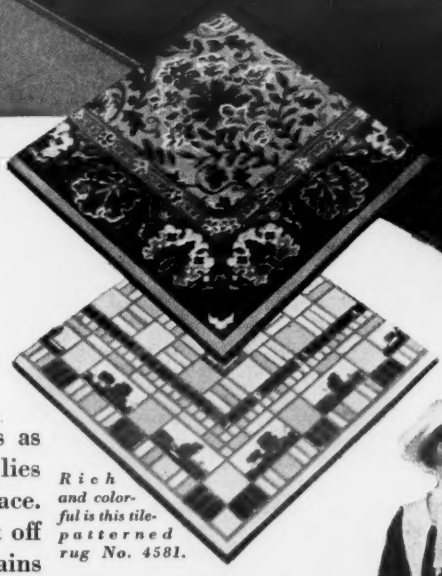
And floor drudgery is so unnecessary—now that you can cover your floors with Armstrong's Quaker Rugs—the new kind of smooth-surfaced rug offered by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.



Down goes the catsup! No harm done, because you can wipe it right off the Accolac-Process surface.

* * *

Their cheery patterns are really beautiful in any home of good taste. But more important is the fact that Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are so easy to keep clean. The reason is, these rugs are lacquer-surfaced by the special Accolac Process. All the newness, all the color, all the beauty of the rug, are sealed in by the rich glossy surface. Thus this new type of rug is protected against muddy feet, spilled liquids, food-and-grease stains—even such caustics as lye. All soil lies on the surface. Dirt is swept off in a jiffy. Stains are removed easily by mop or damp cloth.



New! The all-over Persian-patterned rug No. 4642.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

Rich and colorful is this tile-patterned rug No. 4581.

A solid felt base provides the thickness and body that make Armstrong's Quaker Rugs wear so long. And the new patterns suggest inexpensive ways to beautify your kitchen, living-room, dining-room, or bedroom. For one of the most welcome features of Armstrong's Quaker Rugs is the low price.

But to make sure you will receive your money's worth, Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are guaranteed. On the face of each rug is a Quaker Girl certificate. This is our offer to replace the rug free if it fails to give the service you have a right to expect.

To help you shop . . . If you would like to have the booklet that shows all the Armstrong's Quaker Rugs in their actual colors, write for "Rich Beauty at Low Cost." It's *free*. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 2903 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

To cover your entire floor, Quaker floor covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

Made by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

Prize winners NOW—

. . . but what sick little twins they once were!

HERE are Dorothy Mae and Doris Marie Curtis, of 300 East Timmons St., Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Curtis has written to tell us all about the twins' big triumph in a recent health and popularity contest.

Doris was the only perfect baby out of 433—with sister Dorothy her closest competitor! Yet when these same twins were two and a half months old, they were barely alive. Two tiny, frail, sick babies who cried day and night because they were starving. Many foods had been tried, but none would agree with them.

At last Eagle Brand Condensed Milk was suggested. Mrs. Curtis describes how despairing she felt as she prepared their first feeding of this food. But—"They went to sleep and slept eight hours! Something they had never done since they were two weeks old! I kept on increasing the milk and in a week's time they didn't look like the same babies." . . . And *now* they're winning large silver cups in health contests!

Hundreds of babies have been saved by Eagle Brand—a food so easy to digest that mother's milk is the only food comparable to it in this respect . . . Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates, required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins—the same elements that are supplied by certified Grade A milk.

Write for free booklet containing practical feeding information and suggestions for the supplementary foods that physicians now generally advise.

I.—L. H. J.—3-29

THE BORDEN COMPANY, *Borden Building*, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of "Baby's Welfare". My baby is.....months old.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Things We All Want Alike

(Continued from Page 86)

every dwelling the total window area in each room should be at least one-seventh of the floor area and that no room shall be less than eight feet high from finished floor to finished ceiling. Manufacturers have aided by the standardization of numerous materials, such as, for example, electric-lighting equipment as previously mentioned and plumbing installations. Most of us are unconscious of the money saved and the daily convenience resulting from these standardizations.

The simplification of plumbing devices, including the size and the thread of pipes, makes it less difficult to install the bathtub fittings or to connect the washing-machine hose with the faucets, and the consumer who now buys a gas range should be assured that it will be safe as well as meet reasonable standards of efficiency. Most stoves are so constructed that they burn practically every particle of gas, leaving none to escape in the room.

Another device which has brought much satisfaction to homemakers is the thermostat, which, when properly connected with the radiator, regulates the temperature in a room or, when attached to a furnace, shuts off or turns on the draft as the temperature in the house rises or falls, thus saving numerous trips to the basement in keeping the house at a uniform temperature.

Refrigeration

SIMPLIFICATION and standardization also seem likely to bring improvements in household refrigerators by so improving the construction that they will maintain a lower temperature in the food chamber than they now do and will cost less to operate. Representatives of refrigerator manufacturers and the ice industries are endeavoring under the auspices of the Bureau of Standards of the United States Department of Commerce also to simplify the sizes and shapes of ice cakes, the different weights recommended being 25, 50, 100 and 150 pounds. When this is done, the dimensions of the ice doors and ice chambers can then be simplified. The scoring or marking of ice cakes which insures honest weights is coming into use in many sections of the country and will spread as consumers appreciate and demand it. Before leaving the ice plant the large cake is marked along the lines where it should be cut, so that the customer can tell at a glance whether or not he is getting full weight.

Another piece of work on refrigeration is being carried on under the auspices of the American Standards Association at the request of the American Home Economics Association and the American Institute of Architects, to establish specifications for refrigerators that will include standard temperatures to be maintained in a refrigerator or ice box under certain given conditions. The investigations for this project are being carried on by the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture to determine the temperature maintained and cost of operating all kinds of household refrigerators. Any information gained from this research will be used in developing the specifications for refrigerators, and it is expected that some of the results will be reported later in one of the bureau's published bulletins.

During recent years the number of bedsteads, springs and mattresses has been reduced from seventy-eight sizes to four, and of bed blankets from seventy-eight sizes to twelve, through conferences held under the auspices of the Division of Simplified Practice of the United States Department of Commerce. The most recent simplification in this line resulted from recommendations adopted at a conference in 1927 called to consider simplifying the number and sizes of various pieces of hospital linen. As a result, bed pads, sheets, pillow cases, bedspreads, bath, face and hand towels, and dresser scarfs were reduced so greatly that from 92 per cent to 97 per cent of the existing sizes of each are now discontinued. It was found that from two to four sizes each meet the hospitals' needs instead of from ten to seventy, which were previously available. Similar simplification can well be applied to corresponding household articles. The number of cups, cans, pans, baking sheets, buckets and trays in tinware, galvanized and japanned ware has already been reduced almost half. Brass lavatory and sink traps have been reduced from 1114 sizes to seventy-two, and range boilers from one hundred and thirty sizes to thirteen, sterling silver flatware from one hundred and

Certainly few women would care to go back to the complicated fashions of twenty-five or fifty years ago.

ninety sizes to sixty-two. A beginning has been made in standardizing sizes of garments and methods of making them. For example, corresponding seams in garments made of the same kind of material are finished alike. Foods as they come to us are being affected by grading, pure-food regulations and the standardization of containers.

Clothing Sizes

SOME persons have been greatly agitated for fear standardization as it regards clothing will result in everyone having to dress alike, but if that were the case the movement would not have progressed so far as it has in that line. The purpose of the standardization now being developed is to give us standard sizes, measurements and certain uniform methods of construction in all garments, regardless of the make. This is a distinct advantage, as we will then be able to buy the same size in any make and save much time in shopping around for well-fitting garments. At least four national associations have made a beginning in very desirable types of standardization of clothing. The Association of Knit Underwear Manufacturers has begun by working out methods of laundering which prevent excessive shrinkage of their products, in order to lessen the dissatisfaction of their customers resulting from poor laundry practices. The National Association of Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturers has standardized the methods of measurement of hose and underwear, so that the same size will always have the same measurements in all makes. The International Association of Garment Manufacturers, which handles mainly outside garments, has also adopted uniform methods of measuring the garments which they make. The Fur Retailers of America passed resolutions at a recent meeting urging members to construct fur garments according to certain recognized specifications which would improve the fit and preserve the shape of the garment. They insist that all seams should be stayed and that when large pieces of fur are used in a garment they must be stayed by tape to keep the garment from sagging.

We all know that within our lifetime women's clothes and children's also have become simplified both in number of garments and type of construction, which has manifestly added much to decorative possibilities and individual charm of patterns. Certainly few women would be willing to go back to the dress of twenty-five or fifty years ago.

Modern simplicity has meant freedom of movement and economy of both time and money. As long as we are left free to choose the style, color and fabric in outer garments, we need not fear that dress is going to become monotonous or lacking in individuality.

The producers of food products as well as those of household equipment and clothes realize the financial value and satisfaction of grading and standardization, and cooperative marketing has resulted. Growers' associations have established a reputation for quality and uniformity and as a result their products are in great demand. Then, too, grading has been a challenge to the individual grower so that he has used every means at his command to produce as nearly perfect fruit as possible; and with this effort has come pride in his product so that the rewards of satisfaction are comparable to those of the old craftsman in other lines of production, which is one of the most valuable by-products in every line where standardization of quality is developed.

Food Products

DURING the World War grading and standards for certain agricultural products were enforced under government supervision, and out of this have developed the government standards for such products as fruits, vegetables, peanuts, honey, butter, cheese, eggs and meat. The consumer is directly benefited in many ways by this movement, for although the established standards were for the wholesale trade, in many cases they influence the appearance, quality and pack of the food which ultimately reaches the family kitchen. For example, the consumer who buys potatoes which are U. S. Grade No. 1 is assured a smooth, even-size product. Meat bearing the government inspector's stamp on every cut is beginning to be sold in the retail markets of a few cities. The government inspector condemns carcasses of cattle, sheep, swine or goats that are "unsound, unhealthful, unwholesome, or otherwise unfit for human food," hence the stamp of approval is a guaranty to the buyer of the healthful quality of the meat and it also indicates the grade of meat represented.

We must not overlook the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906, for the legal definitions or descriptions which followed it have in effect been food standards; and, as a direct result of the Act, misbranding and adulteration of foods were checked. Many of the states have been guided by this law in establishing their own food standards.

At one time many deceptive containers were used for fresh fruits and vegetables, and so the Government undertook their standardization, to the great advantage of the consumer and the honest dealer. The Standard Container Act, passed in 1916, fixed the sizes of grape, berry and small till baskets, which could be used in interstate trade. For instance, only two, four, and twelve-quart grape baskets can be used in interstate shipments, whereas previously at least thirty-one sizes, ranging from one-half to fourteen quarts, were in common use. This frequently deceived the customer, as the differences in appearance were so slight that while thinking she was getting a six-quart basket, it might be a five and three-fourths, five and one-half, five and one-third, five and one-fifth, or even a five-quart basket. Milk bottles have been reduced from forty-nine sizes to

(Continued on Page 98)

Here's inside information on that saying. . .

"There's a Reason"

Grape-Nuts' crisp kernels encourage chewing—giving teeth and gums the exercise so badly needed in this soft food era.

THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts is made from the most wholesome grains —ripe wheat and malted barley—and brings you the goodness of both.

THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts is twice baked —to make it crisp, golden-brown, easy to digest.

THAT'S A REASON

To keep health at the peak—Grape-Nuts, with milk or cream, supplies the varied nourishment so many menus lack.

THAT'S A REASON

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

And flavor . . . there's a reason that easily tops them all! A nut-like, crispy goodness that is different . . . unique. These crunchy, golden kernels speak right up and tell you . . . *"In this one dish is a breakfast banquet."*

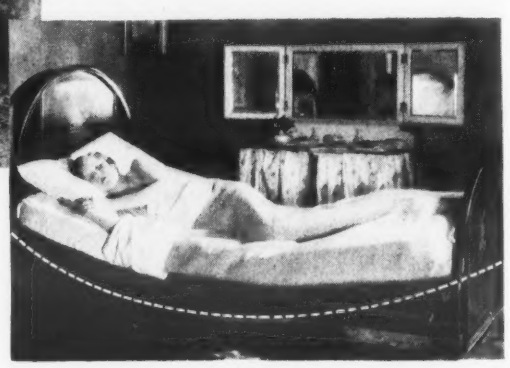
THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts

Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

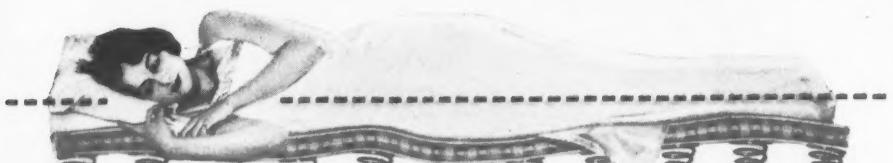
You can't RELAX in such positions

You know how stiff and uncomfortable you feel after dozing in a chair. That is because your body is not supported properly. Your spine is bent, your nerves and muscles strained and your vital organs cramped.



Perhaps habit has made you used to a bedspring that sags or one that is too stiff. But strained sleeping positions are unavoidable on such a bedspring. No wonder you awake so often with that tired, unrested feeling.

Only a bedspring that supports your body naturally can give refreshing sleep



WHEN you sleep on a Rome De Luxe Spring your spine lies straight and natural; your body fully relaxed.

UNLESS you are one of the many thousands who already enjoy the comfort of a Rome De Luxe Bedspring, there is a new treat in store for you. For its unique free-coil construction gives more comfortable, more refreshing sleep than any other type bedspring in the world!

That is because every single coil moves with absolute freedom, independently of surrounding coils.

Thus, this spring yields freely to the pressure of your hips and shoulders, yet rises to relieve all strain on the vital organs between. Your spine lies straight and natural; your nerves and muscles are entirely relaxed and free from strain. No wonder sleep comes quicker and is deeper, more refreshing on such a bedspring!

Don't let habit cheat you of this natural, healthful sleep any longer. Go to your furniture or department store, today, and arrange for a De Luxe trial. And be sure you get a genuine Rome De Luxe. Its special free-coil movement is found in no other bedspring.

Send for Dr. Royal S. Copeland's booklet: *"How Better Sleep Builds Better Health"*. Free.

THE ROME COMPANY, INC.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
BALTIMORE ROME, N. Y. SAN FRANCISCO

Distributing Warehouses Everywhere

ROME "DeLuxe" the Bedspring Luxurious

Here is the new Rome De Luxe Slip Cover. Gives the tailored appearance of a box spring, yet costs but little. Its Talon "Hookless Fastener" makes this slip cover fit better and handle easier

The De Luxe label attached to the slats of every genuine Rome De Luxe Spring is your guarantee of getting all the quality points that only this spring offers you. Look for it and be sure. You can now have your choice of two beautiful and practical colors, Orchid or French Gray

The ROME Company

BEDSPRINGS · ROME METAL BEDS · DAY BEDS · COUCH HAMMOCKS

(Continued from Page 96)

nine and the milk-bottle caps from twenty-nine to one. This standardization of the milk bottles and the caps not only guarantees the quantity of milk but also improves the cleanliness, as the bottles are easily cleaned and the well-fitting caps of cardboard are used but once. The agitation about the number of sizes of containers for various articles sold by the grocer has resulted in several conferences. As a result recommendations have been made that the number of sizes for containers for salt and vegetable shortening be considerably reduced and recommendations have been submitted calling for the reduction of the number of jelly glass containers from twenty-five sizes to seven, of preserve jars from forty sizes to eight, and apple-butter jars from six sizes to four.

At present there is still much confusion in the terms used for different grades of products, especially those of canned goods. This is due to special brand names sometimes given to each of the grades which the purchaser does not recognize. A standardization of such grade terminology would do much to assist the homemaker in always getting the grade of canned goods desired.

Why should we have so many styles of sewing-machine needles, and why so much trouble in replacing a coffee-pot handle which has broken off? Many petty annoyances and economic losses may be eliminated in the future.

A study was made recently in New York City of the way housewives buy apples, and it showed they prefer a standardized pack of one of the common varieties to ungraded apples, which indicates that they are willing to pay a slightly higher price for fruit uniformly ripened and fairly even in size and of a known flavor and cooking quality. This corresponds to the recognized experiences of the past when Mrs. Jones' butter was in such demand at the village store that she was always able to get a few cents more a pound than those housewives who had not established a reputation for a uniform product—butter that was always sweet, nicely molded and evenly salted. All these experiences tend to encourage standardization, which is proving an advantage to producer and consumer alike.

Reasons for Standardization

AMONG other reasons, standardization is interesting to the homemaker as it simplifies and standardizes her work. This is well illustrated in cookery, where uniform results depend largely upon accurate measuring, reasonably standardized food materials, and right temperatures. "Cook to a soft-ball stage," "season to taste," "bake in a medium oven," "add milk to bring to creamy consistency," have very naturally done little to assure definite results for the inexperienced. But what better could the housewife do, when there used to be as much as four or five ounces difference in the volume of the measuring cups? It would seem a simple matter to obtain a reasonably accurate half-pint measuring cup, but for a long time the home-economics teachers in our schools and colleges could not secure standard cups. This, of course, made a serious problem for anyone who wished to use new recipes, for she could not be certain that she and the author of the recipe were using the same size cup. Fortunately most half-pint cups on the market now are much more accurate. There had been no way of keeping the oven temperature constant, until the oven heat regulators were developed a few years ago. The candy thermometer is giving the candy maker of today a temperature by which to determine when the candy is ready to remove from the stove, and deep-fat thermometers are aiding in deep-fat cookery. But many food materials still vary so widely in flavor, texture and composition that it is hopeless to expect standardized products.

Effect on Retail Price

A QUESTION always of paramount interest in any movement of this kind is what influence it will have on the retail price. Simplification and standardization should result in reducing the price to the consumer. It costs the manufacturer much less to produce a very few sizes than a great variety, and when the retail merchant can display his goods in less space he does not need to carry nearly so large a stock, which results in a greater turnover of those he does carry. Although it may be disappointing not to be able to buy some favorite but unusual size, one's grief is lessened on discovering that the price has been reduced. Of course, if some particular customer finds it is important to have an odd size, then he should pay for his special order, which is fairer than having everyone pay a high price because a number of articles of unusual dimensions are kept in stock when a few carefully chosen ones would meet all practical needs. The price may be increased by standardization if it brings about improved methods and materials and results in a better product. For this reason some manufacturers have objected to standardization. They say that it will "step up the manufacturing program" to a higher quality product and that the housewife will not be willing to pay the necessarily increased price. But it is reasonable to suppose that in most instances consumers will be willing to pay for a better quality of product, if in some few cases this is essential according to the best scientific information we have. It goes without saying, however, that the more expensive article is not always better than the cheaper one.

Unfortunately, the consumer does not always benefit from the decreased cost of producing simplified goods. Unless he's told the reason for the reduction in price it is hard to convince him that often a truly better product is available at a reduced price. Telephones, radios and automobiles are examples of quantity production resulting from simplification and standardization with prices so reduced that the numbers sold are astounding.

As consumers are not well organized, it is sometimes difficult for them to get their request for the type of simplification and standardization which is to their greatest interest brought to the attention of the manufacturer. The consumer's interest was represented by the American Home Economics Association when it presented requests to the American Standards Association to call two conferences; the first was to consider standardization of sheeting and the second standardization of refrigerators. As a result of these conferences, committees of manufacturers, dealers and consumers are now working together on these two problems, and with the consumer's interest aroused in the possibility of standardization there will no doubt be much more work of this kind under way in a short time.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The author of this article is the executive secretary of the American Home Economics Association and represents consumers' interests at conferences called by the United States Bureau of Standards and the American Standards Association for the simplification and standardization of household commodities.

What's New?

Or, What the Up-to-Date Homemaker Wants to Know

JERUSALEM artichokes are now coming into their own because of the delectable dishes they make and the new interest they give to the menu. When served raw as salad in delicate well-marinated slices, they have the flavor of the Chinese water chestnuts of chop-suey fame. They may also be served in the French manner—boiled and peeled, diced finely and browned before being added to an omelet mixture which is called *omelette aux Topinambours*. They are also delicious if sliced very thin and fried, as potato chips. Of course, they may also be prepared in any of the popular ways of Irish potatoes too. If you

do not know this vegetable, you will be surprised to find how much it looks like the potato.

Washable leather gloves are the first step toward having neatly clad hands. This is assured only by the second step, which is knowing the best way to keep these washable gloves clean. A powder for just this purpose comes in small boxes and is inexpensive enough to warrant keeping it on the bathroom shelf. To use it, merely dissolve one teaspoonful in a pint of lukewarm water and immerse the gloves, moving them about and squeezing very gently for several minutes. Rinse them in fresh water until the water is perfectly clear, then blow the fingers into shape and hang on ordinary pins to dry, away from heat or sun but in a draft where they will dry quickly. Of course, it goes without saying that soiled gloves, rather than dirty ones, are more easily cleaned.

—Chevrette.

Closet space to keep a neat, well-ordered kitchen has long been the envy of those who do not own a modern home built by themselves. The kitchens of such homes, if a woman has had her say, will always brag of one closet to house the cleaning equipment and another to store fresh vegetables. If you do not have these convenient arrangements, you can easily acquire them in a portable metal closet for either or both of these purposes. They come in a variety of colors and are of suitable size to be accommodated in any kitchen, as they are less than six feet tall, about eighteen inches wide, and fifteen deep. The shelves in them are adjustable and the cabinets themselves can be moved as any other piece of household furniture.

—All-Steel Equipment.

The newest sewing machines, like all other household equipment, are being designed to take up as little space as possible, although they meet every necessary demand. They are so reduced in size now that one can carry them about in a small leather case not so large as most overnight bags. The machine itself has the motor in the base and comes in soft shades of colors appropriate for bedroom use; the case is light tan. Along with other conveniences there's a light attached to the machine so that it is a complete unit of usefulness.

—Sewhandy.

There is another textile new on the market which in general appearance is much like pongee. It, however, is not all silk but is made of silk and cotton and has somewhat a firmer appearance than pongee, as well as seeming to be a lighter weight. It comes in sixteen of the most pleasing and delightful colors which are suitable for many household uses. As for personal use, it is particularly adapted to underwear because of the fineness and yet firmness of its body. *—Ponjaray.*

Handmade silver is a delight to own when really beautiful, but doubly so when it is of daily use. There are many small pieces of this type that can be given as gifts when large pieces of the same make would be almost prohibitive because of the price. Such pieces as a jelly spoon, sugar spoon, a spoon for sauces or a dainty cheese scoop cost no more than many less useful and beautiful possessions. The individual patterns of this hand-wrought ware help to make this silversmith's workmanship outstanding, and the pieces of his work that you own you will want to pass along as family possessions.

—Georg Jensen.

Cooking wines for household use are fast appearing on the market, and there is no reason now why the customary flavoring for old family recipes need be denied or this phase of the art of cookery neglected. You may have lobster à la Newburg with sherry flavoring, baked ham with port-wine sauce, fruit puddings with rum sauce, and a grapefruit half in which wine flavoring mingles with its juice for an appetizer with your dinner. Though the flavorings come in liquid form for these dishes, they may also be bought as jelly. The amount of salt and the percentage of alcohol in the flavoring as well as the jelly is controlled by the Government, and so in following your own recipe, omit the customary amount of salt and season after the wine flavoring is added.

Scandinavian countries use reindeer meat as commonly as we use beef, and why not—for it has a very fine flavor and the meat is tender and easily cooked? We, in this country, have just begun to recognize the value of reindeer meat and are raising large herds in Alaska for shipment to our city markets. It has already become a very popular dish in many places for entertaining purposes and promises to come into everyday use on the menu, as the markets offer frequently a wide variety of cuts. Cutlets and chops are most commonly used now, but no doubt roasting cuts, such as the shoulder, leg or rump, will be sought in greater number as people come to appreciate the flavor of the meat. Much of it at present is used in sausages, meat puddings, and so forth. Reindeer meat is a new idea for your next dinner menu.

—Lomen Reindeer Corporation.

They need help *now*

in building their bones and teeth!

"Give them *Bottled Sunshine* as regularly as milk and orange juice," baby specialists urge mothers.

Do you know that the kind of bones and teeth your baby builds during the first year or two of life has much to do with his health and appearance in later years?

Whether he will have a well-shaped head, well-formed jaws and chin, a deep, full chest and straight legs; whether he will have sound, even, uncrowded teeth that will not decay easily—these all depend on the kind of bones and teeth he builds now.

He needs your help, even though he is breast-fed. Even though he looks strong and healthy, he needs an unfailing supply of one essential factor—Vitamin D—in order to build strong bones and sound teeth from the food he eats.

This factor can be supplied from two sources. From sunshine and *good* cod-liver oil.

If you could be sure that your baby had *enough* sunshine on his bare skin, you could protect him in that way.

But under modern living conditions this is almost impossible. Clouds, fog, smoke, and clothing shut out the protecting ultra-violet rays of sunshine.

The simplest way to supply this needed factor is to give your baby good cod-liver oil regularly. Bottled Sunshine!

In pointing out this need to mothers, many physicians advise the use of Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil.

They recommend Squibb's because they know that the quality of oil makes a difference in the results obtained. And they know that Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is very rich in *two* vitamins.

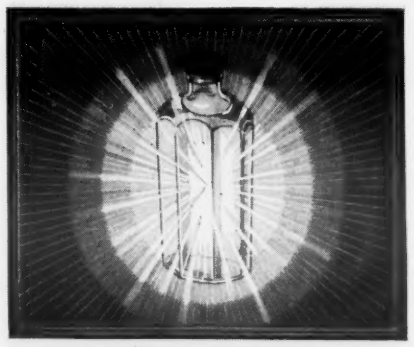
It is very rich in Vitamin D which helps to build good bones and teeth, and in Vitamin A which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

"Expectant mothers need it, too," say physicians

Bottled Sunshine, taken during pregnancy, will help protect the mother's teeth from the decay which is so apt to occur then.

For expectant and nursing mothers, older children and grown-ups, Squibb has prepared a new mint-flavored oil. It's easy to take, even by those of most sensitive taste!

You can get both kinds at all drug stores—Squibb's Plain and the new Mint-flavored Cod-Liver Oil.



In Bottled Sunshine—good cod-liver oil —is the element of sunshine that helps to build good bones and teeth

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession Since 1858

Every mother should have the *Bottled Sunshine* booklet. It's FREE!

E. R. Squibb & Sons,
Dept. W, 80 Beekman St., New York City
Please send me a copy of the *Bottled Sunshine* booklet—*free*.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

© E. R. S. & S. 1929

CREATORS OF THE MODE

EVENING ENSEMBLE BY JENNY · · · CAR BY

HUPMOBILE

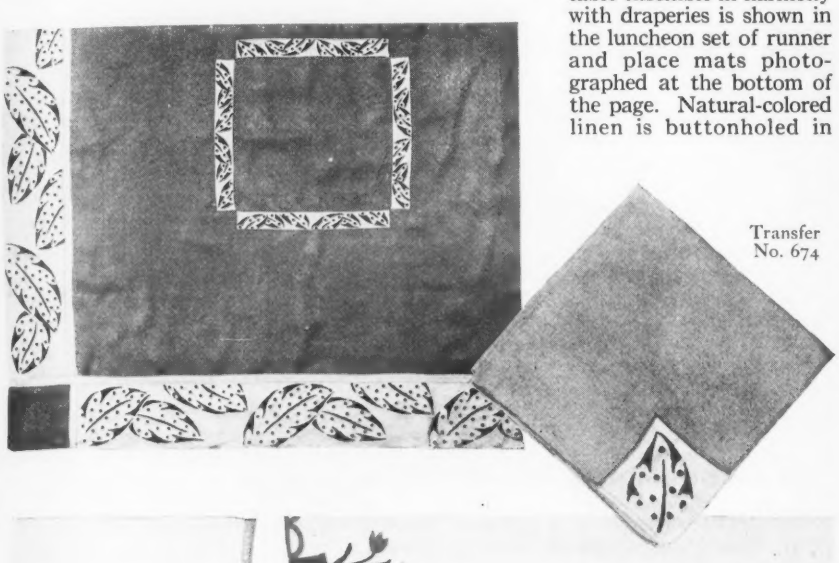
Once it was solely a man's car. Tough as a truck, but with the speed and the power of an airplane. But today, it is HER car, too. For in the New Century cars, the Hupmobile of deed has become, as well, the Hupmobile of dash, as brilliant in its modern smartness of line and fitments as it is in its performance . . . So he and she are agreed, both won to this car by its mettle and its mode.

THE NEW CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

You should see the newest Century Cars, dated today, with added modernity, new elegance. In both Sixes and Eights there are 49 new body and equipment combinations, standard and custom. The New Century Six $1345 to $1645 . . . The New Century Eight $1825 to $2625. Prices F. O. B. Factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

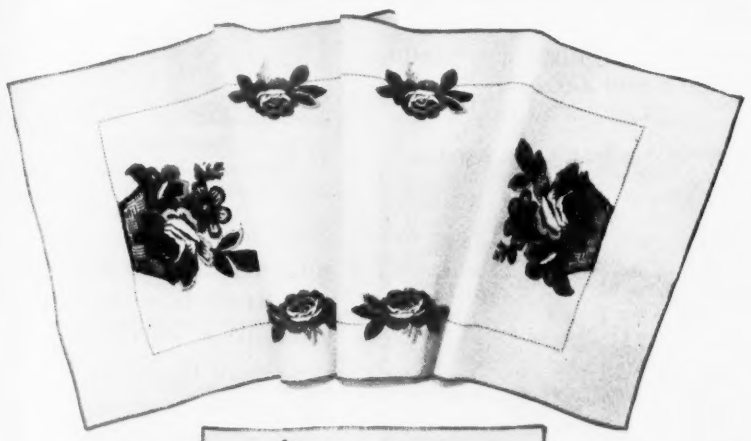
Charming Luncheon Sets Which Have Just Arrived From Paris

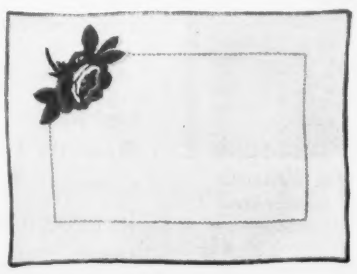
BEGUILING luncheon sets, appropriate for informal entertaining, have arrived from Paris, carrying with them a lovely spring freshness and the chic charm of truly French creations. Green and white handkerchief linen was used for the original of the set, Design No. 674, shown at the top. Lines of double hemstitching join the bands of white to the green center, and on the white is embroidered a conventionalized and unusually effective leaf-and-berry design, in green and black. The edges of the square cloth are rolled and hemmed, and the same finish is used for the small square green linen napkins, which have inset corners of white embroidered with a detail of the single leaf design.



Transfer No. 674

Transfer No. 675

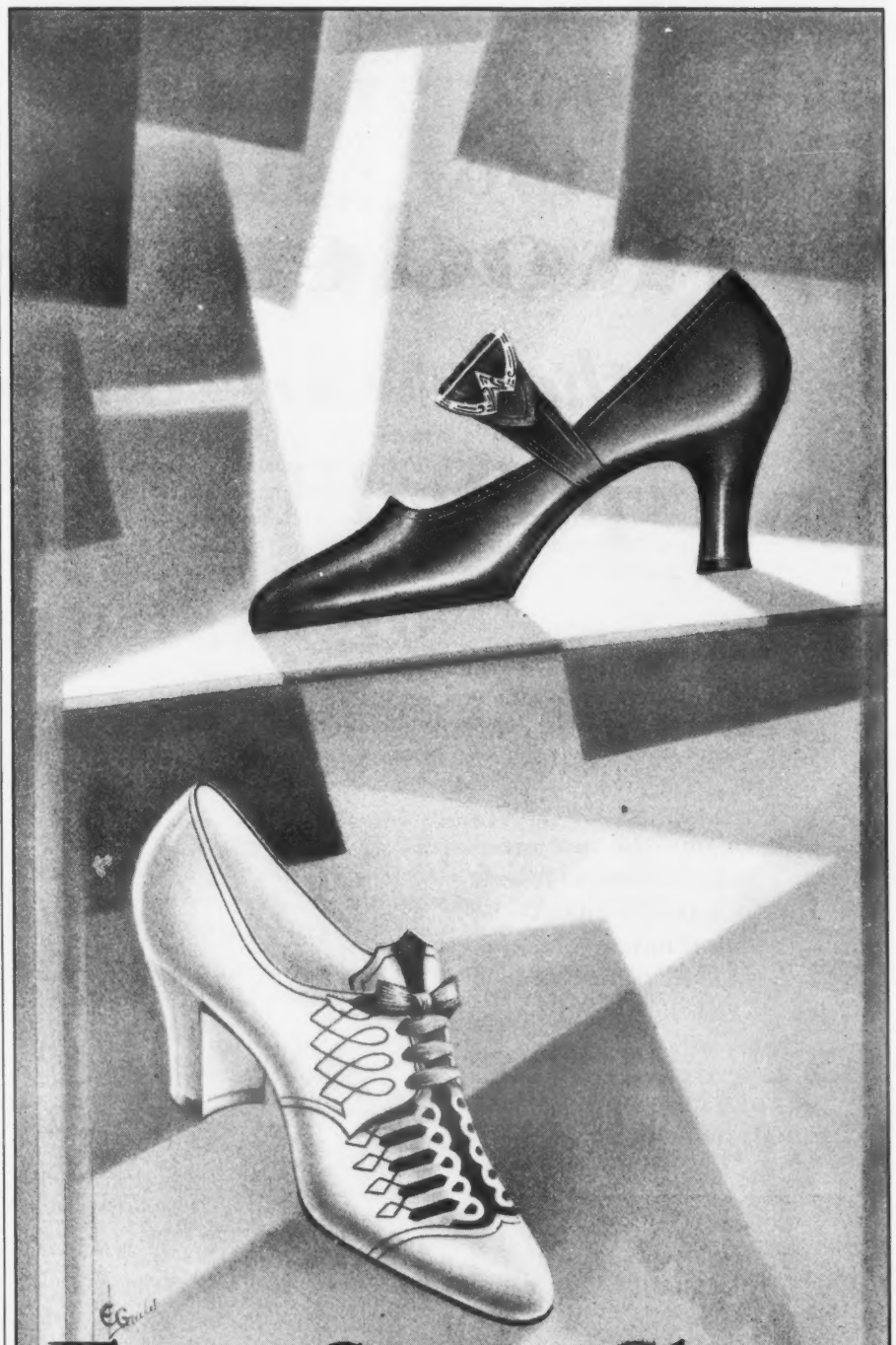




A tiny edge, garden wickets and flower pots are appliquéd on the white linen of the set, Design No. 675, shown in the bright red, with alternating stitches of red and black making a border two inches from the edge. Baskets of red roses are appliquéd on each end of the runner, single flowers in the center and on the mats, both baskets and flowers having been cut from cretonne. The flower pattern is embroidered in various shades of rose, the leaves in green, and the basket in black and yellow. Satin stitch is used to embroider over the edges, done in bright red silk.

A suggestion for utilizing pieces of lovely cretonnes and creating a dining-table ensemble in harmony with draperies is shown in the luncheon set of runner and place mats photographed at the bottom of the page. Natural-colored linen is buttonholed in

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 45 cents; Coats, 45 cents; Transfers, 35 cents.



Foot Saver Shoes

Perfectly combining Smartness and Comfort

The smartest shoe a woman ever wore is the most comfortable, when it is a Foot Saver. Beneath subtle style compositions by master designers of Paris, London and New York, Foot Saver Creations conceal a *patented in-built construction* that pledges absolute comfort. Here is the invisible secret of the constant, firm, yet flexible support Foot Savers give the feet in every gradation of movement. Here is elimination of pressure and crowding, of tension and strain, and of all possibility of fatigue. And here is the priceless gift of personal charm, in the accentuation of beauty for the ankles.

"FOOT INSURANCE FOR THE FUTURE"

Only when you have actually seen the new Foot Saver Creations can you appreciate their superiority and distinctive smartness. The easiest way to do this is to send the coupon below for the Foot Saver Style Portfolio.

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 418 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions.
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
L3-29

The Foot Saver Shoe Controls the Arch

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co., Whitman, Mass.

modernism...

the new creed in dress...

interpreted by five prophets of fashion

Modernism—the new creed in dress! To be burned as brown as a Hindu if it suits us. To be fair as Elaine, if nature made us so. To indulge in trains, sashes, bustles. To be tailored in tweeds, if tweeds are our type . . .

Women were never more charmingly *chic* than they are

Lady Egerton of the Realsilk Fashion Committee, head of the house of Paul Caret, Paris

today—the day of the new individualism in fashions, in dress.

And whom have we to thank . . . to whom are we indebted for this new and grateful change?

To designers who thought and cut and stitched along new lines

. . . artists who bravely mixed new colors for fashion's palette

Katherine Harford of the Realsilk Fashion Committee, noted American style authority

. . . actresses who demonstrated the modernistic mode from behind the footlights

. . . stylists who continually reported new developments, and gave individualists the courage of their convictions.

Just such a group is the Realsilk Fashion Committee. And a typical expression of the new creed in dress is their choice of colors for Realsilk hosiery.

These newest shades, approved by the Realsilk Fashion Committee, are based on the skin tints which dominate the mode. For the modern way of this modern fashion world is to harmonize one's stockings with one's coloring rather than one's gown . . .

Here are exquisite shades to enhance every tone of the skin, from palest pink to gypsy brown. Twenty-one shades in all, selected for all smart women by five of the smartest women in the world!

Lady Egerton, with her background of Continental life and European society . . . Lynn Fontanne, with her dramatic individuality in dress . . . Neysa McMein, with her critical eye for color . . . Elinor Patterson, debutante and actress, with her

Neysa McMein of the Realsilk Fashion Committee, celebrated artist, authority on color

youthful enthusiasms . . . Katherine Harford, with her perfect sense of costume harmony . . .

Elinor Patterson of the Realsilk Fashion Committee, debutante star of "The Miracle"

The Realsilk hosiery colors are the product of the fashion genius of these five—the Realsilk Fashion Committee. Beiges, greges, grays—for daytime. The mother-of-pearl tones for evening. Colors approved by the truly *chic*.

Realsilk hosiery is created in all weights. Sheerest chiffons, such as the Frenchwoman chooses for street and formal wear. Another chiffon, delicately

Lynn Fontanne of the Realsilk Fashion Committee—"the best dressed woman on the American stage"

fine, in a closer weave. A medium weight of clear, even texture and glistening surface. A service weight of the same shimmering silk. And all in new colors for the modern costumes of today!

Let us show you these famous stockings in your own home! Realsilk Hosiery is never sold in stores. If your local Realsilk Representative is not calling upon you regularly, telephone him today. The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

The New REALSILK Hosiery

Signs of a Healthy Child

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D.

ALL over this country thousands of children go home from school carrying little cards which bear the information that Johnny or Susie is so many per cent underweight for his or her height and age. And, as a consequence, thousands of anxious fathers and mothers tote Johnny or Susie off to the doctor's office to find out the meaning and the cause of this rather terrifying announcement, which seems to imply that something is radically wrong with the health and the nourishment of their boy or girl. Because these messages from the school doctor or the school nurse bring such worry with them, the Editor of the JOURNAL has asked me to tell fathers and mothers just how much value they may place on this information and just what it means so far as the health of their children is concerned.

If your child is below the average weight for his height there is probably a reason, but this reason may be a family characteristic due to an inherited type of bodily build as readily as it may be the result of a lack of health or of undernourishment. A physical examination by a competent physician will determine which of these reasons holds good, but I believe that any intelligent parent can determine either for himself or for herself whether this notice that a child deviates from the average standard of weight for height should be a cause for anxiety or whether it may be disregarded. Fathers and mothers need to exercise sane judgment on this matter and balance their knowledge of their children with the information they should have of the signs of health in childhood on its positive as well as on its negative side. For it seems to me that the time has come for us to lay more emphasis upon the signs of health during childhood rather than to rely upon the symptoms of ill health or disease.

In order that we may understand this height-and-weight matter in its relation to the nourishment and the health of children, it is necessary to go back a few years and see how this popular method of health measurement in childhood began. During the Great War we became aware that one of the most important needs of the warring countries was some means of prevention or correction of the widespread undernourishment and starvation of their children. In order to have some rule whereby we could determine just how many children were undernourished, a number of health authorities in the United States worked out what are known as "height-and-weight tables" based upon the weighing and the measuring of thousands of boys and girls. These tables give the average relation of the weight to the height of healthy American boys and girls in each age group, but, like all rules and

Score Card for the Normal Child	Score	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE
Erect bodily posture—Flat back	2							
Shoulder blades close against body	4							
Shoulders level and at same height	4							
Chest rounded and broad	2							
Spinal column straight	4							
Abdomen neither protruded nor retracted	4							
Clear skin of good color	6							
Bright and clear eyes	6							
Clean teeth, without decay	6							
Deep pink lips, gums and tongue	6							
Muscles firm and rounded	6							
Poised and balanced body movements with ability to relax	4							
Sound, restful sleep	8							
Free breathing through the nose	6							
Good appetite	6							
Good digestion	8							
At least one bowel movement every day	8							
Steady and regular gain in weight	10							
Total Score	100							

Are you cleaning your house *BLINDFOLDED ?*

You can't see *through* a rug, any more than you could through a blindfold.

Watching your old electric cleaner pick up surface dirt and litter, you naturally think: "How beautifully it cleans." But surface cleanliness gives you absolutely no proof that your cleaner has removed the grimy, germ-laden dirt that is trodden into the nap of floor coverings or buried in upholstery.

The Eureka Man has a simple test—the famous "High-Vacuum" Dirt Test—which will show you in a moment whether rugs you *think* are clean are *really* clean, and whether your old cleaner has lost effectiveness, as many cleaners do through constant use.

Remember, almost any brushing or sweeping device will take up the dirt you can *see*. But a worn or inferior cleaner, lacking in suction power, leaves the dangerous embedded dirt—a perfect breeding place for moths and disease germs.

The secret of the Eureka's amazing success in more than 2,000,000 homes is its extraordinary suction, and its adaptability to *every* cleaning purpose. Let the Eureka Man show you how "Super-Vacuum" will bring you new standards of home sanitation—how it may be used to prevent moths—and to clean the inside of your motor car, your stairways, cupboards and all other hard-to-get-at places.

This demonstration costs nothing—places you under no obligation. If the Eureka Man does not call within a few days, phone the nearest Eureka branch or dealer.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U. S. A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario. Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher Street, London, W. C. 1, England; 299a-301 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, Australia

(502)

Grand Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

Gets More Dirt

Welcome the Eureka Man—home sanitation expert

The Eureka Man is the bonded, trusted representative of the world's largest manufacturer of electric cleaners. He will show you many "shortcuts" to make your work easier and give you added hours of leisure.

Where did your
BATHTUB

get this
DIRTY
ring?

FIRST, you bathed in it. And used lots of soap. The water was hard. The soap combined with the hardness in the hard water and made scum. That scum collected dirt. There's where your bathtub got that dirty ring!

But soften the water with Melo and the scum won't form. No dirty ring. Water soft as rain water. Plenty of suds for a pleasant bath. No tub to scrub.

Water softened with Melo has wonderful cleaning effects, with or without soap. Melo in hard water makes soap much more effective. Put two tablespoonfuls in the washtubs and prevent the dirty ring from forming. The clothes are whiter too. And easier to wash. Put two tablespoonfuls in the dishpans.

Melo saves from ⅓ to ½ the amount of soap ordinarily used. Melo only costs 10 cents a can. Buy 3. Keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry—it makes a wonderful dishwasher—and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.

HARD WATER PLUS MEL'O MAKES SOFT WATER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

Send 10 cents for a full-size package of Melo

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

standards applied to human beings, they have their weakness as well as their value.

The reason for this is that we are not dealing with standardized children. Children differ just as much in their height, weight, general build and physical type as adults do. Some of us are tall and some are short; some lean and some stout; some broad and stocky in build and some narrow and slender; some fair and of the blond type that can look pale and yet be entirely healthy, and some dark and swarthy and with the look of health even when ill. This is one of the ways where heredity counts. Racial and family characteristics are reflected in physical types; the children of lean and spare parents are apt to be lean and spare; tall fathers and mothers are usually the parents of tall children, and even the rate of growth may be a family characteristic. This is not always true, but it happens in such a majority of instances that it is one of the few general rules we can rely upon in its relation to the physical traits of children. If the relation of weight to height were all that we needed to determine the state of nourishment of children, we might as well go to the corner grocery store with a tape measure and use its scales in order to find out if any child is healthy or not.

What is health in childhood? This question was asked a few years ago by our incoming President of the United States in his capacity as president of the American Child Health Association. Mr. Hoover said at that time:

> I should like to know what the normal is in childhood. The nation needs to know what it is. . . . As an incentive to parents, as a stimulus to communities, we need more pains in portraying the healthy child and the steps that contribute to this end so that all can understand. We want a degree of health that is practically attainable. . . . Describe to us in terms that fathers and mothers can understand the child whose organs are functioning efficiently, whose growth is proceeding unimpeded, whose senses are developed unhampered, and whose potentialities are being realized mentally, morally and physically. . . . It is time that we envisage this "normal" child and that we make this child a familiar figure in the homes of the country. . . . There are millions of parents who are doing everything they know, and they are asking the question daily: Have I succeeded? Does my child conform to the ideal of the normal? . . . We need the positive side—what the factors are which contribute to the development of the healthy body, the healthy mind, the healthy social organism, and we should have these factors stated in positive rather than in negative terms of safeguards.

What, then, are our standards for health in childhood? Parents have had long training in the recognition of the signs and symptoms of ill health during childhood. By what signs may we know that our children are healthy?

The Normal

THERE are certain signs of health in childhood that are unmistakable. Many parents recognize them without taking the trouble to analyze the details that make up the picture. When they are all present they represent the normal and the ideal that we wish for our children.

The truly healthy child stands erect with good posture, with the body easily balanced and well poised. The back is flat, with the shoulder blades lying close against the body, the shoulders level and at the same height, the chest rounded and broad, the spinal column straight and the abdomen neither sunken nor protruding, but giving a straight line even with the chest. This should be a natural and not a forced position, held easily even when the body is relaxed. Such good posture is not only an indication of health but it is the sure basis of continued health. One of the most evident signs of undernourishment is a slouchy posture, with the weight of the body thrown on one side and the whole attitude one that shows fatigue and a lack of strength to stand upright.

Another sign of health is a clear skin of good color. Some children, particularly of the very light blond type, rarely have red or pink cheeks and yet should have a fresh, clear glow to their skin, which is an indication of health even if no marked color is evident. Our normal child has bright and clear eyes with an alert expression. Fatigue, and some forms of illness, show first in a heavy and lackluster expression of the eyes, and if the wrong conditions persist the eyes not only seem dull but there are apt to be dark circles under them. But if your child has clear eyes and a clear skin you may set these down as two more positive signs of health.

Positive Health

THE healthy child has clean teeth, without decay. The mucous membranes, including the lips, the gums and the tongue, are of a deep pink color, and the tongue is clean, without any white spots or coating. The old-time habit that many wise doctors still practice, of having the patient put out his tongue for observation, is an excellent one, for a coated tongue is a sure indication that something is wrong; usually a digestive trouble or a fever.

The muscles of our healthy child are firm and rounded. Not the overdeveloped muscles of the athlete, but when you pass your hands over your child's body there should be the feeling of strength and firmness, as opposed to softness and flabbiness. This muscular firmness should be equally developed all over the body and give a picture of sturdy strength and not mere fat.

With this picture of the appearance of the normal child in mind, let us see what else is necessary to complete it. Health is shown when the body is functioning normally and is harmonious in all of its movements and purposes. Watch your child when he is playing; you can learn far more about him when he is off guard than when he knows that you are interested in his behavior. Boisterous children may be as healthy as those who are more quiet and self-restrained, but overexcitable children whose motions are habitually nervous and jerky are as much in need of attention as are those children who are listless, dull and apathetic. Play is a great revealer of health as well as of character, and fathers and mothers need have little difficulty in recognizing the signs that show so clearly when a healthy child is busy at his play.

Positive health in childhood shows itself in normal health habits. Children who are well are able to relax when action is not necessary; they have steady nerves, with no needless physical restlessness. The healthy child may seem to be a bundle of perpetual motion, but his sleep comes easily and is sound and restful, without nervous twitching or restlessness or evidence of bad dreams. He wakes in the morning, or after his nap, fresh and fully rested and ready for whatever the day may bring to him. Both asleep and awake, he breathes fully and freely through both nostrils and not through his mouth; he has a good appetite, good digestion and at least one free bowel movement every day. Finally—and this is of the utmost importance—the normal healthy child gains in weight regularly and steadily.

We have been depending too much upon scales and measurements to tell us the state of health of our children. These are of value only when their findings are confirmed by medical knowledge, common sense, a consideration of the physical type of the child and the knowledge of the signs of health. We need to stress the supreme importance of the health ideal for children toward which we are all striving, and I want to banish the worry and fear that have come to so many parents because their children fall a little short of the average standards of weight in relation to height. I want to assure all parents that this is not the whole story and that if the signs of positive health in childhood are present, they need have no apprehension about the health of their children even if there is a slight downward variation of weight in relation to height and age.

Fine linen pieces . . . dainty fabrics of any kind . . . lovely sheer things of your own that deserve the best of care—in washing them you can use no product as safe as Borax.

Use your favorite laundry soap, but use Borax with it for best results. Borax loosens dirt, gets white things really white, makes the laundry work easier—and yet is absolutely harmless to fabric or hands. Quite different from harsh "washing compounds" that may harm far more than they help.

In all laundry work 20 Mule Team Borax makes the clothes sweet and fresh—for it is a mild antiseptic and deodorant as well as a cleanser. Garments that touch your skin should always be washed "the Borax way" to gain this *extra cleanliness*.

20 Mule Team Borax is a real help. It is mild and safe. Buy a package today.

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 174
100 William St., New York City

Please send a copy of your free booklet—"Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name_____

Address_____

"Beauty Care *right in your own dishpan,*"

say 305 famous Beauty Shops

"With all our experience," these beauty experts find, "we cannot distinguish between hands that never wash dishes and hands that use Lux in the dishpan."

•

Famous Beauty Schools

also find Lux gentlest to the hands! After tests, the National Schools of Cosmeticians chose Lux for use in manicuring! "There is no better beauty aid for the housewife than Lux in washing dishes," they add.

Good for your hands to wash dishes? . . . Yes, if you use Lux! Read what beauty experts say!

NOBODY in the world has a better chance to compare women's hands than the experts in famous beauty shops in cities all over the country!

And 305 of the finest beauty salons in the United States agree that—

"Lux for dishes means hands that are truly lovely—as soft and white as the hands of leisure."

Here is beauty care *in your dishpan!*

How dishwashing has changed! No longer mere drudgery! While you are washing dishes with the gentle, soothing Lux suds, your hands are gaining a wonderful half-hour, or more, of real *beauty care!*

The secret is this:

Lux is quite different from other soaps! It cherishes the delicate oils of the skin, while so many soaps pitilessly dry these beauty oils—leave the skin roughened and red and drawn-looking.

Best of all, this wise, simple beauty care costs almost nothing. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day! The big package lasts through 6 weeks' dishwashing.

Here is the wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known—right in your own dishpan!

Modern Brides

96 out of every 100 interviewed in 11 great cities are using Lux for their dishes, to keep their hands truly lovely! These modern girls mean to keep house without losing a bit of youthful charm.

These Famous Hands

of Miss Irma Wright, world champion amateur typist, delight big audiences with their speed! "Lux in my dishpan keeps my hands supple and white, in spite of my housekeeping cares," Miss Wright enthusiastically says!

Less than 1¢ a day

Of course dishes shine, glasses sparkle, with the lovely Lux suds—instantly sparkling, even in hard water! And Lux for dishes costs so little! The big package will wash 6 weeks' dishes—lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day!

For your children's sake, mother, always choose these softer, more absorbent bathroom tissues—ScotTissue or Waldorf

TO BE SAFE bathroom tissue must be *soft, absorbent, chemically pure*

"INFERIOR toilet papers irritate and may cause serious injury," is the statement made by 223 hospital superintendents, recently questioned.

A warning echoed by physicians throughout the country.

It is a startling fact that most toilet paper sold to housewives today is just ordinary tissue paper in rolls.

It may be glazed and crinkly . . . as harsh to sensitive skin as wrapping paper. Or it may be chemically impure . . . made from reclaimed waste materials.

ScotTissue and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues made by a special Scott process on machines designed and built by Scott engineers.

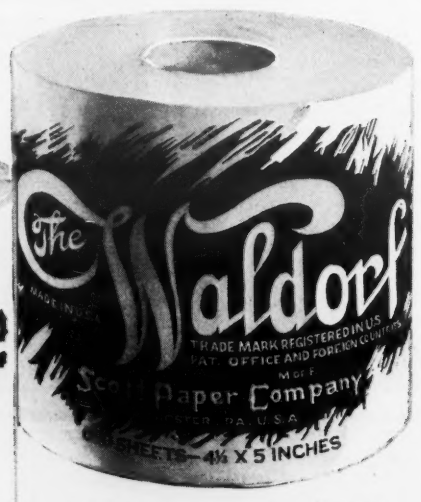
In every particular they meet the requirements hospitals and doctors say toilet tissues must have to be safe.

They are extremely fine textured. Crumpled in the hand, they are actually cloth-like—soft as old linen. Treat a sheet of ordinary paper the same way—you can feel its sharp, brittle edges.

Only the finest materials, pure and fresh, go into ScotTissue and Waldorf. They are neither alkaline nor acid—always safe. The sheets tear evenly. Even a small child finds them easy to use.

From today on—when you buy toilet paper ask for these tissues that your own doctor would recommend. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Soft as old Linen
ScotTissue
The absorbent soft white Toilet paper
Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa. U.S.A.
1000 SHEETS — 4½ X 5 INCHES



Waldorf — 3 *for* 20¢
ScotTissue — 2 *for* 25¢

These prices for United States only
Fit standard built-in fixtures

Copyright 1929 by Scott Paper Company

Skippy Sings a Requiem

(Continued from Page 25)

Mrs. Wayne gazed through the open window, conscious of the lengthening shadows. Already the crickets' increasing chirps and the call of the whippoorwill announced approaching night. All outside seemed to echo some lament. She shook off the dreadful feeling by clearing the table. For the next fifteen minutes she feverishly put things to order that had already been put in their places.

Night was falling when Mrs. Wayne took her seat by the window, slowly rocked and waited; waited until complete darkness had fallen, and in complete darkness sat in the lonely house.

"Land sakes! I never thought!" exclaimed Mrs. Wayne. "He's going to camp at Marlowe's. Here I've been worrying all this time too." And she rocked back and forth. "Oh, it's silly of me, but I do hope he'll come and kiss me good night."

Greatly relieved, she got up and lit the lamp; she opened the Bible, and read until the clock struck nine. Yawningly she rose and put her glasses over the shepherd's crook of the clock.

She bolted the back door and locked the windows, leaving the front door unlatched. Going out on the porch she wandered up and down aimlessly, trying to make up her mind whether to go down to Marlowe's and see if everything was all right. Then she remembered the time that she had gone down before and found him asleep between Skippy and Ray. Of course it was foolish of her to be so fidgety.

IT OCCURRED to her to keep the lamp burning; but on second thought she decided not to, with oil at thirteen cents a gallon. She untied her apron and reëntered the house. As she was about to hang it up her eyes rested on the price tag, still untouched. For some time she looked at the price; then she buried her face in the gingham folds. His pennies.

Mrs. Wayne carried the lamp slowly to her room. When ready to retire she knelt mechanically in prayer; but her mind wandered and she forgot to finish the weary psalm. Over and over she repeated his last words. "Don't worry, ma, I'll be all right."

For some time the mother lay in bed with her eyes closed. Behind them she was tracing something that moved in her mind, like an invisible finger, leaving a trail of golden light. . . . It seemed to write, and then erase as it wrote. She was growing calm. She felt much quieter.

She could not tell whether she had dozed, although she could have sworn that she had been wide awake. In a piercing call, distant yet distinct, Mrs. Wayne heard her name.

She answered: "Is that you, son? Is that you?"

Only the stillness of the night, save for the crickets, answered. Half hysterical she sprang from bed and called again over the banisters.

"Is that you, son? Is that you?"

THE clock tolled eleven as Mrs. Wayne hurriedly dressed. Half clad she rushed terror-stricken from the house, down the road toward Marlowe's.

Passing Skinner's, she stopped suddenly. The house was dark, but Mrs. Wayne only thought of Sooky. She ran up the path toward the stoop and rang the bell twice. Surely if they were camping Skippy would be there. Yes, she would know that he was all right.

The bell had been ringing steadily. Her hand flew back as if she had pricked it on the point of a sword. What would the Skinners think? She shrank back, ashamed.

A window over the porch opened. "Who's there?" called Mr. Skinner.

Perhaps if she clung to the shadows of the house she could glide away. What should she do? She wished that she had not awakened the family. How ridiculous she felt, now that they were up.

"Answer me! Who's there?" commanded Mr. Skinner.

MRS. WAYNE backed to the lawn. When she was in sight of Mr. Skinner leaning out of the widow, she answered: "It's me, Mr. Skinner. Mrs. Wayne. I—or that is—I wanted to know—oh, I'm so sorry to bother you, but you know how it is—I was worried about my boy."

"Why, not at all, Mrs. Wayne. I thought Sooky was camping with Ray and Skippy. Wait! I'll ask Dolly."

He turned and called: "Dolly, did Skippy say anything about Sooky going camping with him?" After a pause he leaned again over the sill. "Yes, he did, just as I thought. Mrs. Skinner is coming. Won't you come in? I'll be right down and open the door."

"Oh, please don't bother. I just wanted to know—I forgot whether he said anything about camping or not—so I'll just go back, thank you." She retreated backward. She felt that her skirt was slipping. Oh, for a pin. She clasped her waist to prevent the dreaded catastrophe. If she could only edge away. She wished that she had not roused the Skinners.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wayne." Mrs. Skinner suddenly appeared beside her husband. She crossed her arms over her chest and smiled: "You'll have to pardon my appearance, Mrs. Wayne. I'm sure Sooky is with my son, because Skippy said they were going camping. There's nothing to worry about, really. Skippy told us at dinner that they were to meet tonight."

"I'm so sorry that I woke you up, but I didn't realize it was so late . . . I—I was taking a walk and I ——" Her skirt was slipping. She huddled herself in tightly. "Well—thank you so much. I'll go home now."

"COME in, Mrs. Wayne," invited Mrs. Skinner. "We just turned the lights out a minute ago. I'll ——"

"No, please! I must go. . . . You see, I was just passing . . . I've got so much to do tonight. . . . I'm so sorry to bother you. Good night. . . . Thank you."

"George, you'd better walk home with Mrs. Wayne."

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Wayne. It won't take me a minute."

"No, I'm all right," replied Mrs. Wayne, and her hands trembled as she laced and interlaced them. The skirt was slipping constantly. She hugged her waist and timidly stepped backward: "Good night. . . . Thank you. Good night."

"Good night, Mrs. Wayne," answered the Skinners, closing the window.

Once she was out of sight, Mrs. Wayne searched for a pin, and heaved a sigh of relief when she was rewarded by a prick on the finger. She fixed her skirt.

Thoroughly weary, she trudged up the silent street toward her house. She stopped and pondered. Perhaps she had better go

(Continued on Page 108)

"I'm in love with a beautiful nurse"

IN LOVE with her . . . and who wouldn't be? She's quite the most interesting woman I've met. She understands me—speaks my language and sings my songs. But it's more than that. She gives me a wonderful treat each day, that no one ever gave me before! It's a treat made specially for me, she says, and it happens like this . . .

After my bath, when I'm nice and dry, this nurse of mine puts something on me. Powder, she calls it—but how can it be? Powder's been used on me before, and it wasn't ever like this . . . so silky and smooth, you can't imagine! And so soft, too, that I hardly feel it come sprinkling down. But I know it's there, for it keeps me cool and fresh as a rose! "You'll never chafe again, my dear," she says. As if I could!

No wonder I love her . . . and it's hard to tell about women, you know, but I think she's fallen in love with me!

THE CHIEF CHEMIST PUTS IT THIS WAY . . .

There is an important difference in baby powders—and you would readily understand it if you saw the talcs which go into them. Johnson's Baby Powder contains the finest Italian talc. Look at this under a microscope and you would see only soft, tiny flakes. But look at the cheaper talc which goes into some baby powders—the microscope would show you sharp, *needle*-like particles! Imagine how they feel on a baby's tender skin!

You don't need a microscope to try *this:* rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger—then do the same with another powder. You'll feel a real difference—and remember, the difference *you* feel would be felt much more by your baby! Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no* stearate of zinc.

Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson

Manufacturers of Adhesive Plasters and Surgical Dressings

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET—We will be glad to send you a generous sample package of Johnson's Baby Powder. With it we will include an interesting Baby Booklet. This is free service to mothers and expectant mothers.

(FREE SAMPLE—SEND THIS COUPON)

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N.J.

Please send me—free of charge—a sample of Johnson's Baby Powder, and a copy of your Baby Booklet. L.H.J. 3-29

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

It won't Gum with 3-in-One

Listen to the "3-in-One Theatre", broadcast Tuesday evenings over WJZ and associated stations.

3-in-One is an oil compound of unusual and peculiar properties. Unlike other oils, 3-in-One is non-gumming. Here is proof—

A Genoa, Ill., housewife writes: "My sewing machine was so badly gummed I could not run it. I got a can of 3-in-One and applied it freely to all parts, when lo, and behold, a great change came to pass. My machine now runs like a new one." (Name on request.)

From Australia: "A few days ago a mechanic, adjusting my sewing machine, asked me how long we had used it. On being told, 17 years, he said we would have it for another 17 years if we took the same care of it. Then he asked what oil I used and I told him 3-in-One." (Name on request.)

A New Jersey Manufacturer says: "We have found that any oil but 3-in-One gums up on the machines after they have been used for a short time." (Name on request.)

Use the oil that does not gum—3-in-One. It quickly penetrates the tightest bearing and lubricates perfectly. Also works out old caked grease and dirt. Light enough to penetrate—heavy enough to lubricate.

If you think your sewing machine is gummed, it may be only lint and threads caught in the bearings. Remove these with small scissors, penknife or any pointed instrument. Then oil with 3-in-One and notice the big difference.

Don't accept ordinary "machine oil" when 3-in-One is so different and better—and may be purchased for only a penny or so more. Ask for 3-in-One by name.

At all good grocery, drug, hardware, notion, general and department stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

FREE: *Generous sample of 3-in-One and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. A request on a postal card will bring both.*

Manufactured since 1894
THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N. Y.

Prevents Rust - OILS - Cleans & Polishes

Makes Zippers Zip

A drop of 3-in-One on your Zipper fastenings assures their quick and easy operation. Try it.

M905

(Continued from Page 106)

down to Marlowe's after all, just to satisfy herself that everything was all right.

She turned and walked back slowly, trying to make up her mind. Mrs. Skinner said they were camping. Skippy wasn't home. It wouldn't do to pass the Skinners' now. Perhaps they would see her. No, she would cross the street. In the middle of the road she paused. Oh, he was all right. She was just getting herself worked up. She started back. Still, it would give her peace of mind if she were only sure. Had Mrs. Skinner seen Sooky? Why hadn't she asked? But she must have seen him, or she wouldn't have known.

SHE found herself on the other side of the street, slowly walking toward Marlowe's. If she looked in on them Skippy would tell his parents and they might be offended because she had not taken their word. She hesitated; she couldn't think. No, it wouldn't do to go down and perhaps scare them. She wouldn't offend the Skinners for the world. No, she would go on home again. She felt weak.

She slowly retraced her steps toward home, and then stopped. She leaned against a fence. It was better to walk alongside the fence.

What was the matter with her? Here she had turned down the wrong street. This would never do. There was so much to do tomorrow. Mrs. Hopkins expected a fitting too. She must get some sleep. Why didn't Sooky tell her he was going camping? She thought of the price tag, and the stars blurred before her eyes.

She was home. She leaned heavily against the fence. In a moment she would scream. "Oh, God help me!" and her teeth bit the back of her trembling fist. No, she was all right now. Just tired; that was it. Tired.

She dragged herself into the house and listlessly groped for a match. Oh, yes, the lamp was upstairs. She was too weary to get it now. She just wanted to sit down a minute. Her hat dragged. She dropped the hatpin on the floor. She would pick it up in the morning. Yes, in the morning she would pick it up . . . in the morning. . . .

She sank back in the rocker, exhausted. Everything was silent in the darkened house. She swayed slowly. It creaked . . . creaked . . . creaked. . . . Mrs. Wayne nodded. Her drooping head was silhouetted against the windowpane. Her hat rolled to the floor as the clock tolled one.

LATE that night Skippy and Ray still lay wide awake in the tent.

"What do ya suppose is keepin' Sooky?" asked Ray.

"Well, he told us he was comin', didn't he?"

"Yes, he told us he was comin', but look at the time!" Ray turned in the darkness, and Skippy felt the hot, trembling breath on his neck. "It's been hours since we been just lyin' here waitin' . . . an' waitin'."

"Yeh . . . it's been hours," agreed Skippy.

"Only a little while ago the clock struck twelve."

"Yeh . . . I know."

"It seems so late, don't it?"

"Yeh . . . but he's liable to come any minute now."

"He was liabler to come before. It's so late now."

"I was wonderin'," began Skippy.

"What?"

"Wonderin' if me or you said somethin' that got him mad at us."

"Mad? What did I do to make him mad? Why, I never said nothin' in my whole life to make Sooky mad." Ray paused. "I ain't never yet an' I never will. No, sir! Never!"

"Ya didn't say nothin' about clothes? You know—old clothes?"

"Who? Me?"

"Yes, you!"

"I ain't here to get took apart! An' I ain't to be took in by loud talkin', 'cause I seen you when you oncet give Sooky a dirty look."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you!"

"When?"

"When? When you had that soapy hair comb an' Sooky said ya hair looked like a letter S 'cause ya was in love with Carol Sharon."

"Oh, her!"

"Yeh. I guess other people what lives in tents can be took apart, I guess." Ray turned on his side and faced the wall.

"Ray?" Skippy nudged his companion. "Ray?"

"What?"

"Ya know . . . I'd give anything in this wide, wide world if Sooky was to come in now."

"Your sword?"

"Yes, my sword!"

"Ya know, Skip?" Ray turned over and faced his friend. "Ya know, so would I—anything."

"Say! I just happened to think! He may of left a note in the hollow tree." Skippy sat up. "What'll ya bet?"

"I'll bet that's just what he did," said Ray. "Why didn't we think of that before?"

"I'll take a look," answered Skippy, crawling out of the tent.

"Did ya find anything?"

"Here's his dinner pail—oh, there *is* a note in it!"

"What does it say? Bring it in!" Ray struck a match and lit a candle.

"Here it is," said Skippy, entering the tent.

THEY both bent over it and read the pencil scrawls: "See ya tonight fellas after super, cause momul worry. Sooky."

"After supper!" They stared at each other in the flickering light. Skippy turned the paper.

"Nothin' on the back?" asked Ray.

"Nothin'."

"Do ya think he's home?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe he forgot."

"Sooky'd never leave a couple o' pals waitin'"—Skippy gulped—"an' waitin'."

"An' he wouldn't run away."

"Sooky leave his mother? They're just like tha-that!" For the first time Skippy's fingers failed to click.

The candle light wavered in a sudden breeze and after a feeble flicker went out. The friends were left in darkness. Skippy gulped in silence.

"Ray?"

"Yeh, Skip."

"I—I was wonderin'."

"Wonderin' wh-what?"

"If we oughta go out an' look?"

"I'll go any place, but where would we look?"

"That's what I was wonderin'."

"Ya don't think ——"

"I'm just wonderin'."

"Where ya goin'?"

"Gettin' the pail."

"Are ya bringin' it in here?"

"Sure!"

"S-seems awful to keep it in here. . . . Don't it make ya feel terrible creepy, sorta—with . . . him . . . him . . . away?"

"I know . . . but it wouldn't be fair to a pal to leave his pail out . . . not hi-his pail, Ray."

"Let's keep it in here, then—away in the corner."

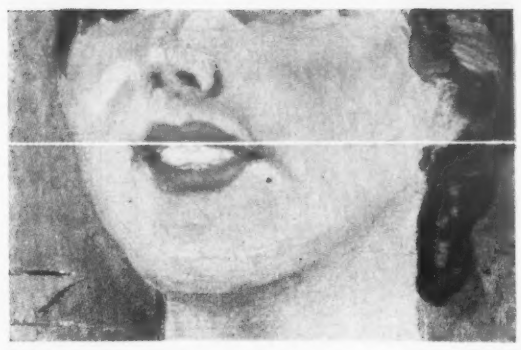
SKIPPY felt the tremors of the body next to him as he sat with knees clasped. The crickets broke the utter stillness, except for the smothered, choking sighs of Ray. Motionless, Skippy waited until he felt the quivers of his friend taper off into sleep. Leaning over, he patted the sleeping figure, and then stretched out quietly for the pail.

With arms clasping an empty pail Skippy sat staring into the darkness. In

(Continued on Page 110)

TOOTH DECAY

will never have a chance if you *practice modern mouth hygiene*



Guarding The Danger Line is the prime essential in protecting your teeth and gums

AFTER all, it's useless to try to avoid the issue. The fact remains that thousands and thousands of people are eventually attacked by tooth decay and gum irritations in spite of the most faithful care. And the question is—*are you willing to run the same risk by overlooking a few well-established facts?*

These facts are very simple. Every time you eat, food particles are forced into the pits on the grinding surfaces of your teeth and into the tiny V-shaped crevices around each tooth formed by the meeting of tooth and gum—The Danger Line. These particles ferment. Acids are formed which attack the enamel and irritate the delicate gum tissues. Unless these acids are neutralized tooth decay and dangerous infections sometimes develop.

Unfortunately mere brushing cannot reach the acids lodged in these inaccessible spots. That is where old-fashioned methods fail to protect. It is recognized today that your dentifrice must do part of the job of guarding your teeth and gums. It must penetrate into these places where the tooth-brush cannot reach. And it must contain an antacid ingredient that is none the less effective because it is safe for use in the mouth. The best product known to neutralize acids in the mouth, according to the statements of the dental profession, is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

Squibb's Dental Cream can bring you full protection because it meets the prime fundamental of up-to-date hygiene. It contains more than 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—an amount ample to reach into those tiny pits and crevices on your teeth which are inaccessible to any tooth-brush. After use, particles of Milk of Magnesia remain, neutralizing destructive acids and safeguarding your teeth and gums for a long time after.

You should have your dentist inspect the condition of your teeth at least twice a year. Between these visits, use Squibb's Dental Cream. By practicing these simple but modern precautions, you will make it practically impossible for tooth decay or gum irritations ever to get a foothold.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleanses thoroughly. Use it to brush the gums. It soothes them and keeps them healthy. It relieves sensitive teeth. It is pleasant to use and safe because it contains no grit, abrasives or astringents. 40c a generously large tube. Ask for Squibb's the next time you visit your druggist.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

Your physician, your dentist and your druggist will tell you that Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is the finest you can buy. It is pure and pleasant to take because it has no earthy taste. Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it also truly valuable in promoting proper alimentation.

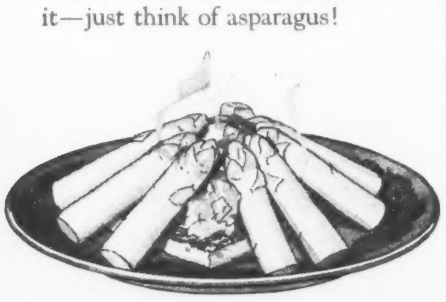
When it's variety and delicacy you want

just remember asparagus

No trick at all to make meals distinctive when California Canned Asparagus is at hand. Just open a can—there you have flavor and freshness to tempt the drowsiest appetite.

And you can eat all you want—even though you are on a reducing diet—for asparagus is one of the principal non-fattening foods.

So, when you're looking for variety, delicacy—and plenty of it—just think of asparagus!



Asparagus with Chicken à la King

Turn California Canned Asparagus and liquid into a shallow pan and heat over a low fire until thoroughly hot. Drain and serve with Chicken à la King on hot buttered toast. For a delightful variation, cut the asparagus into 1-inch pieces, mix with the Chicken à la King and serve in patty shells. Garnish with whole spears or tips.

CALIFORNIA CANNED

Asparagus

Send for FREE book

Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 149, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California

Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 108)

the distance the town clock struck one. As the knell blended with space, a dog's mournful halloo threaded the tempo of the night.

The next day carpenters found Sooky in the cellar of the house upon which they were working. Throwing a coat over him, they carried him home. His team mates followed silently, dragging his homemade wagon still half filled with wood.

After the carpenters had returned to their work the team stood in front of the house in awkward groups. For some time they stared at the closed shutters and exchanged frightened glances, huddled together; some screwed the buttonholes of their coats, while others grooved the toes of their shoes in the dirt. Skippy removed his hat to adjust his cowlick; as if by a given signal, the team followed his example. Hats in hand, they quietly stole away.

Unaware of the team's departure Skippy continued the vigil alone. He now gazed numbly at the house as a veil of memories passed before his fixed eyes. Unconsciously he had grasped the fence and wedged his chin between the pickets. Somehow he felt that Sooky would appear behind the open blinds of the kitchen window, wiping a dish. He glanced quickly in the direction of the porch, half expecting to see Sooky sneaking away, a grin on his face. Hearing whispering, he slowly turned and saw that people had gathered around him. He crept away to the fields opposite and stretched out in the grass.

HE KNEW that somewhere behind those closed shutters mysterious things were happening. The minister was still in the house, he was sure; he had never taken his eyes from it, and he would surely have seen him leave. The thought helped him. He saw the neighbors creeping in and out on errands of kindness. It seemed that the whole town was doing something that had never been done for anybody before.

He discovered that he had been chewing grass. What time was it? He remembered that someone had been calling steadily. Perhaps his mother summoning him for lunch. Well, it must be well after noontime, he decided. He began to recall the sounds. He wondered where sounds went. What was that? Skippy heard it again—the distant howl of a dog. He had kept that same sound up all through the night. Sooky's friend. He could see Sooky now, scaling a cooky at the dog. Yes, Sooky wouldn't pass the dog without woofing for him. He listened to the animal's hallooing, and then, attracted by the sound of an opening door, he noticed that two men in black were standing on the porch opposite him. He crawled nearer to catch what they were saying.

When he looked up from his new position he discovered that one of the men had just fastened long white ribbons underneath the bell.

The man was working on the outer door. His voice carried: "To do this thing right we've got to have both doors open." The other man joined the one tugging at the door and helped pull; it rasped outward on squeaking hinges. "Guess it's never been opened before," said the second man.

THE men reëntered the house and everything was still. Skippy looked at the opened vestibule and thoughts of Sooky whirled before him. Gone! No, that couldn't happen. No, sir, not to Sooky. He glanced at the ribbons and flowers. A crape! No, it wasn't a crape . . . it just wasn't! God was too nice for that. It was an angel! Yes, sir, one of God's sentinels just waiting to show Sooky the way. See, the dog knew! Yes, he knew!

Were those cookies scalloped or just plain? He must remember to see that the dog got his cookies. Some day he'd fool the dog and sneak in a cruller.

The sound of laughter startled Skippy. He looked up and saw that the carpenters were going home, clanking their pails as they passed.

Skippy's toes ground into the grass; he buried his face in the clover. The nails dug into his fists as he beat the earth in prayer:

"Please, God, let Sooky see how we miss him so much. Let him, will you, God, see?" The little body shook with tension. "Please, awfully, t-tell him I g-got his p-pail."

THE choir stood around the church in a listless group, waiting for the signal to depart. With hymnals clutched under their arms they huddled together like frightened cattle in a storm. Skippy hoped that they would not have to wear raiment. He glanced nervously at the array of cottas and cassocks lined up on the hooks. He remembered seeing Sooky place his own there and telling the choir that he never wanted his place disturbed; he had even tabbed it with a piece of chewing gum. Skippy watched Mr. Somme carefully fold the purple stole and place it in the satchel in preparation for the services. A golden cross was embroidered on the purple silk. Skippy made a secret vow then and there that the chewing gum would now be as sacred to the church as a golden cross.

He heaved a sigh of relief when Mr. Somme informed them that Mrs. Wayne had expressed a wish that her boy's choir mates appear at the services without vestments.

They arrived at the Wayne house in a silent file and wormed their way through the motionless crowd of neighbors that lined the fence and filled the lawn and porch. The choir squeezed through the vestibule and snuggled against a coat rack laden with myriad hats. Somerset brought up the rear; as he edged through the door by a succession of shoves, someone in the choir jostled the coat rack, dislodging a derby that wabbled and rolled into the center of the parlor floor. Instantly every eye in the sea of expressionless faces that packed the parlor and dining room lighted on the hat.

SKIPPY reddened as he entered and picked it up. A man craned his neck, saw his own initials, and scowled. A slight commotion in the hall again jostled the rack; again all eyes swerved from Skippy as another derby rolled into the parlor. Another man colored as the heads bent in unison to study the features of a girl's photograph pasted in the crown.

Two men in long black coats and black gloves rescued the derby and removed the rack to the porch. Skippy watched them as they moved in and out stealthily, like phantoms from a dream world. Attracted by the overwhelming odor of flowers, he stole a terrified peek at the blinded windows with floral pieces. In a tremor he hurriedly turned his head toward the figures bolt upright.

They were all looking straight ahead. All the faces were strange to him at first, and seemed like rows of orange balls; but as he stared he slowly recognized neighbors. The men looked as if they were bolstered by collars that accentuated their faces, scrubbed to redness. Many of them he failed to recall; he put them down as relatives, and swallowed as he thought of those uncles and aunts who Sooky had said were always showering him with toys. He wanted to forget them as he strained his eyes on the bare floor showing through the worn-out parlor carpet. A movement among the audience caused him to look at a man selecting a toothpick from a case; the man wedged and pried his teeth while his eyes trailed the course of a fly.

(Continued on Page 113)

"The New French Process MELLO-GLO Face Powder stays on longer and prevents large pores. Best of all, I never have a shiny nose when I use MELLO-GLO—it keeps ugly shine away." Claire Toy (now acting in Ziegfeld's "Whoopee"), 214 Riverside Drive, New York City.

"No wonder MELLO-GLO is the outstanding face powder for beautiful women. It stays on so much longer, yet does not dry the skin or clog the pores." Patsy Loper (featured dancer at Ned Wayburn's Frivolity Club), 341 West 45th Street, New York City.

"New wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder gives my skin an exquisite youthful bloom and spreads more smoothly. Because it is so fine, MELLO-GLO never gives a pasty or flaky look, or irritates the skin." Manon Maria, Baroness de Grazia, 152 E. 30th Street, New York City.

Beautiful Women Prefer Mello-Glo

AMERICA'S most beautiful women use MELLO-GLO Face Powder because it stays on longer and prevents large pores. They soon discover that wonderful MELLO-GLO means no more shiny noses—it really keeps ugly shine away. This remarkable powder is little affected by perspiration and stays on longer.

Because it is made by a new French process, MELLO-GLO Face Powder spreads more smoothly and produces a youthful bloom which is impossible to duplicate. It covers up every imperfection, yet does not dry the skin or irritate it.

All coloring matter is passed upon by Government chemists. Nothing could be purer than MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Protect your own lovely skin with MELLO-GLO, this outstanding face powder for beautiful women, which never gives a pasty or flaky look. Buy it at your favorite store. MELLO-GLO Co., Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

"Large cups of fragrant coffee," says Mrs. Douglas MacArthur planning her famous Maryland suppers

FROM THIS GENEROUS COFFEE URN OF SILVER Mrs. MacArthur herself draws the large cups of delicious coffee which are as much a part of her suppers as the broiled chicken, oysters and beaten biscuits . . . Classic dignity and formality of line distinguish the MacArthur residence and are felt also in the stately yet charming elegance of the furnishings. Against this background the guests chatting so genially over the coffee cups present a picture worthy of the finest tradition of Southern hospitality.

LIKE an oasis in the pressure of busy official and diplomatic life in Washington comes an invitation to Sunday evening supper at Rainbow Hill—Mrs. Douglas MacArthur's beautiful home in the lovely Green Spring Valley outside of Baltimore.

Knowingly provided, from her wide experience in entertaining, are those "large cups of fragrant coffee." Like others of America's most brilliant hostesses, she serves Maxwell House.

No other coffee flavor is like that of Maxwell House. For Maxwell House Coffee is not a single flavor, but a rich, sparkling blend of selected coffees grown in many lands. It appeals to men and women alike, coming to the most critical palate as a different and deeply satisfying experience.

Maxwell House Coffee takes its rightful place in scenes of Southern hospitality. Years ago a fine hotel in the Old South became famous for its superlative coffee . . . . Travelers from all parts of the United States came to taste and remained to praise the rich mellow flavor of Maxwell House Coffee.

Southerners themselves boasted of it. They said no single coffee grown could taste quite so delicious. And they were right.

The flavor of Maxwell House is a blend of many different coffee flavors, each selected for a special excellence. A Southern gentleman—an expert in coffees with a talent for good living—first worked out this choice blend, which ever since has appealed unfailingly to other men and women who know good food.

North, South, East and West,—Maxwell House is accepted today as the fine coffee served in America's foremost homes—preferred by America's most famous hostesses. Let your own family and your friends enjoy this delicious coffee at your table. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee.

"I think of all the parties I give at my Maryland house, the most popular and informal is my Sunday evening Maryland Supper. I always serve the coffee in large cups, for somehow those large cups of fragrant coffee seem unfailingly to knit a group of diverse individuals into a cordial company. For many years the mellow blended flavor of Maxwell House Coffee has been identified with the gayest, most charming aspects of life in the Old South."

Dorothy MacArthur

THE GENIUS OF ONE MAN gave America its ideal coffee. Only after countless, patient experiments was the mellow, full-bodied flavor of Maxwell House Coffee achieved.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

LISTEN IN ON THURSDAYS

Delightful weekly radio programs are broadcast by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra, from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

©, 1929, P. Co., Inc.

You can barely hear it !

WHEN a proud owner of a General Electric Refrigerator takes her friends in to see it, the first comment is apt to be "why it's *so* quiet—you can barely hear it."

The thing which seems to impress every one is the extreme quietness with which these refrigerators operate. Their unique construction has indeed established a new standard for quiet operation.

This design, however, accomplishes something even more important. It makes possible the top-unit arrangement—a distinctive feature found only in the General Electric Refrigerator. Placing the unit on top makes it possible to enclose all the machinery—together with a permanent supply of metal protecting oil—in an hermetically sealed steel casing. There the hidden machinery, always oiled, remains safe from dust and difficulties. No one can tinker with it—no one needs to.

All the heat generated is allowed, with this design, to rise above the refrigerator. Installation is simplified. Upon delivery, the entire mechanism is merely lowered into the top of the specially constructed cabinet. It is then placed where you want it and plugged into any electric outlet—just like a fan or an iron. There's no plumbing, for no drain pipe is necessary.

Quietly, economically, the General Electric Refrigerator gives you the perfect refrigeration that does away with food spoilage and safeguards health. It provides a generous supply of ice, makes menu-planning so much easier, permits you to serve the sort of food that your guests will instantly recognize as perfect . . . crisp lettuce, well-chilled beverages, smart desserts.

For detailed information about these "years ahead" refrigerators, just drop us a card asking for Booklet J-3.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 110)

Someone nodded to him, and on second glance he recognized Mrs. Barkenteen. He had never seen her dressed up before; in fact, he had never seen her out of her candy store. The truth was that Mrs. Barkenteen was confined to her store so much that she looked upon this occasion as a social event. She sat in the front row so that she could peer straight up into the minister's face during the services.

Her eyes became suddenly fixed on the blank tag of a floral piece. With a murmured "Excuse me," she walked over and turned it around until the handwriting showed prominently: From Mrs. Barkenteen. She paused long enough to read the many cards on other flowers, and as she stood Skippy could not help but notice her frayed skirt that sagged at the heels. The greenish-black garment had been worn until it had the glow of burnished metal; her shoes bulged over on the sides and curled up at the toes, where second leather showed. The little bouquet was tied with wide silk ribbon, and Skippy wondered how many pennies' worth of jelly beans she would have to sell to make it up.

As Mr. Somme entered and took his place, Mrs. Barkenteen turned to the silent figures in the rear and whispered "Sh-h-h!" Somebody sucked a tooth. With a quick glance Skippy saw Jim Lovering sink deeper into a chair.

THE minister's voice sounded muffled as everybody crowded through the door. Skippy glinted at a tiny figure that wiggled to the molding of the parlor door. It was Hecky, leaning forward open-mouthed, with the greedy look of one who had slipped past a gate-keeper of a museum, intent upon devouring the wax works with a single glance.

Skippy felt smothered as a ponderous figure pushed him to the wall. His mouth was dry and blotted by the hot cheviot of a man's coat. Mr. Somme was reading. Perhaps from the Psalms. He heard: "And Jesus called a little child unto him. . . ." Outdoors the vibrating air still protested with hammer beats; as the consoling tones of the minister stopped, the world was suddenly still. A stifled cry from the upper landing pierced through the house. The organist was tapping for attention.

Ray whispered "Hymn 679."

"Oh, yes. . . . Hymn 679." Skippy wriggled away from the wall; they were already singing:

"There is a blessed home, beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come, nor tears of sorrow flow."

Again came that smothered cry from above, and the page of his hymnal blurred. He listened as the choir sang the second verse. They weren't pulling. Why didn't Ray get into it? Where was Barrelhead? Here was a team that wasn't pulling. It was the last chance for Sooky. "Come on, sing!" He was pushing, nudging: "C'mon, sing for Sook, fellers. Sing!"

WHEN the voices ceased it seemed like the sudden stopping of a ticking clock. Not a move broke the stillness of the house, save the bark of a dog far away, and the faint rustle of a leaf in a flower piece.

Any minute Skippy would get the signal to advance to the center of that motionless crowd and sing the solo. His finger held the place in the book. He looked at Mrs. Barkenteen, now staring at her tag with red, unseeing eyes. The man had ceased to wiggle his toothpick but held it rigid in clenched teeth. He blew his nose. Convulsive sniffles swept through the parlor like a sputtering fuse.

Skippy's eyes were dimming the face of the minister, and he swallowed underneath his clenched teeth. He blinked hard to catch the signal. He must pull himself together now, because everything depended upon him. He was the leader, and there wasn't a boy in the group who did not lean on him to the very last. Men didn't cry —— Those were women. He stood with legs wide apart and his toes fairly sucked at the soles of his shoes, while his hand crushed the finger that held the place. He was fighting with all his strength. For Sooky's sake.

THE minister nodded, and Skippy stepped out from the choir into the center. A lull; then in a clear soprano he sang:

"Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within."

He knew the first three verses by heart, and as he sang he glanced away from the long satin box half hidden by flowers. He was about to sing the fourth verse when he discovered that he had been holding his book upside down. "It's enough," he thought. Why, that was the beginning of the last verse: "It is enough. . . ." and Skippy sang to the end.

Suspense filled the air of the parlor and dining room; in the hall and on the porch people remained motionless, like the captured pawns of chess. Somewhere in the molding a mouse scampered into silence. The stairs creaked . . . creaked . . . and every head bent in prayer as the man in black passed, halting, to the front of the parlor, leading a mother.

"Barrelhead says we don't get ten cents for this singin' 'cause ——" began Somerset.

"Beetle!" answered Skippy, stepping on his foot.

The choir was allowed to pass around and take a last look at their friend before filing out. Before he knew it Skippy's eyes beheld a blurred picture of a brand-new serge suit and a white tie; and then he was ushered away by the man with the long black coat. The floral wreath marked From the Choir was placed in his hands. He heard the man say: "Carry this and follow the pallbearers to the church."

OUTSIDE the house the throng moved aside, and then bowed in silence as the procession slowly moved toward the church. The bell was tolling. An overhanging elm swayed in the September breeze and golden leaves fluttered to the ground. Through the open doors candles flickered from the altar; the peals of the organ, floating through the church, announced the journey's end.

A man relieved Skippy of the wreath and he stood watching until the procession disappeared into the church. His feet dragged, and he sank wearily onto the curbstone, alone, listening to the tremors of the organ.

He raised his head as the sound of beating hammers came from the distance. The thrumming grew until it crashed on every side. He slowly rose and his body stiffened as the volume increased in fury. Skippy's eyes flashed in hatred; the pounding raged in his ears, and instinctively he raised his arm. With clenched fist he began to beat in unison:

"It was all your fault! You did it! You did! Damn ya! Damn ya!" He drove before the slashing storm breaking in his face, but his arm sagged: ". . . D-damn ya! . . . damn . . . pl-please stop . . . damn ya . . . w-won't ya . . . won't ya?"

With tears streaming down his cheeks Skippy drooped to the curb, broken, defeated, swaying helplessly before the relentless beat.

For $5.15 — the Pyrex ovenware to do all your regular baking

A 20-minute menu—as enticing to the eye as to the taste! A handsome metal frame adds to its attractiveness.

Remarkable new menus are possible with this equipment . . . complete dinners that take only 20 minutes to cook!

ENOUGH Pyrex ovenware—10 sparkling pieces—to do all your everyday baking—costs only $5.15!

And with this same equipment you can now cook entirely new delicious menus—whole dinners and luncheons that cook complete in 20 minutes.

Thirty-five of these amazingly quick menus have just been printed in a wonderful new menu bulletin—some of these complete meals cook in 45 minutes, many in 30 minutes, many in the incredibly short time of 20 minutes.

Evenness of baking in Pyrex ovenware makes these quick meals possible

The greater evenness of baking that you get in Pyrex dishes makes possible this same cooking time for the whole meal—for meats, vegetables, pies or puddings!

The Pyrex dishes store up more heat, scientists say, than any metal can hold and give it out more evenly to the food within. That is why foods bake better in Pyrex ovenware than in metals.

These sparkling dishes save dish washing; they never discolor food nor affect the taste; they never wear out, crack or craze; they last forever!

Your dealer has, for only $5.15, the equipment for all your ordinary baking.

Hardware stores and the housewares or china sections of department stores have these Pyrex dishes.

Pyrex Nursing Bottles. At drug stores. Wide neck or narrow mouth. 8-ounce size.

Guarantee: Every piece of Pyrex ovenware is guaranteed for two years against breakage from oven heat.

Introductory offer. For limited time. Ask your dealer when he will offer our regular one-quart, round Pyrex casserole at the special, reduced price. We are enabling him to do so.

→ ***Take this $5.15 list to your dealer***

Covered Casserole, No. 623 round, or No. 653 square, or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow, medium size	$1.75
Utility dish, No. 231, medium size	1.00
Six custard cups, Nos. 410, 3-oz. size	.60
Pie plate, No. 209, medium size	.90
Loaf pan, No. 212, medium size	.90
This Economical Pyrex Baking Set	$5.15

(All prices slightly higher in West and Canada)

FREE All-cooked-at-the-same-time menus

Send today for wonderful new Menu Bulletin

Send today

This coupon with 4¢ in stamps entitles you to a sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware—only 1 cup to a family. Coupon is good only in U. S. and Canada. Please print name.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Corning Glass Works, Dept. O-1, Corning, N. Y.
Check offer you wish.

☐ Please send me your FREE Menu Bulletin containing 35 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time.

☐ I enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover partial cost of packing and mailing me sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware. Only 1 cup to a family.

Name _____

Address _____

This coupon not good after July 31, 1929

4¢ *in stamps for this sample Pyrex Custard Cup*

so *Surprisingly* soon

Dawn—*gentle, dissolvable,* safe

—is keeping bathrooms sparkling clean in over two million homes

DISSOLVES *as it* CLEANS *—therefore* CANNOT SCRATCH

Make this test . . . Put two teaspoonfuls of Dawn in a tumblerful of water. Stir. Note that Dawn completely dissolves. You can *see* that Dawn contains no harsh, scratchy grit . . . therefore, it is safe for fine fixtures.

DAWN. Introduced just five months ago. Yet today you will find it in over two million homes . . . keeping tile and tub and wash-bowl always at their sparkling best.

Naturally, the new and finer bathrooms everywhere *demanded* a better and safer cleaning method. So Dawn is here. New and different—*different* because it dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch.

2 cans for 25¢

And how easy it is to use! A sprinkling of Dawn, a whisk with a damp cloth—or a rub with your hand—a rinse. Gone from the wash-bowl are the grimy traces of Sonny's playtime hands—the "high-water mark" from the tub after Dad's morning plunge—the tell-tale splashes from the tile.

Introduce the quick-cleaning Dawn method to your household by keeping one of these attractive sifter-top cans handy on the bathroom shelf.

Your dealer has Dawn to sell at two cans for 25 cents. You'll like it immensely. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DO YOU KNOW Drāno cleans grease-encrusted cooking utensils just as easily as it cleans and opens drains? For Drāno dissolves accumulations of animal and vegetable matter no matter where it finds them.

Dawn keeps porcelain, enamel . . . shining, *always beautiful*

Women of the A.E.F.

By GLADYS MOON JONES

(With MAJOR JULIA C. STIMSON *and Other Officers of the Army Nurse Corps)*

RECIPROCITY WHEN THE GRIPPE STRUCK A RED CROSS CANTEEN WORKERS' HOME

PAINT him with iodine and mark him duty. . . . When do we eat? . . . *C'est la guerre.* . . . Heaven, Hell or Hoboken. . . . You're in the Army now. . . . These were some of the battle cries that preserved the morale of America's sons and daughters of the A. E. F.

Of all the old slogans, "You're in the Army now" is the one most likely to uncover an old battleground in the memory of a war nurse.

She who broke up the coffin-box lid and utilized it for a fire in her cold T.B. ward while the funeral of a sergeant was being held, heard a colonel say, "You're in the Army now."

Another colonel fixed stern eyes on a member of the Army Nurse Corps and asked, "What do you know about a piano that disappeared from the Red Cross hut some time between ten-thirty last night and six o'clock this morning?"

"Colonel," answered the woman, coolly enough, "I stole that piano for my convalescent ward. They had three pianos in the hut."

"And may I ask how you accomplished such a thing?"

"Yes, sir. I took two men and we climbed in the window. You may do anything you like with me, only please do not take the piano from my boys. One of them plays and I know it will make them well."

"But don't you know you're in the Army now?"

Two nurses heard the same words among others which fell from the lips of military law during a trial by a court-martial. The proceedings seemed all too real at the time, but somehow never became a part of the official records of the Judge Advocate General's department. The particular offense of these two women was perpetrated while they were on detail to cook for the men who were ill in camp. They cooked also for the hale-and-hearty fellows who brought them the raw materials for chicken soup. For this excess of culinary activity they were sentenced to solitary confinement in quarters.

A Bit of a War On

HOWEVER, the actual or sympathetic inability of any other nurse of that unit to make the camp cookstove burn necessitated the almost immediate release of those proficient two who were "court-martialed."

So it isn't the doses of quinine,
And it isn't the C. C. pills,
Nor the iodine pictures we're painting
That relieves them of most of their ills.

It's because we look like their sweethearts,
Or scold them just like their old dads,
Or can mend their torn shirts just like mother,
That we cure our homesick lads.

wrote Marjorie MacEwen, an Oregon nurse. If she had been less modest and had had more time for riming she might have added many quatrains about the nurses' activities in France; stanzas which, laid end to end, statistically speaking, could have bridged the Atlantic. Any kind of a bridge over that popular pond would have been an answer to innumerable prayers in 1918.

And why were two million American men and ten thousand nurses in the A. E. F. ten years ago? There was, as the English Tommies, who ought to know, express it, "a bit of a war on." And what was the war? Let the Army nurses, who also ought to know, say.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The reader will understand why in some of these stories revealing the morale of the nurses in the World War it is impossible to give names and places. Every detail has been carefully verified.

War was the inspection of the hospital by a general whose dignity was damaged because the nurses failed to stand at attention. After that the women of that camp were required to drill for half an hour daily. During this performance the convalescents crowded to the windows, and bed patients near such points of observation sold standing room for the next show. War was the régime that declared "out of bounds" for enlisted men and nurses some little café where one could purchase eggs for sandwich spreads and where the officers wished to preserve their inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of the mademoiselle. The nurses went over the top to meet the M.P.'s, who warned them that they would be given time only to purchase the "oofs" from the madame.

WINDOW SHOPPING WAS ONE OF THE DIVERSIONS WHILE ON LEAVE

War was cleaning the old Army uniform with pyrene, appropriated for the good cause, and going with another regular Army nurse and a couple of lieutenants to a dinner. Another guest, a society girl who had graduated from a short nursing course into the soft gray silk and flowing veil of the "White Linen Nurse," complained because she could not wear jewelry with "the uniform." War was bathing in water that had been dipped from shell holes and saving the bath water for laundering. It was leave in Paris, and the long anticipated warm bath you could not have because it was not bath night. War was leave in England, a "tea-jag" resulting from English hospitality, and the unexpected homesickness for your ward of boys.

Battles in the social sector: Obeying an order against associating with enlisted men and seeing one of them, your good friend among the corps men, or one you nursed back to life, go under the spell of a bright-eyed French girl and cognac; repulsing a lonely and too attentive married officer; perhaps secretly breaking your heart over him or risking your reputation by accepting what seemed to be a bit of life at the edge of the war pit, where death was sweeping a young generation that had scarcely tasted life and love. That bloody pit itself was the vortex of war, but life that went on around it was the war experience that no treaties or completed casualty lists can end.

Even while the boom of guns was saying that men who had lived a moment before would never speak or sing or dance or kiss their loved ones again, life persisted, with love and laughter, song and dancing feet, around the arena of war. That life seemed accelerated; that it went on more acutely, revealing the deepest beauty and exposing the core rot of human character, was the paradox, the fascination, perhaps the compensation of war. Morale, which had to do with the life of an army, was perceived to be just as necessary as guns and ammunition.

Dancing a Welcome Alleviation

WAR was not entirely a program of bombs and blood and physical bravery that made the great conflict at the Front. It was a time of little conflicts within military groups and within individuals. There are many unrecorded battles when heroic spirits refused to surrender. One such victory was won when a nurse managed to answer gayly the war-blinded soldier who straightened his six feet of handsome masculinity and sang out, "Well, good-by, nurse. When you come to New York look me up. I'll be there with my fiddle and cup."

The American woman with the A. E. F. had a certain genius for extremes of experience. A young nurse could peel the clothes from a harrowingly gassed soldier, soothing him with sympathetic mother words as the skin came with the garments. She could cleanse him and powder him, turning him over as tenderly as she would her own baby. She could bathe the blinded eyes and wash the mouth rotted by poison gas, and go from that duty to a dance in the recreation hut, where she brought to homesick soldiers the happy comradeship of old school days.

When the Americans landed in France they accepted many of the war customs built by the French and English during three bitter years. The one significant departure was in dancing. Far from home and in the midst of so much pain and death, the dance seemed to the American mind a welcome alleviation that made it possible to keep on the job. Honestly inconsistent, as the circumstances of life itself, the Americans at war danced whenever they could. Perhaps the most impassioned orator of the World War interrupted an accidental matinée dance that had resulted from the passing of a regimental band where some thirty nurses and the men of a mobile hospital were waiting in an old French barracks for transportation. It was on a muddy hill in the shell-pocked country near Verdun one late afternoon of September, 1918.

Music and women had meant but one thing. There was nothing else to do. The commanding officer of the hospital was out on the camouflaged roads scouring the woods for the ever-scarce trucks. He had been notified of the great Meuse-Argonne attack planned to begin not later than the

When Good Cooks Get Together

"As made in the Orient"

Miss Edith A. Hemingway of New Hampshire reveals new curry secrets

"REAL curries, as made in the Orient, never fail to delight my family. Part of the secret of the tempting flavor is the use of 'STEERO' bouillon cubes. Particularly in making curry from left-overs are 'STEERO' bouillon cubes helpful, or in curries that need some stock. Here's my own recipe for

ORIENTAL CURRIED BEEF

2 'STEERO' bouillon cubes
2 cups boiling water
1 pound cold roast beef 1 onion
3 tbs. drippings 1½ tbs. curry powder
2 tbs. catsup 1 tb. piccalilli 1 chili
¼ tsp. ginger ⅓ cup cream or top milk
1 tablespoon flour

Chop onion and sauté in drippings until golden brown, add curry powder and ginger. Add roast beef cut in one-inch squares and sear about five minutes, turning occasionally. Add cubes dissolved in boiling water, catsup, piccalilli and chili. Let simmer until tender (1 to 1½ hrs.). Thicken the gravy by adding the flour mixed with the cream and boil 3 minutes. Serve with flaky boiled rice."

Costs nothing to try

Try "STEERO" bouillon cubes yourself . . . as a quick bouillon . . . as a zestful flavoring for all kinds of dishes. The cubes are easy to use. They cost little. Try them. You'll find they're all that women claim for them. And send to-day for the new and unusual cook book prepared by Bertha M. Becker, noted food specialist, entitled—

"STEERO" bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name "STEERO" on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.

"101 new dishes" and samples of cubes FREE

American Kitchen Products Co.
277-C Water Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE

dawn of the next day after the morrow. He had hastily evacuated the last patients wounded in the St.-Mihiel battles and ordered the tents down and the equipment packed while he went to find some means of getting up to the lines.

All afternoon the colonel had searched for ambulances and trucks. Every available vehicle had been pooled for use in the Army areas, but there was a great deficiency. Many ambulances were bringing nurses and operating teams from the rear. To conceal the intended offensive it had been ordered that no nurses be brought into the area until the last moment. Those already at the Front were asked to remain hidden by day. The troops were rapidly converging toward the Front from all directions.

The movement of the immense number of men and the amount of supplies involved in the Meuse-Argonne battle, over the few roads available and confined entirely to the hours of darkness, was one of the most delicate and difficult problems of the war.

The medical officer knew what it meant. He had followed the fighting men at Château-Thierry and St.-Mihiel. He knew that he must move up again that night to be ready for the inevitable nontransportable wounded. Responsibility and weariness loaded his heart as he returned that rainy evening without having found anything on wheels to carry his hospital forward. As he came in sight of the old camp he saw two trucks standing empty on the hill. Hope leaped within him. Then music surprised his ears. The next minute he saw the nurses and officers of his unit dancing.

He approached a group of his men. "How long have those two trucks been standing there?" he asked. The answer was more than the commanding officer could endure. The explanation that they belonged to the band boys and were also unavailable did not help him. Disappointed and enraged, he broke into the dancing party like a machine gun in action.

He asked these heartless men and women to remember that nineteen divisions were moving into the front line. Thousands of men were surely going to die in pools of their own blood the day after tomorrow. More would die if they failed to get nearer the lines. They were murderers dancing on the graves of their own countrymen. All afternoon while he had been away looking for trucks, there stood two empty and unused. What the hell did they think they were in for France for anyway? Blast it, there weren't going to be any hospitals if they couldn't move up. Where in the name of God were there trucks to move them up? All afternoon two had stood there empty while they were dancing . . . dancing! Didn't they know they were in the Army?

Romance, Tragedy, Farce

LOOKING back across the years to that September evening, it is not difficult to understand the welcome forgetfulness that had come to the nurses with the music and still appreciate how the commanding officer found in the situation a certain horror and an excuse for letting himself go after the strain of the afternoon added to months of tension.

Several weeks later a member of the unit rimed the story of Two Trucks on a Hill and presented it at the colonel's birthday party, when that officer was able to applaud with the rest.

There they stood while transportation
Was about to wreck the "Birth of a Nation."
There they stood, empty and gay,
While officers and nurses danced away;
There they stood, empty and sad,
While the whole damned crowd was getting in bad.

But finally we moved, with a rush and a leap,
Up where the mud was twenty feet deep;
Up where the colonel was backing the fight;
Up where the rest of us got in right;
Up where the teams that came from the rear
Wondered if they would get out of here.

This irrepressible American kidding and loyalty, long recognized as the principal ingredients of something known as college spirit, became parts of an indefinable something else known as the morale of an army.

Every nurse went over willing and anxious to do the dramatic sacrificial work of nursing the wounded. Many found themselves housekeeping for Uncle Sam in kitchens and sterilizing rooms. They prepared food for the wounded men, but had no chance to talk to them. They were caged by military orders in a land of darkness and cold rain. If they remained cheerful and dutiful they were rewarded with the honor of being kept at the monotonous drudgery. Often those who were problems to officers and chief nurses were sent up to the Front or shifted about. There were heroines and heroines in the Army Nurse Corps. There were scars that won the Distinguished Service Cross and scars that were never honored. There were romances, farces, detective stories and tragedies. And every day and every night there were just human conversations and deeds which made the old life in the United States seem unreal as a dream.

Selecting French laces for mothers and sweethearts; scolding the men for gambling and lending them money; giving her rubber boots to a doughboy who seemed to need them more than she did—these were only some little things among many little things that the Army nurse did to help win the war.

A Matter of Hats

THE Army nurses were never given a day off to dress up. Raincoats, sou'westers and rubber boots were the most practical things. Every nurse could have sung a song of mud, sometimes chewing gum, sometimes soup, but always mud. At Trondes the nurses' tent came down with the wind and rain and all of their possessions were dipped in mud and water. Even when the tents of mobile hospitals withstood the wind, the floors were soft luxurious mud.

Two nurses of Mobile No. 1 were reprimanded for carrying boards from the mess tent and placing them where the mud was ankle-deep between the cots in their boudoir. Wood was scarce in France.

When the nurses took off the raincoats they appeared in the gray Army dresses of the indoor uniform. The feeling of one for this Orphan-Annie gray uniform found relief in a Walt Masonic ode:

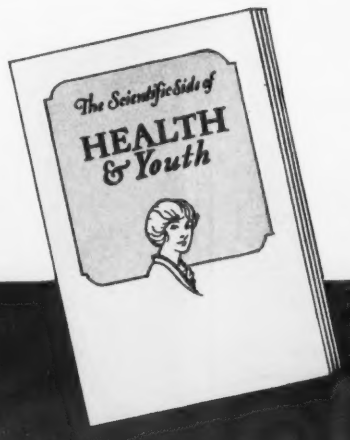
My Army dress, my Army dress, of all my clothes, I love you best. You hang so pretty, you're cut so trim. I like your style. You've got the swing. We love your color, that graveyard gray. We'll bury you deep when you've passed away. Your gray is spotted with Dakin's hue. Your sleeves have shrunk with the rest of you. We dress up nice and admire ourselves. We look down the line and shadow ourselves. There goes a nurse dressed up just like you. She looks the part and so do you. But old gray dress, you've done your part. You're dear to your kamerads. You're dear to my heart. But when I bury you, I'm here to say, never again will I wear gray.

Some of the nurses made brave efforts to keep their white caps laundered and on. Caps mean much in the nursing world. Army hats and caps were received with reluctance by the civilian nurses. The first Army nurses to arrive at Neuilly, where American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 1 was gradually becoming militarized, were thrust into a situation between military and civil. One of the regular Army nurses wrote:

It did not take us very long to discover that neither we nor our uniforms were popular. One civilian nurse remarked that while the Army uniform might be all right at the Front, no woman in Paris could be expected

(Continued on Page 118)

"Thank you for this FRANK BOOKLET It has answered questions I couldn't ask my friends"



DURING the three years we have been offering our free booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth," many thousands of women have requested that we send it to them. Many thousands keep it for constant reference, because the advice it contains is frank and explicit — and professional, written in simple language by an eminent woman physician.

Many women have taken the trouble to write to us after reading the booklet and thank us for putting in their hands the answers to those intimate questions which a fastidious woman does not like to discuss with others.

"Lysol" Disinfectant for nearly 40 years has been the standard disinfectant—the safe and certain disinfectant—for feminine hygiene.

But get the *facts*.

Send the coupon below and our free booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth," will be sent to you. It will reach you in a plain envelope.

But in the meantime buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at your druggist's. Follow the directions which come with every bottle.

Sole distributors: **Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.**

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 8 p. m., eastern time; 7 p. m., central time.

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

****

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Department 210, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name.....

City.....

Street.....State.....

****

"Umm-m! I like this"

SO SAYS this little miss. And is there a child anywhere that doesn't like Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, spread thick on a slice of bread or as a sandwich filler? If so we have yet to find one.

Nourishing, wholesome, energy-giving food—this Peanut Butter. Good for children *between* meals or *at* meals. Plenty of proteins in it for muscle building and tissue repair. And its nutty flavor always appeals to them.

Wherever there's a family with growing youngsters a supply of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter should always be on the pantry shelf. But not alone for the children. The grown folks like it too—in the variety of ways it can be served.

And here's something that will please mother—there's an *easy-to-open top* on the Beech-Nut jar. Not a bit of bother in opening, and it slips right back on again. *An exclusive Beech-Nut feature worth remembering.*

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

(Continued from Page 116)

to appear in such garb, regulations to the contrary notwithstanding. Our hats were the chief objects of ridicule. We cherished no deep affection for those hats ourselves, but when attacked by an alien band we flew to their defense with an ardor worthy of a better cause. Later on, when more Army nurses arrived, all wearing the much-derided headgear, things went better for us, but the battle of the hats continued to rage intermittently during our stay.

Easter, 1918, came and Uncle Sam had neglected to arrange for a change from the old velours hats. Individualists who tried planting feathers or roses around their brims were pressed back into the ranks with official reproof. A nurse could not even pin the monotonous thing into a tricornered affair. One tells of making chevrons from the old velours hats to sew on sergeants' coats, but she never found any real use for the straw sailors that were tardily issued for the summer of 1918.

Whenever there was a pause between the floods of wounded the indefatigable men and women with the Medical Corps staged shows. A shell-shocked piano was a great blessing. At one base hospital vaudeville acts were put on in the garage. The piano was moved to associate with the blood-stained trucks and ambulances. Three big French sheets made a drop for the stage. Sometimes the unusual costumes of the performers were not donned just for the show. One of the singers appeared in bathrobe and pink pajamas with his head bandaged. The boys dressed as chorus girls and danced in their hobnailed shoes.

It's Bloody War

MANY unknown poets recited rimed opinions of M. P.'s and K. P.'s and were received by appreciative audiences in France. Songs with innumerable verses and endless encores voiced everyone's reactions to war conditions. The following from It's Bloody War amused sympathetic warriors wherever the Eighty-first Division's theatrical troupe presented Oh, You Wildcats, announced as "a nonsensical conglomeration of doughboy absurdity molded into three acts."

I was a simple country boy;
I lived out on the farm;
I never even killed a flea
Or done nobody harm—
It's bloody war; it's bloody war.

Now when I struck that foreign shore
I looked around with glee,
But rain and kilometres
Were all that I could see.
It's bloody war. . . .

I ran all over Europe,
Fighting for my life;
Before I'll go to war again
I'll send my darling wife.
It's bloody war. . . .

I have hiked all over France,
I care no more to roam,
But if the ocean will freeze over,
I'll gladly hike it home.
It's bloody war. . . .

The nurses wrote amusing reports of these shows in their letters and diaries, followed always by the inevitable next sentence, ". . . too busy to write." Rarely they described individual patients. Only a very young boy or a too hideous wound seemed different from the rest.

Scrapbooks also received a mixture of happy and sad souvenirs. Among the farcical programs of vaudeville shows and dances, picnic favors and menus saved by the Army nurses were placed heart-haunting letters from strange women. They were those in answer to some of the many letters the nurses wrote for the wounded and dying. Aware of the comfort that a note from the nurse who was with the boy at his last moment would bring to the mother at home, the sad self-imposed duty of writing to mothers and sweethearts was neglected only when the pressure of work made a pause impossible. Chief nurses wrote such letters by the hundreds. The last words and the grave numbers of the beloved dead were carefully recorded for those at home. Responses of appreciation came beautifully written on rich paper with wide edges of mourning, and they came with misspelled words on bits of lined thin sheets. However, they were all part of the same cry from the woman heart against the cruel time and conveyed the same quality of gratitude. One said how thankful she was for the message her husband sent home through his nurse and told how her little girl had asked if her daddy had forgotten her. ". . . When she can understand I can show her that he loved us to the last."

Those American women who served with the British got treasured letters from English and Irish mothers who seemed at once near and strange. Some of these mothers had lost two and three sons during the prolonged warfare. One mother of eleven children, who had received word of her eighteen-year old boy's dangerous wound, wrote to his nurse that she could not come to see him because she expected another child. She inclosed a piece of linen that was given her by a former teacher, a nun, who wrote that the linen had touched the head of the venerable Oliver Plunket, martyred Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland, and that many cures had been obtained through it. The nurse from America, a daughter of a Protestant minister, took the place of the Irish mother by the bedside in France.

The Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas never meant so much as in France in those years of 1917 and 1918. At Base Hospital No. 46 the Americans gave a Christmas party for French orphans and sad young eyes beheld with astonishment the American Santa Claus. Everybody was homesick for the U. S. A. and children.

A French shopgirl told an American nurse that Christmas was for children. The American woman buying toys for the boys in her ward did not know how to explain that the whole A. E. F. was an army of big kids.

The Christmas Spirit

THERE was a dearth of Christmas decorations in France. There were no ten-cent stores and no red paper. Inventive minds were discovered in every hospital. Gauze and tin candy boxes, bits of string, tinfoil and the blue paper that had been wrapped about cotton were collected from all wards. Everyone cut the unwritten-on bits of paper from old letters to make chains. Wounded men forgot their pain as their busy fingers wrapped string with tinfoil or cut stars from tin cans. Overworked nurses cut out stockings and secretly sewed them. Even more cautiously they hid white sheets under the mattresses. On Christmas Day every bed should be luxuriously white. A sheet was a rarity where the laundry problem made it sometimes impossible even to provide clean pajamas for the wounded men.

Christmas, 1918, had an added peace on earth and good will toward men. The hospitals were still filled, but every one in the A. E. F. was on his way home.

The healing quality of human sympathy was often felt during the war. Stern-hearted officers could unbend to little acts that now seem some of the big things of that strange time in a strange land. One nurse of a mobile hospital remembers a night when she could not sleep

Skillful driving alone *won't stop skids*

You seldom see a skid on hard, dry roads . . . for *dry* rubber grips. But on snow, no amount of skill will save you, once your car gets out of control in a skid. For *wet rubber slips* and only the steel grip of WEED Tire Chains can prevent such skids.

If you haven't WEED Chains, get a set today. Keep them in your car, handy to put on the moment you feel your tires slipping.

You can purchase WEED Chains at any service station or garage. Genuine WEEDS have *red* connecting hooks.

Any garage or filling station attendant will be glad to put your chains on for you.

WEED CHAINS *Steel Grip*

Velvetta SUEDE Does not crock

OUR beautifully colored shoe style booklet is ready. It describes costumes and accessories to match the popular Velvetta shades. Many fashionable models are shown. There is no charge for this helpful booklet. Please write for your copy.

Cables Say Black

AND THEY SAY suede for daytime. You should say *BLACK VELVETTA*, for this beautiful, non-crocking suede keeps its lustrous and delicate appearance despite bad weather. Here or abroad you will find just the motif you desire; and you'll be assured of exquisite grooming because this luxuriant leather is fast color. It will not smudge your hosiery.

HUNT-RANKIN LEATHER COMPANY
107 Beach Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Velvetta Suede Does Not Crock

for coughing. The women slept in a tent pitched over filled-in shell holes. Someone slipped into this tent and placed a bag of lemon drops under the pillow of the nurse with the tickling throat. The next morning the commanding officer, hearing the same cough, said to the nurse, "So it was you who were coughing last night? Did the lemon drops help? I got them from the mess sergeant, but I couldn't get him to deliver them."

Of such tremendous little things are the war memories woven. Variegated lights and darks of human nature scaled between the hideous purpose to kill and the sublime willingness to give one's life. Sacrifice and hate, loyalty and suspicion—the nurses in the Army were not immune from any of these things.

There was an active spy in Brest. The Intelligence Department of our Army had intercepted bits of information about the movements of troops and other military matters. An officer of the Provost office was put to bed in the mumps ward of the hospital at Pontenezen, about three miles from town. The nurse was given a first chart and told he had measles.

She went to him. "Let's see the measles," she said cheerfully.

"Oh, don't worry about me. I have an orderly and I am isolated. That's enough. But come visit me whenever you can." His tone was extremely cordial.

Several times during the day he called the nurse to introduce her to his visitors who came to the window. The visiting officers were all young and attractive and every one of them seemed anxious to make the acquaintance of the nurse. Her sudden popularity puzzled her. After several days she could not refrain from remarking, "Captain, your army of friends must have a bet on as to whose charms I shall be unable to resist."

"Oh, well," he answered, "be a good scout and go out with one of them and have a little drink for sociability's sake."

Still the nurse refused all invitations. The captain himself became more avid. One day he asked for her picture.

"You married men are so silly, asking for other women's pictures. I never give away pictures," she refused.

Under Suspicion

"SAY, you are cautious, aren't you? You know that over here we are just good friends and not too serious even when we act serious."

"Yes, I know that all right, but there's something about your acting."

"Well, the night nurse doesn't find it necessary to be so cautious. See?" He held up the picture of the other nurse.

More than ever mystified, the day nurse went to her chief and asked what to do with the pestiferous measles case.

"I understand the commanding officer does not want to have any trouble with the Provost officer," advised the chief nurse. "So perhaps you'd better comply with any of his reasonable requests."

This unexpected attitude of the chief nurse only thickened the mystery the nurse felt brewing about her.

The captain stayed in the hospital three weeks with only one apparent malady: that was his fixation on the day nurse in the mumps ward. When he left the hospital he was not cured or even convalescent, for he still repeatedly invited her to walk with him. Sometimes she accepted, but when he would have led her toward the less-populated spots she demurred. His questions and efforts to get her alone made her suspicious. Her extreme prudence aroused doubts in his eyes. And still he persisted. He asked her to his apartment. The temptation to see what it was all about prompted her to accept the invitation, but she took several other nurses with her. The captain was a little sarcastic: "Why didn't you ask more of your friends? We could sit two on a chair."

Everywhere she went she met the man and his barrage of questions. Where had she been the day before? What had she bought in the market? What did she do after missing the 5:30 ambulance last night?

"I went sailing on a cloud to see the man in the moon, if you really have to know."

The captain became severe. "Young woman, the Provost wishes the questions of his men answered rationally. And listen to me: you are never to disappear again. Don't you know that we are responsible for you?"

Three times the nurse found the contents of her trunk tossed about. Long afterward she was told that the Provost and the chief nurse had searched through her belongings and that she had been shadowed as a spy. Only the discovery of the real spy had released her from surveillance.

At once vexed and flattered, she talked with the captain who had pretended to have measles. "Why was I, of all others, suspected?" she asked.

"Well, we knew that a woman was giving information. Her description fitted you. All of your grandparents were German. Even your Civil War father didn't count with the Provost, for you were so careful and wary. You wouldn't take a drink or get confidential or even very friendly."

Riding Into Metz

AFTER the Armistice the attitude of the Americans snapped back with tremendous resiliency to the adventurous zest with which the youth of a young nation had enlisted for war. The Americans, always with difficulty aroused to hate, returned to a prewar sight-seeing mood. The burrows of fighting men received no longer death-dealing shells, but souvenir seekers, many of them absent without leave from the American Army.

Three days after the Armistice an American soldier was having his troubles with some Army mules on the road to Metz. In his escort wagon he had one passenger, a young doughboy, A. W. O. L. When the mules decided to move on, their load was augmented by three more travelers. They were Army nurses who had been given two days off duty, now that the war was over, for long-craved sleep. They were American and young. They could sleep at home for the rest of their lives. Now they could see No Man's Land just after the Armistice. So Verdun became their first objective. After one night, spent with an old French dame in Nancy, they saw that two days off and a stolen third gave them insufficient time to get to Verdun and back. They had deflected toward Metz.

When it was necessary to leave the mule-drawn equipage, the nurses succeeded with gestures and A. E. F. French in conveying to the driver of a camion their desire for a ride. The Frenchman opened the door. Inside were two more doughboys. The one they had found with the mule driver continued with them. So six Americans rode into Metz on Friday after Armistice Monday. Foch himself, who had not to depend upon "lifts," had gone in only on Tuesday.

The very first train that went out of Metz after the Armistice carried the three American nurses on their way back to their base hospital. Two officers suggested that since the women had come so far at the risk of a probable penalty for absence without leave, they might also see the Hindenburg Line. So they decided to leave the train at the place where the officers were to join some colored troops. The nurses planned to sit up the rest of the night in the station.

They descended from the train into absolute darkness. The station was not there. Probably the building had been bombed, but even the ruins were not discoverable. The officers were sure there had been a station. They felt responsible when it could not be found. They had invited their countrywomen from the train and had planned to show them the German trenches the next morning. The men

(Continued on Page 121)

It's New—the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo pad and Brillo soap. Send for it—10c.

With Brillo: Work Lighter... Pots Brighter!

Use Brillo on your pots and clean them quickly. Quickly, Safely, *Well!*

Brillo — the soft fibre lubricated pads and pure, free-lathering soap—keeps countless things shining bright. Aluminum, agate, iron, copper, glass, stoves, tubs, cutlery—all gleam with the lightning Brillo touch.

Harmless to hands, and economical too! 10c for the package pictured below. And the pads can be used again and again.

Brillo is just what you need—just right. Try this modern cleanser today!

BRILLO GUARANTEE

A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10c and 25c stores; and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores.

Generous trial package—10c —write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap 10¢ L. H. J. 3-29

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Those ripe, luscious peach halves and those juicy slices you always get under the DEL MONTE label are no accident! They're the natural result of warm, sunny days, endless care in the canning process, a syrup exactly suited to the flavor-needs of this popular fruit. That's why DEL MONTE Peaches are so uniformly good, year after year—why it pays in menu-satisfaction, to be sure you get this well-known brand.

Packed—
for convenience
—two ways
HALVED & SLICED

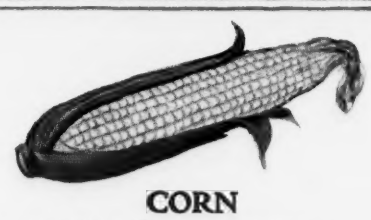
— and what meal could ever be dull — with over 100 varieties of DEL MONTE quality foods to choose from!

SPINACH

DEL MONTE Spinach, for instance, puts a garden of springtime "greens" on your pantry shelf. No extra work to serve them, either—no washing, picking over or cooking. DEL MONTE Spinach is simply the finest spinach grown (we use 2 lbs. of raw spinach for every large-size can) all cleaned and ready to serve at a moment's notice. Just heat and season to meet your individual taste.

PEAS

DEL MONTE Peas, too, represent a real advance in canning. Instead of grading for size, we pack two special "blends"—not only keeping the appearance of peas right from the pod, but the more distinctive flavor of various sizes packed together.



CORN

And then DEL MONTE Corn—another *everyday* vegetable that's mighty good to eat. Here's all the sweet, milky goodness of young, tender kernels—as fresh and tasty as the best garden corn. You'll like its real corn flavor—its thick, creamy "body".

CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

And remember, DEL MONTE packs *Crushed* pineapple as well as Sliced. Both are the best of Hawaiian fruit, but Crushed gives you a special opportunity to prepare those "surprises" that add a new touch to an otherwise usual meal. Serve it in fruit cocktails, as a side dish with meat, in salads and drinks, or chilled as a breakfast fruit. There's no end to the treats it can bring to your table.

If you're ever in a hurry—or want to serve something different—or feel tired of old favorites—it's nice to have new recipes to try. "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and other folders in our special recipe collection are full of quick, easy menu suggestions. May we send you copies—free? Address Dept. 133, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

JUST BE SURE YOU SAY
DEL MONTE

Del Monte FOOD PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 119)

now offered to vacate their own quarters for the night. One of the nurses insistently objected. "The station must be here and I, for one, propose to stay in it."

"You see it isn't anywhere. How can you stay in it?" one of her companions asked.

"That's all right. I don't think we ought to go to the officers' quarters."

"Sister," the lieutenant interrupted, "can you shoot?"

"Yes, I can."

His hand reached toward her in the thick dark. She found her own clasping his pistol. She accepted the rebuke and returned the gun with a word of apology.

The three women slept by the open fire in the one big room the officers loaned them for the night. Early the next morning they explored the enemy trenches, where fresh loaves of bread spoke of recent war business. They climbed into a German lookout position in a tree. Half of it had been shelled away only a few days before.

Loaded with spiked helmets, shell cases and other souvenirs of a span of years that already belonged to an uncivilized past, the three nurses started back to their base. They thought of their military status and hastened. One lieutenant took them in his automobile as far as he could. A big car passed.

"Hey," shouted the lieutenant after it. The driver stopped. "Will you give these nurses a lift? They're in a hurry."

"Yes, I'll give them a lift," answered the officer; "but why the 'Hey'?"

The General's Own

THE women packed themselves and their souvenirs into the luxurious limousine, an olive-drab car with square fenders and double wheels in the rear. The chauffeur drove on with gratifying speed. Never a smile did the officer give the nurses, but he began to ply them with questions. They answered frankly. Yes, they were A. W. O. L., but so it seemed was the entire American Army. Yes, they had gone to Metz and into the Hindenburg Line. No, on the whole, they thought the war had not been managed any too well. Mail clerks were made garbage men and garbage men mail clerks and two-year-old letters were stacked in the mail rooms. High officials were—well, of course, one might have expected too much. Unreservedly and a little excitedly in the glow of their jaunt and the sweet wine of peace at last the nurses talked.

Still unsmiling, the officer asked them another question. Did they or did they not know in whose car they were riding? They did not. He reached down and brought up a large placard. It flashed four white stars on a field of red! This, then, was Pershing's own car, driven by his own chauffeur and their unsmiling but not unkindly copassenger was General Pershing's own aide.

Two sat stunned. The youngest nurse said a little breathlessly, "Well, I thought it was a pretty nice car."

That in the Army Nurse Corps there were only 166 cases of so-called serious minor misconduct speaks of the women's adherence to new military laws as well as old social conventions. The minor cases include such offenses as absence without leave, disobedience to orders, refusal to go on duty and indiscreet conduct.

Many old standards of life and conduct were not feasible at that time when men, who had been taught from babyhood that taking human life was a crime, were called upon to do that thing on a field of honor. Many old social laws seemed difficult; with life so uncertain they seemed hardly necessary.

One story of an Army nurse contains so much of the matters of Army discipline and human sympathy and conduct that it must be told. And it can be told, for she has gone where it can make no difference now.

One evening in the late summer of 1918 the commanding officer of one of the hospital centers in France telephoned a chief nurse. "Could you come to my office now?" he asked. "I want to talk over a matter with you."

"It's rather late, colonel. Can it wait until morning?" the woman's voice returned over the wire.

"No, it's waited rather too long now. I'll send my chauffeur for you."

"Very well, I'll come."

The colonel apologized again when the nurse entered his office. "But as I said, it's rather important. You see, a little sister, a nurse with the *N*th Unit, is in trouble," he explained. "Her commanding officer has asked me to help him get her away from his unit and plan some way to take care of her. I promised I would try and, somehow, I felt you would be willing to help after hearing the story."

"What kind of trouble?"

"Well, the usual kind of trouble a girl can get into, still not a usual case. She deserves to be helped. She comes from an excellent family. Her colonel believes her story, and so do I. Briefly this is it: She was engaged to be married to a reserve officer in the States. Some time before she sailed he invited her to his mother's home. She had never met his mother, nor did she that evening. His mother never came home—if it was her home. Of course, he promised to marry her at once. She has a telegram received from him later in New York while she was waiting for sailing orders—I saw it; promised to meet her there and marry her. He never appeared, and she sailed. The other nurses in her unit do not know. They have been told that she has been recalled to the States. But, of course, we do not want to send her home. Now I thought perhaps you could get her in the French hospital here. You know the sisters and speak French. She needs a woman friend. Would you be willing to see her and hear her story?"

"Of course I would."

"And do you think it would be possible to take care of her and keep it a secret?"

"Well, we might disguise her as a French girl. What does she look like?"

"Oh, she's young and sad."

"Poor thing. But it will take some money."

"Yes, we've fixed that. A few of us have made up a purse—about $400. That ought to see her through."

A Helping Hand

SO IT was arranged that the American girl, whom the officer had called little sister, be kept in the French hospital. The next morning the strong-hearted chief nurse, who had agreed to befriend her, met her for the first time. She, whom the reader must know only as Miss Kindly, heard again the story which fell this time in low, refined accents, while sad, straight eyes searched hers for understanding. Miss Kindly pledged herself whole-heartedly to the rôle of protective friend.

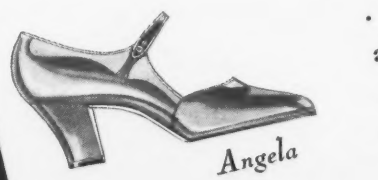
In a French shop little sister stood before a long mirror. French short-vamped shoes, short skirts, a tasseled cape coat and a smart little hat transformed a war nurse into a madame. Her bobbed hair was the only wrong note in the ensemble, for in those days no well-bred Frenchwoman wore her hair short.

"We'll get a wig," exclaimed Miss Kindly. That article completed the disguise. "Now say, '*Oui, oui,*' my little French friend," said Miss Kindly with

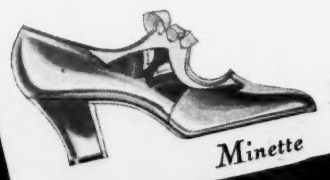
Here's a young lady who lives in a shoe

She Keeps Her Foot Small and Trim in a Drew!

Morning, noon and night . . . always on the go . . . this modern young lady. Her friends envy her fresh enthusiasm, her youthful poise, her smart, small foot. Truly, she has conquered the calendar! Drew Arch Rest Shoes are made to be *lived* in. They actually "keep the foot small" by means of their famous Drew Arch Rest Construction . . . an exclusive feature that relieves all fatigue, all ugly spreading, all strain . . . with never a compromise with their fashionable smartness. Most of the smart, new styles $8.50, $10 and $12.50. Write for the Drew Folio of Fashion Footwear. The Irving Drew Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.



Angela



Minette

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women

"keep the foot small"

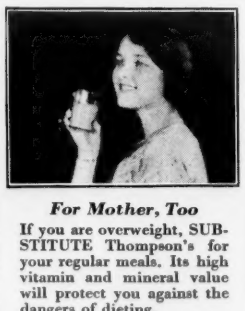
The Child Who

Hates Milk

is a problem no longer

Millions of little 'milk rebels' surrendered overnight with the coming of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk into the home. What a relief it is to mother—and what a wonderful boost to health, weight and energy! No more coaxing. No more forced feedings. No more storms and tears. Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk solves the problem, with its smooth, creamy taste that never grows tiresome. For, unlike ordinary malted milk, it is "DOUBLE MALTED." Children love it as they do a soda fountain drink! And a child never loses his love of milk—prepared this way.

weight gains of from 2½ to 5 pounds. It helps the healthful development of teeth and bones and the strengthening of muscles. Also, by building normal weight, Thompson's helps to banish nervousness, sleep disorders, finger-nail-biting and other symptoms common to underweight conditions.



For Mother, Too

If you are overweight, SUBSTITUTE Thompson's for your regular meals. Its high vitamin and mineral value will protect you against the dangers of dieting.

If underweight, ADD Thompson's to your regular meals. It will help you build up to normal.

Take Thompson's hot at bedtime for sound, refreshing sleep.

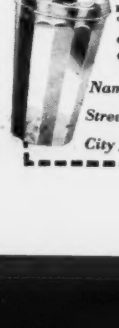
Make It at Home 30 Servings to Pound

Your druggist or grocer has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk—Chocolate Flavored or Plain. Takes but a few seconds to mix at home—Hot or Cold.

Makes Milk Twice as Nourishing

Thompson's actually doubles the food value of the plain milk to which it is added. It makes the milk far easier to digest. That is why children register monthly

Special Shaker Offer



THOMPSON'S MALTED MILK CO.
Dept. 43-5, Waukesha, Wisconsin

Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker, and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

admiration in her eyes and cheer in her voice. "You're going to be all right."

"*Oui, oui,*" answered the other, attempting to imitate the gay tone. Then she added sadly, "I'm sure, Miss Kindly, that everything would be all right if only I could see—him."

"Well, I've been thinking . . . I'm going to see if he can be ordered over here."

A little later Miss Kindly was discussing military tactics with her commanding officer. "Yes, I think it could be done," agreed the major. "But you'll have to talk to the general and he's hard-boiled, I tell you."

"I'll see him," said Miss Kindly in a tone that promised to penetrate any old regular Army man's shell. Afterward in reporting the interview with the general to her little French friend she said, "He wasn't hard-boiled at all. He heard the story and telephoned at once to General Pershing's headquarters and they're going to cable oversea orders at once for—your friend."

A cable was received in the United States that ordered a certain reserve officer to France. The day his boat was to sail another cable in code was sent from New York to the General Headquarters of the A. E. F. which translated read something like this:

Captain ——, reserve officer of ——, married a woman in New York this morning.

As fast as wires under the ocean could carry it came the answer:

Captain —— not wanted in France. Cancel orders oversea duty.

Copies of all these cables were given to little sister, whose hopes were broken on their meanings.

Miss Kindly and the sympathetic officers who had contributed to the arrangement for her care were constantly solicitous during the bitter last months of the war.

There was an armistice. The heavy guns rested. How many fatherless children they had made and how many widows. In a hospital, among strangers who could not speak her language, one who would never be wife or widow lay with her child, who was fatherless, but whose father had escaped the guns. A tiny fellow, conceived in a turbulent time, had opened his eyes on a continent where lay thousands of newly dead who, but a few years before, had lain just as he against warm mother breasts.

Back in America

THE guns had been cruel in their choice, taking the strongest and best of men and leaving the weak to hand down the gift of life. For the program of war proceeds on the survival of the unfit. With the war dead lay one who might have comforted and helped his little sister, for he was in truth her brother. He was killed on the Front only a few days before the Armistice. The soldier going out and his little unknown nephew coming into the world may have passed each other at the crowded border.

The guns rested. Dead men were at rest. Life marched on toward whatever flowing goal it has. Miss Kindly and the medical officer who had helped the child into a world full of problems did not forsake him. The other officers who had contributed to his interests found in him an excuse for a tenderness that relieved the nostalgia that attacked the A. E. F. that Christmas of 1918. They brought a small tree with tiny gifts attached. One officer, who always invited the mite to come to his uncle, brought a little gold ring.

"Every baby must have a ring," said he gayly. "Come here to your uncle and let's try it on."

It was this officer and Miss Kindly who finally took the mother as a French war widow with her child to a port of embarkation to sail for the United States. One more hurdle these friends had to take. Though she had been discharged in France, there were Army regulations that required little sister to be transported as an A. E. F. nurse. Uncle was not willing to fail at the last. He immediately took the matter up through official channels and again found a way.

Courageously loyal, he carried the infant down the steps of the hotel. No doubt, medals have been pinned over less brave hearts. Soldiers were seen carrying guns, not babies. He realized the enormous responsibility of the gesture when he saw the surprised face of his own brother, who happened along at that moment.

Surely the goddess who stands in the American harbor must have momentarily come to life with an aching sympathy when a sad-faced girl with a baby in her arms looked up at the lamp of liberty. Certainly the Goddess of Liberty was no more stony hearted than that girl's own sister, who ignored her return to her native land. A gold-star mother was compelled to give also a daughter, for the father would not receive her.

Sister of Sorrows

BRAVELY the young mother started life again. She placed her baby in a Salvation Army home and through a sympathetic friend in her profession found work. She asked for night duty, that she might spend the days with her boy.

For a time it seemed that a new beginning was made. Miss Kindly returned to the United States and remained a loyal friend. The girl's father, however, began to demand that she give up the child. His professional standing made his paternal duty clear to him! At last she was persuaded for the baby's own sake to relinquish him.

Among the small clan of friends who had stood by so long there was not one able to take the baby. Miss Kindly had dependents. If carrying a wee friend down the steps of a hotel attached suspicion to a man, what more would he risk in taking him into his home? Uncle might have adopted a homeless dog, but not a potential Lindbergh.

An eight-month-old boy was adopted by a family in another state. The foster parents were told only that he came from a good family. After a few heart-breaking months his lonely mother obtained a position in the schools of the little city where he had gone to live. There she saw him in the park with his nurse.

Her letters to Miss Kindly began to tell of these meetings in the park and the cautious friendship with the nurse. One day the mother wrote that she had touched her baby's hand. " . . . My own hand is trembling so I can scarcely write. I know he recognized me, for he gave my fingers a little squeeze."

Happier letters came from the resigned mother. Her baby would receive life's advantages. She could watch him grow. As school nurse she could even guard his welfare. She inclosed in one letter a picture of him that she had succeeded in snapping in the park.

So readjusting herself, little sister began to take an interest in friends and events. There was to be a party in the nurses' home. She put on an evening dress. Could it be possible that she could be a girl again? Yes, for the baby—to see the great man he would be. She must live. . . .

One came to that party who recognized her.

The woman who told was engaged in welfare work, but failed to protect one of her professional sisters as she would have shielded one of her cases.

The little sister of sorrows went to her father's house. It had been a long battle. Hopeless, broken, she had no reserves to withstand an attack of pneumonia.

A gold star hangs for her brother's death on a battlefield.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The next article in this series, to be published in April, will tell of an American nurse's experiences among refugee and repatriated children at Lyons.

(Continued from Page 124)

country road, in sweat shirt and knickers and sneakers. Every evening he did this. Tot sent notes to him at the office that he simply collected until he could think up a reply that would hold her off. A mood of something near ferocity was on him. He'd soon be fit. Regular exercise and plenty of sleep. He was only twenty-five. Hardly through yet. He meant to beat that girl until she sat up and begged.

Mrs. Cosley thought it would be nice to have them over for dinner. That was tough. Having to face her, with his mother and Old Whiskers looking on. It was all he could do to face her outdoors. Her very walk fascinated and disturbed him. There were tones in her pleasantly deep voice that affected him almost as acutely as a violin will affect a dog. There were moments when he could have lifted his voice and howled to high heaven in perverse ecstasy.

But they came to dinner—Doctor Hubert in a wrinkled old dinner coat, Portia in something filmy from Paris. He dogmatic and curt. He had small patience with mere people. She friendly enough and evidently all out to soften down the atmosphere as much as she could. That would be her tact. She was civilized. "Too damn civilized," thought Bert gloomily.

THE talk somehow drifted round to the difference between English and American universities. Portia got going on that topic. She was eager and spirited about it. You could see that she'd given it a lot of thought. But it was all highbrow stuff. And, if you could believe it, athletics weren't even mentioned! When she turned to Bert with a keen question about the attitude of American colleges toward modern literature, he was staggered. What on earth had college life to do with literature? But he recovered himself rather neatly, he felt; at least he made her laugh. "Well, I notice they've had Gene Tunney lecturing on Shakspere at Yale."

"Incredibly cheap, that," said Doctor Hubert.

Mrs. Cosley looked a little frightened. The professor filled her with awe.

Portia must have caught it, for she turned brightly to Bert. "By the way, I bought your Oppenheim book last week and read it. It is amusing. I like his inventive gift. I suppose he is really almost the Dumas of our time."

"Bosh!" said Doctor Hubert.

"Father takes the noble old art of story-telling rather lightly, I'm afraid," Portia put in.

"It is utter bosh!" Old Whiskers was glaring at them. "Squalid murder and cheap mystery and absurd headlong adventure. Mere melodrama. In this comparatively civilized day life isn't like that. It simply doesn't matter."

"True enough, in a way," said Portia, "but after all, mere entertainment ——"

IT WASN'T easy, but they got through the evening. Later that night, Bert, standing by his upstairs window looking out into the peaceful moonlit night, compressed his lips and shook his head slowly from side to side. Staring far off, through a gap in the trees, to where the dim central tower of the penitentiary loomed faintly against the sky. The very fact that Portia'd made such a determined effort to keep him in the conversation simply emphasized the gulf between them. He'd had no liquor now for nearly two months. He was strong and well. At his best, really. No nerves at all. He didn't get so angry about it now. He just saw it. And it hurt. A real difficulty was that they had to go through the ordeal again at the Huberts'. No getting out of that. Portia invited them for a Sunday evening. They'd play tennis in the afternoon. He had yet to take a set from her. But he hadn't been extending himself of late. Now, he felt, he was ready to go all out. Probably he could take a set. He'd try. But that vindictive urge had been softening into a sort of resignation. Into something he felt somber about. He knew that he was unhappy. Just unhappy.

Portia called up at noon on the Sunday. Her father was ill. She was worried. You could sense that. But she urged him to come for the tennis.

Out on the court she was quite her lovely self. Merely a thought graver than usual. "It's his head," she said. "He has these spells. It's what makes him so irritable at times. He suffers but won't talk about it. I can't help fearing a brain tumor or—or something."

LOOKING at her, Bert found himself thinking that there was something rather pitiful in the life of this girl. Really she had no life of her own worth speaking about. She'd always dwelt in her mind—in hers and her father's.

She chattered then about his game. "I wondered a lot, that first day, Bert, why you didn't try lobbing. That always beats me. You see, I simply haven't an overhead game at all. I can trade ground strokes, all day, with pretty nearly anybody, but once they come to me in the air I'm lost. With an overhead stroke I really believe I could have won at Wimbledon."

"Let me give you some lobs," he suggested. "It's really all in keeping your eye on the darned thing."

So for half an hour or more he knocked balls into the air for her. And watched her. She had the gift of concentration. He'd never had it—not really. He wondered, with a restless stir of thoughts, if he could ever get it. Be interesting to try. Why not try now?

THEY began to play. No trouble now about his mind. And he found that at the risk of an occasional half-volley shot he could get to the net. She couldn't pass him every time. And if he could maneuver her away from that base-line position she liked so well he'd have her guessing a bit. So he tried soft drop shots over the net. She had to run up for those. And in so close she couldn't bring her deadly drive into play. That enabled him to lob over her head and now and then to put a passing shot down the sidelines. She ran ahead at first; had him four-two. But he settled down to it and pulled up even. He won the next game, she the next after that. Five-all. She broke through his service to six-five. But he took hers. Six-all. From there on they seesawed, seven-six, seven-all; eight-seven, eight-all. He took the next game, at nine-eight, but she pulled up even. Nine-all. There was something rather grim about it now. To ten-all it went, and eleven-all. Her color was rising. Once, when she put a game ball into the net, she switched her racket angrily and muttered a round and healthy "Oh, damn!" He laughed. And then she laughed. Thirteen-all. Fourteen-all. Then he won her service, and went all out for the set. Fifteen-love. Fifteen-all. Thirty-fifteen. Thirty-all. Forty-thirty. He put everything he had into the next rally, but finally drove out at the side, out by inches. She wanted to call the shot good, but he rebelled. He'd seen it clearly out. Seven times then he stood at set point. And at last, with an angled shot across court into the corner, he won.

She stood a moment, limp; pushed back her hair; staggered to the bench

(Continued on Page 129)

Everybody uses it!

13-year Tommy Brown takes the part of the incorrigible Elmer in "Real Folks." His "Aw, Gee, Uncle Matt" is familiar to the great radio audience who listen Monday nights to this program sponsored by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Tommy attends the Professional Children's School. He has appeared in moving pictures and taken juvenile parts in several well-known Broadway productions.

From Little Elmer to Big Manufacturers

YOU SEE the familiar jar or tube everywhere. In bathroom cabinets. On kitchen shelves. On dressing tables. Hardly a home without it. And out in the professional and business world as well, you find "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly in constant use.

Visit the magnificent new building of the National Broadcasting Company on Fifth Avenue. In their vast soundproof studios, where a tickling cough might ruin a program for millions of listeners, or a husky voice spoil an important announcement, the radio artists know the value of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Just ask any of the people who broadcast "Real Folks" every Monday night. A spoonful now and then to soothe the throat; a bit snuffed up the nose to clear the head. Motor car and battery manufacturers, leading garages, advocate the use of "Vaseline" Jelly—for widely different purposes. They find it prevents rust on important machine parts and corrosion on battery terminals.

Letters from customers come in every day, telling of new and interesting uses for "Vaseline" Jelly. Or simply reiterating its praise as a standard family remedy.

You, too, will find that you need not one, but several jars or tubes of "Vaseline" Jelly in the house for all the various first-aid, beauty and household uses.

Remember when you buy that the trademark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1929

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PETROLEUM JELLY

No galleon ever winged the Spanish Main with such priceless treasure

Booty-laden ships wallowing back to Spain with the riches of the New World! Fat prizes of pirate days! Yet carrying no such wealth as the Fuller Man now brings yearly into ten million homes. Time is the most priceless treasure of all. And countless hours of additional work-free time is what the Fuller Man really supplies to women. He does this by devising better and shorter methods of getting housework done. By replacing dreary routine with golden leisure for graceful living. By providing a wide range of time and labor saving brushes especially designed to do every cleaning task better. Small wonder women of a continent extend him cordial welcome each time he calls. . . . .

For Example

Fuller Furniture Polish

An important item in the Fuller Man's helpful aids to better homekeeping is Fuller Furniture Polish. With a few deft strokes over the surfaces of pianos, Victrolas, chairs, tables, dressers, beds, desks . . . any type of fine woodwork . . . dullness disappears and these surfaces flash back with mirror-like luster.

After exhaustive experiments based on the knowledge of what women in ten million homes have always wanted a Furniture Polish to be, Fuller has prepared a formula that has met the unqualified endorsement of leading housewives in every community.

To illustrate: It is not sticky or messy to apply. Requires less rubbing to produce a real polish. Brings back luster quickly. Cleans as it polishes. Gives a lasting polish that does not readily show marks. Has a pleasant odor. A little goes a long way. With it women keep furniture looking its best in half the former required time.

If you don't already know the magic of this polish in your home, be sure to get a can the next time the Fuller Man calls . . . and try it. You will like the way it enhances the beauty of your expensive show pieces.

To get Fuller Furniture Polish or any other item of Fuller Service before the next regular call of your Fuller Man is easy. Just telephone the Fuller Branch Office in your city. Or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3596 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.) Be sure to ask for free booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home."

FULLER BRUSHES

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both!

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

©THE F.B.CO.

(Continued from Page 127)

with a happy little laugh. He leaped easily over the net and joined her.

"What a perfectly gorgeous set!" she cried. "Sixteen-fourteen! Think of it! Well, that's enough for one day." Then, lifting her hazel eyes to his, she said: "It's funny. I fought you as hard as I knew how. But, do you know, I'm glad you won it."

A staring look came into his eyes. "Some day," he said, with a touch of husky self-consciousness, "I'm going to tell you what I owe you. What you've done for me." Then, without another word, looking oddly unhappy, he left her. Went home.

He was restless that evening. Moody. Didn't want to go anywhere. Couldn't read. Couldn't even sit down. Couldn't do anything. For a time after dinner he stood on the porch looking off through the trees toward the Huberts' drive. This wouldn't do. Just mooning. So he went out to the garage and pottered round. Finally, toward eight-thirty, he walked slowly over there. Mounted the steps and rang. Nobody answered. At last she opened the door. He thought she looked tired. She said, "Oh, hello, Bert! I don't know where Kumio is. He should have answered the door. Come in."

"NO," HE said. Then, as an afterthought, "Thank you. I just thought I'd—well, ask how Doctor Hubert is."

"Not very well. I was just telephoning the doctor."

"I'll step along," said he. "If there's nothing I can do."

"Nothing now, I think. But it's awfully good of you. I confess feeling pretty alone." She leaned against the doorway. "I suppose I'd better go up and get what rest I can. He'll be needing me."

"Do that," said he eagerly.

For a brief time they didn't speak. Then with a "Well, all right" she closed the door and walked slowly back toward the stairs. He stepped to the side of the door and watched her go. Then he sat down on the top step.

A motor sounded in the drive. A small car appeared and ran around the circle, pulling up at the steps. Two men in uniform caps sat in the front seat. Police? He stepped down there. No, they were guards from the penitentiary. The uniform was familiar about town.

He sensed an air of grave tension, a queer hush in their manner.

The man at the wheel asked in a subdued voice, "Do you live here?"

"Just across the way. I'm Albert Cosley."

"Where is Doctor Hubert?"

"He is ill."

"Oh, I see."

The two men looked at each other. Bert now observed two guns between them; shot guns, apparently, with short barrels.

"WE'LL leave this with you," said the spokesman, passing over a big automatic pistol.

"Why?"

"You may as well know. It'll be in the papers. Red Gerner has broken out. The pay-roll robber. It's pretty bad. He got the warden. Killed him. And wounded a couple of our men. There were four of them. We shot two. The third went south. But Gerner's somewhere in these woods."

"He'll be after a change of clothes for his get-away," said the other man. "So far as we know he has only one gun, and there can't be many shots left in it. We've got to take up a station on the main road. If you see him, shoot."

"What does he look like?"

"Short. Stocky. A very tough egg. Prison clothes. Bareheaded."

They drove away. Bert fingered the weapon and watched the red tail light disappear among the trees.

A faint noise startled him. He whirled about. It was Portia opening the door. He slipped the pistol into a coat pocket.

She spoke rather breathlessly, and very low. "There's someone in my room, Bert. The door is bolted on the inside. And I heard something move."

He thought quickly. "Isn't your window right over the pergola?"

"Yes."

"Go over to my house. Quick!"

"But I can't leave father! . . . Wait, Bert! . . . Where are you?"

He was running around the house.

The simplest thing, he decided, was to climb right up the pergola, pistol in hand. Shin up a post, as a boy climbs a sapling. He was nearly up to the top when a shadowy, bareheaded figure appeared near the window. Holding on with his left arm, he fired through the vines. Instantly the shadowy figure fired back. So they shot it out, until no sound came. It was rather difficult; the leaves were in Bert's eyes, and he couldn't tell much about the accuracy of his aim. A queer silence followed.

A VOICE called, "Bert! Look out!" Portia's voice. She must be right down there.

He replied quickly, "Get away! For God's sake!" He swung out his head and looked through an opening in the leaves. The man was through the window, balancing along the timber, coming toward him with clubbed pistol. He slid to the ground. It would be better down there. The guards or police would be along any minute. But his left leg crumpled under him. He fell by another post. That squat, strong figure was sliding down. Bert caught the nearer post and drew himself up. His right leg was all right. The man leaped at him.

There are two ways of meeting a frenzied attack—keep away or get in close. Bert couldn't get away, not with his left leg acting like this. So he dove straight at the man, taking off on the good right leg. They met with a crash and went down. Bert felt a sickening blow on his shoulder, and instantly swung his own pistol at that bare, cropped head. Put every ounce of his waning strength into the blow. It went home with a crunching sound. The tense body relaxed. Bert managed to roll away.

Portia was kneeling by him. She seemed to be holding his head. Stuff there, all right. She was game clear through. Her lovely dim face bent close to his. She wasn't even crying. But she was saying something or other. It sounded like "Bert! Bert! Oh, Bert!"

HE DIDN'T hear the motors. But suddenly men in uniform were bending over them. A voice he'd heard before said, "You got him, all right, Mr. Cosley. Good job." And another voice, with authority in it, "Give me a hand here, Joe! We'll carry this bird out to the car." A motorcycle thrummed, very loud, in the drive. He heard Portia calling after those men: "But he's shot! Mr. Cosley's shot!" Her face hovered over his like a vision in a dream. Suddenly all the honest human passion that had been torturing him overwhelmed him. He pulled that face down and kissed it, over and over—eyes, cheeks, mouth. It was uncontrollable. In a way, too, he knew what he was doing.

The officers were back. They got him up and helped him home. The doctor appeared—he must have come up to the Huberts' and dressed his leg. Said he didn't think it would make much trouble. Just a clean flesh wound. The loss of blood shouldn't bother a husky young athlete very much. He'd send up crutches in the morning.

In the morning Bert wrote a series of notes to Portia, but one after another burned them in the ash tray by his bed. What he finally wrote was merely this: "I shall understand if you never speak to me again." He found a chance to ask Hilma, the plump Finnish maid, to take it over to the Huberts'.

After dinner that evening he sat gloomily alone on the porch, those damn crutches leaning against the chair.

Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have this special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon below is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

Check Sample Desired

For 10c enclosed send sample of PACKER'S

- ☐ Olive Oil Shampoo
- ☐ Tar Soap
- ☐ Tar Shampoo

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 7-C, 101 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y.: Send me the offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Two Sets or Three?

© 1929 M. L. I. Co.

ONE of the things this modern mother found out is that teeth, so vital to well-being, begin to form before birth. And that in order to give her baby good teeth her own diet must consist largely of eggs, fresh vegetables, fruits, whole-grain cereals and milk.

The first set of baby teeth is very important in its effect upon the second set and should be given the greatest care. When one of the little teeth is lost, before nature is ready to send out its successor, the shape of the jaw is likely to change in such a way that the second teeth will be crowded and come in unevenly.

Especial attention must be paid to the double molars of the temporary set. By good dentistry, these should be made to last until the tenth or eleventh year. And so, when her child is only four years old—hardly more than a baby—and thereafter every six months, the modern mother takes him to her dentist.

The first permanent teeth are called the six-year molars because they come in at about the sixth year. They appear behind the two temporary molars, and can easily be distinguished by counting the double teeth on each side. If there are three double teeth in a row the back one is the permanent one.

These first permanent molars are the keystone of the dental arch and govern the position of all the later teeth. Coming in as they do in a mouth full of temporary teeth, they are frequently neglected and sometimes extracted as part of the baby set.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are built by food—like every other part of the body. First in importance comes the food the mother eats before her baby is born, then the food she gives him through babyhood, and finally the food that he selects for himself. Teeth are living parts of the body and need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Lucky is the baby whose wise mother has determined that he shall have such fine first and second sets of teeth that he will never need an artificial set.

Your Doctor will tell you

Poison from tooth infection may damage vital organs, may cause eye, nerve, or joint trouble, rheumatism, headache, or any one of a long list of serious ailments.

The expert dentist of today employs much of the wisdom of medical science; he uses real engineering skill and his work is often touched by the grace of artistry.

If teeth are lost, artificial substitutes can usually be made which will insure comfort, good appearance and efficient service. Without the latter, good digestion and therefore good health are impossible.

A famous physician once made the statement, "Bad teeth are the most common cause of physical breakdown."

Health scientists warn us that teeth should be watched not from the outside alone, but from the inside as well, and that a tooth which has never ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected poison. Dentists use x-ray photographs to tell the story. If the x-rays show poison at the root that cannot be dislodged by treatment, perhaps the tooth should be extracted.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail its booklet, "Good teeth, how to get them and keep them," to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet No. 39J.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

His heart stood still. There was Portia, walking slowly, very gravely, along the drive. His throat went dry. She paused by the rhododendron bushes at the turn and fingered the leaves. She didn't look like her usual trim, decisive self. But how could she, poor kid? Funny thing—his eyes were wet. He'd have to control himself somehow.

When their eyes met she didn't smile.

He cleared his throat. Managed to swallow. "Won't you sit down?" he said.

She asked, "How are you?"

"Perfectly all right. In a week or so. How is your father?"

"Apparently not in serious danger. It is hopeful. But he seems pretty broken. I'm afraid it'll be a long time before he can work. I—I drove out from the hospital to get some things. He wants me in there near him."

There was a long silence.

"It was good of you to come over."

She said, "Oh please!" Silenced him with that. She sat near him and rested her chin on her pretty hands. Moodily. "Bert"—this came out at last, the frankness of it was so like her—"I'm shaken."

"I was a skunk," he said hotly.

She silenced him again, this time by merely moving a hand. "No, Bert, you're not a skunk. I—this is the difficulty—I've had to face the fact—I didn't sleep last night. You've brought me to see that I haven't had much of an idea what life was all about—that there is, well, emotion in it. Even melodrama." She tried to smile, but couldn't quite make a go of it.

Bert muttered, "I don't know what to say or do. Of course I realize that you, a wonderful, civilized girl like you, could never —— I'm just a Rotarian! That's all I am!"

She didn't pay any attention to that. "I think I—I think I know what I want you to do, Bert."

"What?" Queer how sharply he shot out that one word.

"I want you to kiss me again."

He stared. The hazel eyes met his. People must feel like this when they were hypnotized. Slowly, eye to eye, she slid from her chair and knelt beside him.

A muffled sound from the doorway startled them. But Portia didn't move away. Mrs. Cosley, standing there, appeared too bewildered to stir either forward or back.

"I think," said Bert confusedly, but with a voice like praying in church—"I think we're going to be married."

"I kn-know we are!" cried Portia, and burst into honest tears.

And then, for some reason, all three of them laughed.

A Daughter of the Arts

(Continued from Page 14)

On an April Saturday Margery was lunching with Kate in Kate's room—studio, rather. They were talking about Margery's prospective career.

Kate stated a fact. "You're graduating next month."

"Yes," said Margery.

"Well, you take my advice and come in here with me. You can make a sensation designing."

"That's awfully generous of you, Kate. I'll think it over. Lillian has asked me to come in with her too. Isn't that lovely of her?"

"Lovely in theory," Kate snapped. "But you'd never get along with Lillian. No one could. She's worked alone too long. And then there's Uncle Dart."

Margery pondered. "I wonder what Lillian sees in Uncle Dart."

"Don't ask me. All I know is this: Lillian will never be interested in Ken again, unless she divorces him. And she won't do that, for they're too good friends. Oh, Margery, have you seen Ken's latest?"

"The thin, olive one? He had her at the 'Pig' last night. I didn't like her much. But Lillian was adorable to her."

"Lillian always is. Poor Ken—no wonder he gets marvelous reviews. He certainly knows life."

"I wonder if he really does," mused Margery. "I wonder if any of us know life, living the way we do."

It was a favorite theme of the Gaults, and not one of them had ever questioned it before. Kate rose abruptly and began laying gold paint on a tunic.

Margery put on her hat. "See you later at the studio," she said.

"Uh-huh." Kate didn't look up.

IT WAS nice out-of-doors. The air seemed immaterially alive, somehow, and it sent an unparticularized peace to the heart of the youngest Gault. In a month she would be done school. She would be expected to do something rather definite then. The nets were waving over her, ready to scoop her in. Modeling, designing, singing, writing. There was something the least bit dreadful about having a number of gifts and a number of adorable successful persons pulling at you from different directions.

There were quite a number of people in the studio. Lillian was showing the first rough plan of a fountain, two small boys kneeling Narcissus-like above a pool.

Kenyon was there, looking just as handsome as he had looked twenty years ago. Kenyon's olive young lady was there with the inevitable sheaf of manuscript. Also Nicholas, too beautiful for a male, with his flashing eyes and stormy black curls. Then there was Beggy Malone, the critic, a constant of Kate's. Claire Collier, the medallist, large and untidy, with a deceptively serene brow.

The talk buzzed and snapped in little nervous peaks and depressions. Margery thought how awfully nice it was of Lillian to want her to work here. It made her feel guilty.

Suddenly she was aware that Nicholas had come over by her and was whispering in her left ear. "I can get you a Chautauqua job, sis. The manager's looking for a good voice cheap. It's a chance to get started."

"OH, NICKY, that would be fun." Margery gave a sharp sigh. For Nicky would be corking company to travel around with—for a while. Presently Kenyon came and sat down on her right.

"There's an office vacant on my floor," he said abruptly. "I was thinking I'd rent it for you, Margery. You'll be wanting to get your poems in shape or start in on your book this summer." Kenyon always said "your book" to her, although she hadn't ever said she was going to write one.

Margery put a hand in her father's. They all were so sweet to her. She hated to hurt them. Still, if she did choose one of the arts prescribed she would be disappointing 75 per cent of them.

"I'm hoping to take my little daughter in to work with me next month, Beggy," Lillian was saying smoothly. All eyes came around to Margery. Well, she might as well get it over ——

"I'm going to college in the fall."

It was a silence of load and aim. Then, "College!" came the report.

"Yes, honestly." Margery took a quick bite of cake.

"You don't mean exactly college, do you, darling?" inquired Lillian. "If you'd like to go back to that school in Switzerland for another year, I think perhaps it could be managed."

"I don't mean that Swiss school at all," said Margery in a small, high voice. "I

(Continued on Page 132)

Capture the sunlight vitamin for your children — in this delicious natural food

The news is abroad in the land! There is a new vital reason why this delicious, healthful, *balanced* food should be a part of every *child's* breakfast, supper and after-school lunch. Now, it has been proved that this *natural* food product contains the famous sunlight vitamin—*Vitamin D.*

VITAMIN D—THE BONE BUILDER • is the mysterious, intangible element produced by the direct rays of the sun. When children absorb it into their bodies, it acts in some unknown way to put the needed lime into young bones, develop sound teeth, prevent rickets (soft bones, bowed legs) and assure the steady symmetrical growth of the whole body.

The vogue of sunlight bathing, the funny little "suspender" bathing suits for children, the new sun lamps that create artificial sunlight—all these come from this new understanding of the vital importance to health of *Vitamin D* . . .

Also, curiously enough, scientists have discovered that this same vitamin, contained in cod liver oil, is the real reason why that sturdy old remedy has been so successful.

VITAMIN D CONTAINED IN COCOMALT • But this precious sunlight vitamin should, without question, be a part of the *natural* food in every child's diet . . . So the makers of Cocomalt went to famous scientific authorities. After intensive experiments these authorities have definitely proved that Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—in the necessary quantities to build sturdy bones and sound teeth and strength and vigor for your children.

CHILDREN LOVE ITS TASTE—SERVE HOT OR COLD • Give it to your children as often as possible, especially those wintry days when they are indoors more and when the rays of the sun are less direct. Served hot, it gives them the nourishing warmth they need. For those who prefer it cold, it makes an equally delightful drink. They'll love the delicious chocolate taste. And you'll find that, with Cocomalt, it's much easier to make them drink the daily required glasses of milk . . .

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in various sized cans including the popular half-pound size at 25 cents (30¢ west of the Mississippi). If your grocer cannot supply you take advantage of the sample offer.

R. B. DAVIS CO. • Hoboken, N. J. • *Makers of Davis Baking Powder*

A generous sample and booklet • Send 10 cents (to cover the cost of mailing) and we will forward you a generous can of Cocomalt—together with a fascinating booklet entitled "Children of the Sun." This booklet was prepared for the R. B. Davis Company by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

R. B. Davis Company,
Hoboken, New Jersey.

Enclosed find 10 cents. Send me booklet and sample of Cocomalt mentioned above.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*County*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

Dwight Anchor sheets stay white and firm for years, housewives say.

"I still have two of my first Dwight Anchor sheets, *purchased some 16 years ago*"

Day in and day out home use verifies results of impartial laundry tests

MRS. GRACE J. LOWE of Roxbury, Massachusetts, writes, "Dwight Anchor sheets have always filled my bed linen wants. I still have two of my first sheets in service, purchased 16 years ago."

Actual records such as this bear out the results of recent laundry tests.

These impartial tests were conducted in one of the largest laundries in the country.

Dwight Anchor sheets, together with seven other leading brands, marked only by a code symbol, were washed and ironed again and again, until they had the equivalent of years of wear at home.

Dwight Anchors remained strong and firm, whereas the other sheets showed varying degrees of wear at the hems, the edges, and the centerfold.

And now you can get still better wear, even from your Dwight Anchors, by ordering sheets with equal hems, top and bottom, so that you can reverse them and equalize the strain.

The 108-inch length is a better buy than a shorter sheet, as it not only wears longer and is more comfortable, but keeps your blankets clean.

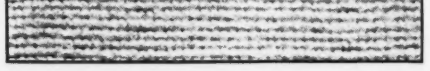
The Smart Colored Sheets

Dwight Anchors are also made in the exquisite pastel shades that so many smart women are now using—

pink, blue, Nile, maize, rose, peach, and orchid—in two color tones—and in white with colored top hems.

Each bed set packed in a beautiful gift box. And the colors are *fast*.

If you can't get Dwight Anchors where you shop, write us and we will tell you where you can buy these sturdy sheets all laundered and ready for use. Dwight Manufacturing Company, Minot, Hooper & Co., Selling Agents, 11 Thomas St., New York.



This photograph shows centerfold of Dwight Anchor sheet greatly magnified; still strong and firm after repeated washings.

Dwight Anchor

SHEETS · PILLOW CASES · SHEETING · TUBING

Manufactured since 1840

(Continued from Page 130)

mean, I'm going to an American inland college. I want to very much. I can use the money Grandmother Gault left me, can't I?"

"It isn't the money," Lillian began stormily, and stopped. For the situation was getting pretty thick for teatime. "I think it's a tremendously interesting idea, child," she finished. And so the question was reserved for private wrangling.

And they did wrangle. Bitterly at first. Finally with humor. Really, it was too ridiculous, they said. But at last Kenyon came to her rescue by reminding them that Margery would be eighteen in a few days. And since personal liberty was their chief tenet, they had to subside to save creed. It would be an experience for the child. Experience of any sort was good for one who was going to be an artist.

KENYON went so far as to type requests for various college catalogues, and pored over them with Margery. They finally settled on Gilroy University, Gilroy, Ohio—just why, Kenyon didn't know, unless it was because the Gilroy prospectus was especially dull reading.

Margery was tractable from that time on. You are when you have won your way over four strong-minded persons.

She gave all the summer to her family, and when it was time for her to depart they all took her to the Grand Central. They went on the train with her, and Lillian did something magnificent for the porter. There were only five minutes left, and Margery had to accept one of Uncle Dart's perfect monogrammed handkerchiefs. Indeed, they all used handkerchiefs. It seemed so very dreadful for a Gault to be leaving New York in a westerly direction.

Then the train pulled out, moving almost imperceptibly, as trains do from the Grand Central, and the remaining Gaults—for you might as well call Uncle Dart that—faced each other with what philosophy they might.

Gilroy University! No place was ever quite so important. Its fifteen hundred students sat on top of the world. They were chosen; the elms and maples and birches on the campus told them so. There was a magic essence in the sap of the trees that wafted Gilroy's importance forth upon the deferential air. You had only to breathe it to make your blood pulse to the rhythm of

G-I-L-R-O-Y! Yih, yih, yih! Yi-i-i-i-ih!

IMAGINE, please, a straight, slim, inconspicuously well-dressed girl with green eyes and *café au lait* hair in that matriculating throng. But Margery was not afraid; for a Gault, too, is sufficient unto himself. She did feel terribly alien, however, and for the first time in her life she knew what it was to be shy.

Probably it was her own wide-open eyes that saved Margery Gault from flight. For the second day she began to be homesick. Very homesick. But just when the tides of that disease would begin to close over her head she would spy some queer new phase of this strange life that would set her wondering, and the tide would ebb.

Margery's dormitory roommate was an utterly strange animal. Mit Peters was her name, and her father manufactured aluminum ware. Mit admitted cheerfully that she didn't know a darn thing.

It did not take long to discover, however, that Mit Peters was not stupid. She was kind, too, in a fashion. One day she looked Margery over insolently from head to toe, and announced that she was going to put Margery up for her sorority.

"Not just yet," Margery said quickly.

"Well, if you're not made right at the start, you're likely to be left out of everything," Mit shrugged.

"I'd rather wait, if you don't mind." Margery did not know she was treating a great honor too lightly. Her honest indifference made Mit open her eyes. That was a queer kid from New York City.

Yet it wasn't exactly indifference that caused Margery to hesitate. She was beginning to like funny Mit Peters, and she really wanted to stand in Mit's good graces. But she felt that she could progress better with Mit alone than with a whole sorority of Mits.

So what with amazements and adjustments, Margery got over being homesick. Who would ever have supposed there was such a lot to learn outside of New York and certain parts of Europe?

When it became noised about that Margery was the daughter of prominent artists, Gilroy pricked up its ears.

It astonished her to be treated with deference on account of her parents. Were Lillian and Kenyon really such geniuses?

"Gosh," Mit said, when she heard about Lillian and Kenyon. Mit was doing ritualistic things to her face, and turned with half of a lip rouged.

"Say, Margery!" A new note came into her voice. "Say, can you draw? Could you make some posters?"

"I think perhaps I could," Margery admitted cautiously.

"BECAUSE our next dance is a poster party, and I don't know where on earth to get them. They wouldn't have to be anything wonderful ——" She stopped, and stared at Margery. "I don't know why you wouldn't do for Hank," she said.

"Wh-what?"

"My brother. He's coming down for the party. I've got to get him a girl. I was going to ask Dolly Gifford."

Margery flushed. "Oh, ask Dolly, by all means. I'm sure I'm not jazzy enough for a brother of yours."

"Hank's not jazzy. Ever since he was graduated from Michigan three years ago, his middle name has been Business. Most girls think he's kind of a stick."

"Why—I don't know ——"

"Rot," said Mit. "It's all settled."

Margery bought some water-color paper and got out her paints. Kate and Lillian would have groaned over the posters, but Mit squealed with joy.

There wasn't any space left inside Margery for homesickness that week. She was going to a dance with a new kind of man. She got out her one evening frock of straight-hanging green crêpe. Mit said it was frightfully plain, but would do.

They dressed together the night of the party. Mit was expertly made up and curled, and her yellow gown stood out like a flower. "Let me make you up," she commanded, and Margery stood docilely. But after it was done Mit still frowned. "I have to have my pink, but it seems to cheapen you, Margery." And they rubbed it all off, except for two dabs on the lips.

Margery's hand in Mit's was cold as they ran down to the reception room where the escorts waited. "Buck up—Hank won't eat you!" A tall fresh-colored person with blue eyes was coming toward them. Mit presented her brother, and hurried away with her own "man."

MARGERY was really embarrassed. She noticed that although Hank Peters was good-looking, he was not the assured type Mit preferred. He helped her rather bunglingly with her cape, and they set off across the snow-silvered green to Adams Hall. Neither said a word.

Once there, however, he swept her into a one-step. He had evidently come to dance, and he danced well. It was quite nice. Margery saw her posters arranged low along the oak walls.

Others saw the posters, too, and Mit lost no time in advertising the artist.

"Did you draw those things, sure 'nough?" Hank Peters demanded. And when she nodded, he also exhaled a profound "Gosh!"

She danced a few times with other boys. Then Hank asked her abruptly if she wouldn't like to go for a little spin in his car. She said that she would.

Hank Peters' car was the property of the Peters Aluminum Company, and bore

(Continued on Page 134)

Change bread to cake!

Here's the magic recipe:

1. Cut slices of day-old white bread ¾ inch thick. Trim off crusts. Cut each slice into strips ¾ inch wide by 2 inches long.

2. Spread these strips on all sides with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, covering bread well.

3. Roll strips in dry shredded coconut, broken very fine. Place in pan and brown delicately on all sides under low gas flame, or toast on a fork over coals.

(Eagle Brand is a delicious blend of pure, fresh full-cream milk and finest sugar—velvet smooth and double rich—like heavy cream.)

DELICIOUS little coconut cakes—made from bread! You don't believe they taste like cake? . . . *They do!* Like Angel Food Cake—creamily frosted—topped with the enticing crispness of delicately browned coconut. Try them! You can make them in less than ten minutes. They cost next to nothing . . . This is the kind of recipe that comes along once in a blue moon!

And we have dozens of other magic recipes. Desserts of many kinds. Frostings and fillings. Salad dressings. Candies. Sauces. Frozen dishes . . . Delicious—economical—quick and easy—because Eagle Brand makes such wonderful new cooking methods possible.

Send for the recipes. The coupon below will bring you the free booklet—"New Magic in the Kitchen". Mail the coupon today!

Eagle Brand will cream-and-sugar your coffee deliciously—at half the usual cost!

Try Eagle Brand in your coffee. It costs only half as much as separate cream and sugar—and what rich creaminess, golden color and mellow flavor it gives! Remember, too, that coffee creamed with Eagle Brand is more digestible. It has been proved that Eagle Brand is easier to digest than ordinary milk or cream. Also, its food value is very great. It is rich in butter fat, in vitamins, in energy-producing carbohydrates. An important food!

EAGLE BRAND SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

THE BORDEN COMPANY, C.—L. H. J. 3-29
Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the free recipe booklet "New Magic in the Kitchen."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Don't hurt your baby with pins and buttons

The Vanta Baby Copyright 1925 Earnshaw Knitting Co.

Pins come unfastened, buttons break and turn edgewise, to torment the little body. Be sure too, mother, that your baby never can pick up loose pins and buttons and promptly put them into his mouth.

Dress your baby FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS, the SAFE, comfortable, convenient way in

Vanta Baby Garments

No Pins No Buttons

They tie with dainty bows of Twistless Tape. Dress baby without turning him once.

Always fit perfectly because you can loosen or tighten the tapes in dressing. Safe, simple, comfortable, convenient for baby and mother; adjustable as baby grows; recommended by 50,000 doctors and nurses.

VEST

In cotton, wool, silk, linen mesh, sase, rayon fabrics, light or heavy weights, as your doctor advises; dress baby from birth to six years.

For children over two years old we make a complete line of finest quality buttoned garments.

KNIT KNITIE

Vanta quality

All garments are guaranteed to be non-shrinkable of the finest fabrics and best workmanship. Dealers will make adjustment on any that do not give you complete satisfaction.

ABDOMINAL BINDER

Ask for Vanta Baby garments at your store. If you cannot get them, write to EARNSHAW SALES CO., INC., Dept. 200, Newton, Mass.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.,
Dept. 200, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from Page 132)

lettering to that effect. They sped quickly through the campus drive, and out to the one good highway which lay beautifully white under thin snow.

"How do you like it out here?" he shouted.

"I think I like it. I never was in a large school before."

"It's nothing compared to the schools in your town." He seemed surprised. "Just graduate from high?"

"No, from a private school."

"Oh."

The thrill died. There was something in his "Oh" that made her heart sink. She had noticed a feeling against private schools out here. "I seem to have chosen the wrong kind of parents, and the wrong kind of school, and everything," she said.

"I hope it doesn't worry you any, Miss Gault."

"I hate to be treated differently from other girls."

"They're afraid of you, that's what. They call private schools snobbish, but watch 'em hot-foot it to one when they get the chance." He stopped and laughed, a low chuckling sound. "Mit's the darnedest little snob on earth. I'm glad you turned down her precious sorority."

"I wasn't certain—I didn't understand about the sorority being so important."

"SURE. It took her down a peg. She thought you'd grab it. Most of these kids come from just comfortable families that can't afford private schools. Your family can probably buy them all out, I imagine."

"Oh, no," she denied emphatically. "We live from hand to mouth. Why, we never have any money except when Lillian gets paid, or Kenyon sells some picture rights. We don't even get over to Europe every year."

"Good Lord," said Hank Peters. "And who are Lillian and Kenyon?"

"My parents."

He gave her a sidewise glance. "Say, are you showing off?"

"Showing off!" She could have wept.

"Do you really call 'em by their first names, sure 'nough?"

"Yes."

His laugh roared out. "I was thinking how my mother would look if I started in calling her Molly."

"I'm sorry you think it strange," she said stiffly.

"I think it's all right, if you want to." He was grinning to himself. "I suppose you know Mit thinks you're great."

"Does she, really?" A sleety rain had begun to fall, and Margery drew her cape closer.

"Want the curtains on?" Hank asked.

"No, I like it."

"SO DO I." The gulf between them narrowed. "Makes you think things. And when the rain beats down on you too—oh, it's great."

"I know just what you mean."

"Say, I believe you do."

After a little time he turned around and they headed back toward Gilroy. And now he was driving slowly. But suddenly he speeded up again. "Better not, I guess," he said with a little laugh.

"Better not what?"

"Kiss you."

"Oh." Margery was absolutely astonished. At the studio if a man wanted to kiss you, he did, unless you didn't want him to.

They drove on and Margery thought the matter had been dismissed, when he said abruptly, "'Oh' isn't an answer."

"I don't know why you shouldn't kiss me," she said.

And after he had, they went back and danced some more, and felt much better acquainted.

Hank Peters was going to stay at the hotel, and it was arranged that Mit and Margery should go down and have breakfast with him in the morning. They could do that on Saturday.

But in the morning Mit refused to get up. And so with many misgivings Margery made her way down to the Eagle Hotel. Hank was waiting in the "ladies' parlor."

"I couldn't make Mit get up," she explained.

"I know. I told her to get her sleep."

AND that time Margery didn't say "Oh," for though she lacked a long way yet of being Ohio-wise, she wasn't entirely dumb on universal matters.

"I thought maybe you could drive out a way with me, and go back on the train," he went on expectantly. "Is it too much to ask on first acquaintance?"

"No," she said. "I'd enjoy it."

There was a thrill about driving out of Gilroy and coming back on the train. Margery never stopped to question the wisdom of it. For the Gault god was Taste, and it seemed perfectly good taste to go adventuring with your roommate's brother. During the first two miles they decided to call each other Margery and Hank.

They planned that she should go as far as East Border, which would make seventy-four miles. But when they got to East Border they looked at each other in dismay Why, the day hadn't yet begun. And so she went on to Lawton, and they drove on to Middleton Junction. And at last Margery really did get on a train.

On the way back to Gilroy she lived over the day. Hank had talked a lot at the last.

She was still reliving the day when she tripped up the dormitory steps at ten that night—and almost bumped into a waiting and grave-eyed dean. And even that did not startle Margery entirely out of her dream, until the dean began to talk. . . .

When the other girls found out that Margery Gault had been reprimanded her popularity leaped. That New York artists' child wasn't so slow. But Mit Peters wrote her brother and scolded him roundly, and her brother wrote Margery a contrite and marvelous letter.

ALONG in December Margery went home with Mit for a week-end—and that was a story in itself.

Margery had never before visited in a home that was not a studio or at least an apartment. Where the parents were just parents. Mr. and Mrs. Peters were comfortable people given to smiling and good food.

There were parties both nights of the week-end, with the Peters parents sitting contentedly in the background.

Margery had one private conversation with Mrs. Peters when that lady knocked on her door and handed her a small, tissue-wrapped parcel. To take back with her, Mrs. Peters said. And Margery insisted on opening it at once, and took out a little embroidered towel with a tatting edge.

What was there about a handmade towel that would make you cry? But Margery almost did. "I wish I could do something for you," she said.

"You can, if it isn't asking too much." There was a shy note in the voice of the stout, comfortable woman. "Mit's told me how you can paint beautiful pictures, and I was wondering. . . . If you'd do one for me I'd have it framed real pretty for the living room."

"I'd love to," said Margery. Her throat was tight with tears.

And after the Sunday evening party, which wasn't a dancing party—"for mamma is old-fashioned"—there was an hour alone with Hank. They went for a

(Continued on Page 137)

Leave it to Betty to be Comfortable

The old-time inconveniences and discomfort from being a daughter of Eve mean nothing at all to Betty. She's too modern for that. She knows that belts that bind are half the trouble, so she puts on one of those perfect-fitting, non-binding, stay-in-place, wonderful, comfortable *Sanitary Belts by Hickory* .... And then, whether all ready for a good night's sleep or dressed for the day and off in her usual youthful whirl, she's comfortable and happy. Betty never worries about her frocks (because she wears a Hickory Rubber Apron). Comfortable Sanitary Belts and Aprons are made by Hickory. Belts, 25c and more. Aprons, 25c and more. At your favorite notion department.

Complete your wardrobe from the Hickory Line of Personal Necessities, including Shadow Skirts, Step-ins, Aprons, Belts, Bloomers and Dress Shields.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago New York Los Angeles Toronto

HICKORY
Sanitary Belts

32

In Which ~ A CLEVER HOSTESS ~ SURPRISES HUSBAND *and* GUESTS

Any woman who can achieve the unexpected, within regular income limits, is to be admired.

SHE DID it entirely within her regular allowance . . . that's what amazed her husband. She did it, in spite of the tradition that a complete silver service means a large cash outlay and . . . that's what amazed her neighbors.

This is how she came into possession of a perfect service of silverplate with all the special pieces etiquette authorities call for.

She had been feeling badly about her table service for some time. Spoons, forks, knives . . . such a jumble of patterns. Pieces given by relatives and friends. Gifts from people who knew nothing of the pattern in which she was trying so hard to build a service. Of course, she had to accept them with a smile. But now, what a clashing array they presented.

One evening in Ladies' Home Journal she saw the offer of a little booklet for hostesses. Without telling her husband, she wrote for it. In clear, practical directions . . . there it was . . . the solution to the problem that had troubled her for years.

She was amazed to find she could acquire a perfect Service for Six or Eight people without feeling the cost. The little book had it all worked out . . . a plan with all the fascination of a collector's search after beautiful objects of art. Four steps, planned by experts.

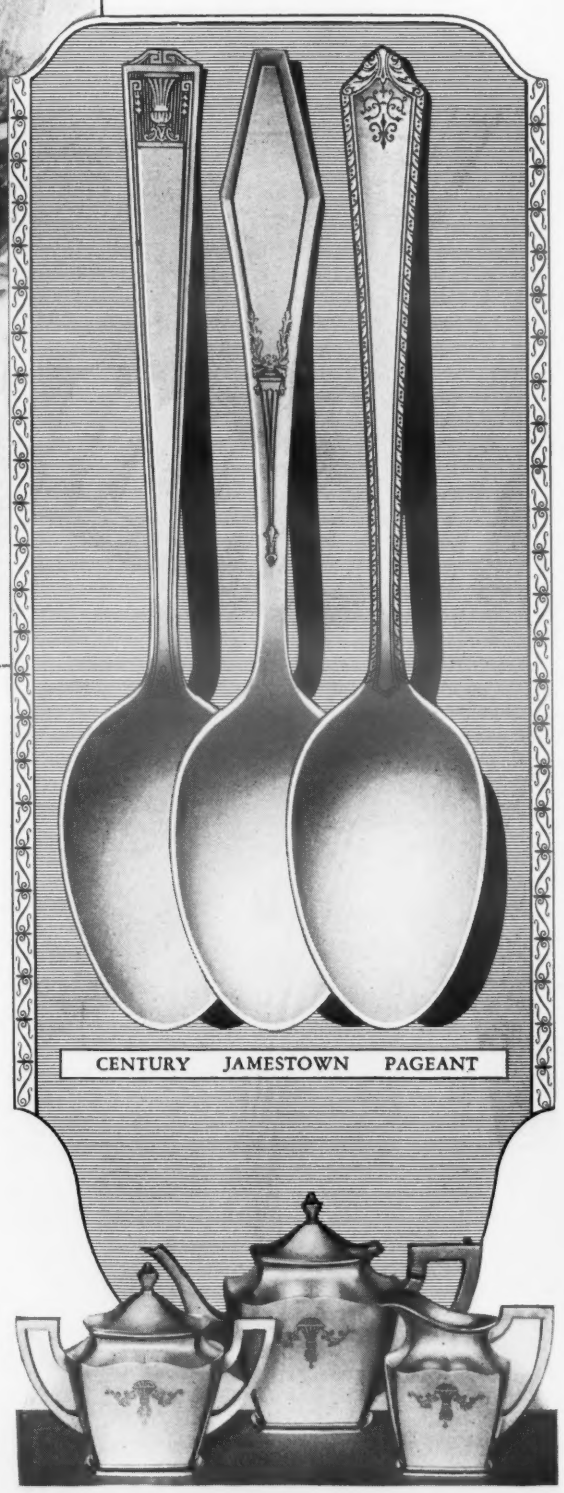
First, a Starting Service of the absolutely necessary pieces with a beautiful serving tray. Then the Essential Service with bread-and-butter, salad and side dish pieces. Soon the Adequate Service of special appointments such as iced drink and bouillon spoons, oyster and pastry forks, gravy ladle and preserve servers. Finally, the completing set to make her the proud possessor of a service in the latest mode.

Such beauty. Such abundance for entertaining . . . for serving every course correctly. Coffee and five o'clock tea spoons, berry spoon and cream ladle. So many things she had longed for, and acquired so easily,—so inexpensively—with starting service as low as $34.25.

"Stepping Stones to a Perfect Table Service" is the precious little book that makes the Silver Service of Your Dreams a present possibility. Let us send you a copy with our compliments. It is only necessary to mail the coupon.

✣ ✣ ✣

Lifelong beauty and enduring wear are expressed in these handsome creations of Inlaid Silverplate originated by Holmes & Edwards . . . the plate known to be nearest to Sterling Silver because of blocks of real solid silver inlaid at wear-points on the most used pieces. Genuine Inlaid is supreme in quality, yet priced no more than other high grade silverplate.



Tea Sets and Service Silver
Matching Pageant and Century Patterns

HOLMES & EDWARDS Super Plate INLAID

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

©I. S. Co. 1929

Made and Guaranteed by The
HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.
International Silver Co., *Successor*, Bridgeport, Conn.

Miss Ann Adams . . . Send me your booklet—
"Stepping Stones to a Perfect Table Service"

Name.....

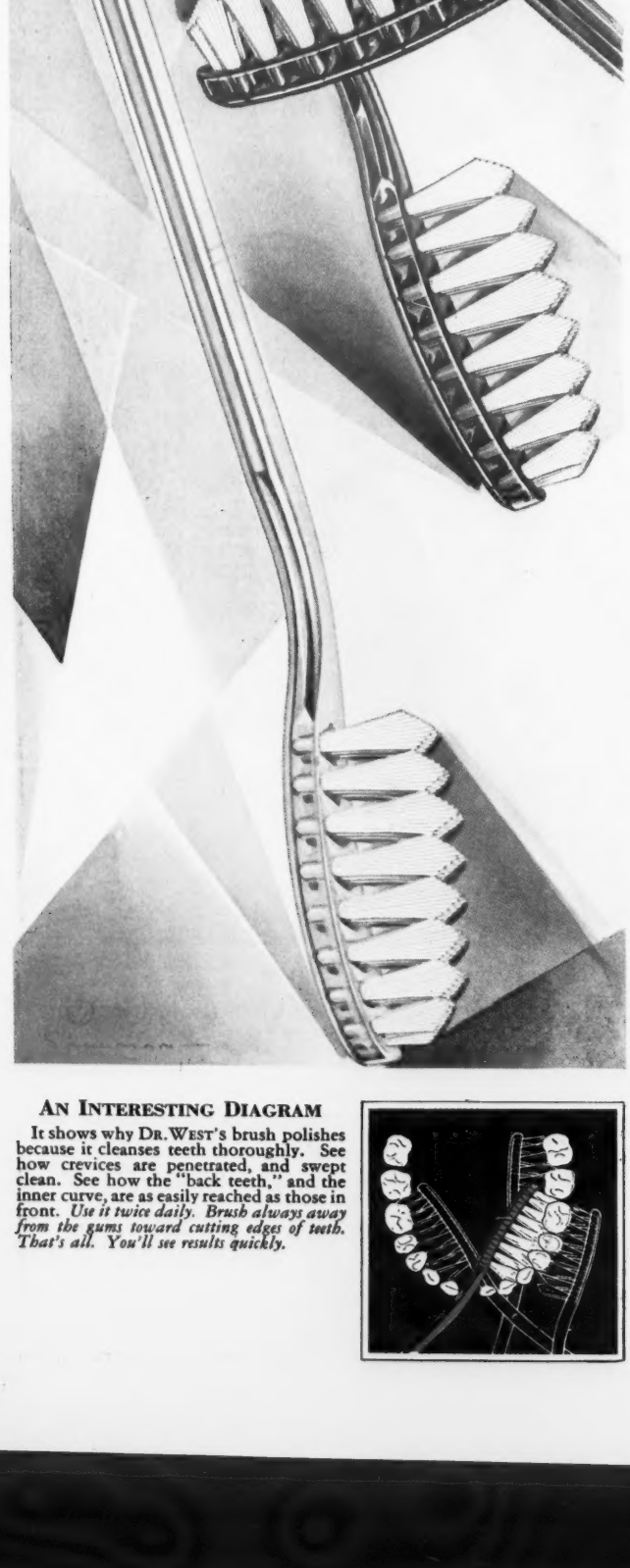
Address.....

City.....

Made in Canada by the STANDARD SILVER COMPANY, International Silver Co., of Canada, Ltd., *Successor*, Toronto, Can. L329

This is how your toothbrush should look

– *if you want real results: whiter, cleaner, safer teeth*



How did the brush you used this morning *compare with one of these?*

IF the brush you used this morning did *not* look like these, perhaps you had better replace it. Results will surprise you.

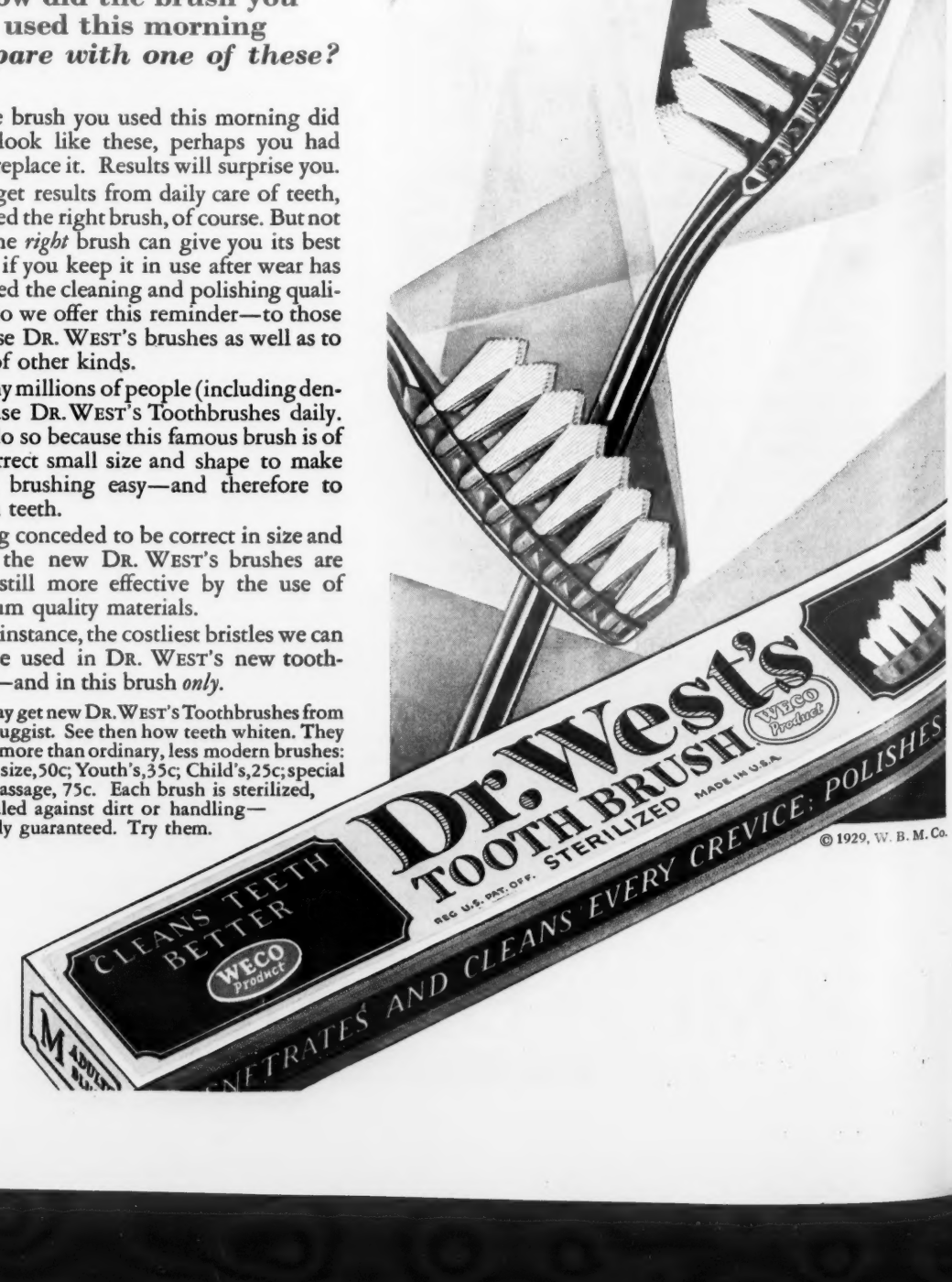
To get results from daily care of teeth, you need the right brush, of course. But not even the *right* brush can give you its best results if you keep it in use after wear has impaired the cleaning and polishing qualities. So we offer this reminder—to those who use DR. WEST'S brushes as well as to users of other kinds.

Many millions of people (including dentists) use DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes daily. They do so because this famous brush is of the correct small size and shape to make proper brushing easy—and therefore to whiten teeth.

Long conceded to be correct in size and shape the new DR. WEST'S brushes are made still more effective by the use of premium quality materials.

For instance, the costliest bristles we can buy are used in DR. WEST'S new toothbrush—and in this brush *only*.

Today get new DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes from your druggist. See then how teeth whiten. They cost no more than ordinary, less modern brushes: Adult's size, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c. Each brush is sterilized, and sealed against dirt or handling—and fully guaranteed. Try them.



© 1929, W. B. M. Co.

AN INTERESTING DIAGRAM

It shows why DR. WEST'S brush polishes because it cleanses teeth thoroughly. See how crevices are penetrated, and swept clean. See how the "back teeth," and the inner curve, are as easily reached as those in front. *Use it twice daily. Brush always away from the gums toward cutting edges of teeth. That's all. You'll see results quickly.*

(Continued from Page 134)

walk under the winter stars. And Hank slipped his arm through hers, and she held it close against her side.

"Oh, Margery, you're simply wonderful," he said.

Last winter at the theater with Kate and Nicky she had heard a calflike hero make the same remark. They had all been convulsed by it. But now as she looked up and smiled, and her lips parted, the proper response came tumbling out.

"I think you're just wonderful, too, Hank."

THERE was Margery Gault, and another person who painted cows wading in a stream for the wall of the Peters' living room. Margery Gault and a person who ate pancakes for breakfast, and was thrilled by a boy whose middle name was Business. The two were irreconcilable.

And yet—it didn't seem to matter.

But when she actually rolled into the Grand Central at Christmastime, and saw Kenyon and Kate waiting for her, she forgot about Ohio, and wondered how she had ever been able to leave them. Sitting between them in the taxi, one hand in Kate's, the other tight in Kenyon's, she felt that she had been unfaithful.

It was the tea hour at the studio. The door stood open, and they were exclaiming inside about a new thing Lillian was doing, a slave girl bearing a bowl of fruit.

Then Lillian gave a cry, and opened her arms to Margery. And they all gathered around, and everybody wept a little, and it was a blurred and lovely moment. And Margery thought how beautiful was Lillian—and Ohio was a long way off.

They looked her over with pretended anxiety to see if the Middle West had done anything to her. It hadn't—on the outside. But hadn't she got enough of it? She wasn't going back, surely!

Yes, she was going back; but why talk about it now—when she had just come? And so they laughed, and the talk snapped and twisted, and she felt herself being caught along in its current. And it was just as if she had never gone away. Almost.

Nicholas suggested that they have a party for her that very night, and so they did some telephoning.

IT WAS a lovely party. There was talk and music and jazz and foolishness. The great god Taste wobbled a little. Uncle Dart put Nicky to bed around twelve, and someone had to take Nicky's girl home and put her to bed too.

At half-past two Margery curled up on the studio divan, for Nicholas was in her bed. But before she did so she emptied the ash trays and set the glasses to soak in the sink.

She awoke at nine-thirty. The studio was in a terrible mess. But the janitress would fix all that.

It was very still. Margery got up and looked out the window. Washington Square seemed a little the worse for wear, somehow.

She stretched largely. She knew from old just what the next hour would bring forth. The first person in the kitchenette would make a pot of coffee. Well, she might as well be that one. She ran out and put it on while she took her bath.

When Margery got back to the kitchenette she found Lillian, sipping coffee, awaiting her turn at the bath.

"You won't mind if I work today, darling?"

"Oh, no. I'm going out as soon as I'm dressed. I want to see the shops. I may drop in at Kate's for lunch."

"You'll probably find Beggy there, if you do." Lillian rose and yawned. "I never saw you look so well, child."

"Are Kate and Beggy engaged?"

Lillian shrugged. "They are in love," she said simply.

Margery felt a little curious pang. Yet she was not surprised. Kate had always declared she would never marry.

"Are you really going back West?"

"Of course I am. I'd lose my term credits if I didn't."

"How tragic that would be." Lillian kissed Margery, and went to her bath.

Margery sat down on the one stool. Mit Peters' mother wouldn't have wanted to work the first day Mit was home.

But Mit Peters' mother couldn't do a kneeling slave girl! Margery made herself a slice of toast and buttered it fiercely. Presently Kenyon appeared at the door, fit and ageless.

He poured himself a cup of coffee, and asked Margery if she would read his new chapters. He was doing a slum novel now.

"I'd love to, Ken. Can't we have lunch together? But maybe you have an engagement."

"I have no engagements while you are here." He raised his cup.

She liked that. "Want some toast, Ken?"

"Um—you might stick in a slice. I don't take anything but coffee generally."

She thought of the substantial breakfasts at the Peters', with the Peters parents calling each other mamma and papa across the table. She tried to imagine the Peters family eating here in the kitchenette. Impossible.

She stepped about softly and got her things, and was soon down in the street.

AFTER a little she took the bus, and spent an hour in the shops, and called up Kenyon, and he met her for lunch. Then he took her up to his cubicle, and she read his manuscript.

"It's interesting," she said, as she laid it down again.

"You don't like it."

"N-no, I don't think I do. It doesn't strike me as a true picture, Ken."

"What!"

"Those people aren't nearly so miserable as you make them. I was in Bleecker Street this morning, and in fifteen minutes I saw a lot of joy. The cakes in the windows—the smiles when a favorite priest went by. I saw a woman hanging out her wash, and there was a soiled place on a garment, and she whisked it back in again. I waited, and pretty soon it came out again, clean. She looked pleased with herself, as if she had done a good job."

"Surface, surface!" stormed Kenyon. "I'm disappointed in you, Margery. The lives of the poor are futile. They are wretched squirrels in a cage."

"Oh, we're all squirrels in a cage—but not necessarily wretched. Not futile, either, except from your standpoint. For if you think you're doing something worth while, why, aren't you? That woman's washing was just as important as your novel. More, I imagine."

"Good God, Margery—I've a mind to forbid your going back to that place."

"You forbid, Ken?" she asked softly. For it wasn't done in their family.

"Oh, no, of course not. But I do entreat you not to go. I can't bear it if your mind is going to be filled with optimistic slop! Stay with us—where you belong!" The tiny room rocked with the vibration of his low, impassioned voice.

She looked at him intently. The suffering in his voice hurt her. Then she looked beyond New York. "I have to go back," she said somberly.

MARGERY went home with Mit Peters for the between-term vacation in February, and there was a whole week of merrymaking. And Hank took her riding in a little old-fashioned cutter. She had never even seen one before, and she loved it. Loved the flying snow, and the little bells, and the steady jolt, jolt, jolt of the horse. Wrapped in an old fur coat of Mrs. Peters', she loved sitting close beside Hank in the cold.

She told him about her Christmas.

"Gosh, you must think we are dull pickings," was Hank's comment.

"No. I like it here. It rests me. I think—I think I've been a little tired all my life, Hank."

(Continued on Page 139)

Many public schools now have piano classes

So Simplified and so Inspiring are the New Methods of Teaching Piano that Public Schools are Successfully Giving Class Instruction to Children

GREAT things have happened in music—things that every parent should know about. Gone are the drudgery and mystery of learning to play the piano. No longer are scales and exercises regarded as the only approach to actual piano performance. Through the allied efforts of musicians and educators, new methods of teaching the piano are in vogue and today piano instruction is as inspiring as it is simple.

In the past the great problem of the teacher has been to hold the interest of the child. The modern way of teaching the piano in classes has solved this problem of interesting the child from the outset.

Piano Instruction Enters the Public Schools

It was only natural that these methods should find wider application. Public school authorities, ever on the alert for advanced ideas, recognized the possibilities of this method. They have added music, piano music, to their list of basic studies. Over 400 cities in the United States are today offering piano study as an optional course to their school children. That the idea is fast taking hold is evidenced by the fact that even cities as large as Chicago have adopted class piano instruction.

One leading educator says, "I feel that it is of far more importance to a child to learn something of music than to learn arithmetic. It is our hope to provide piano instruction to every child in our great city."

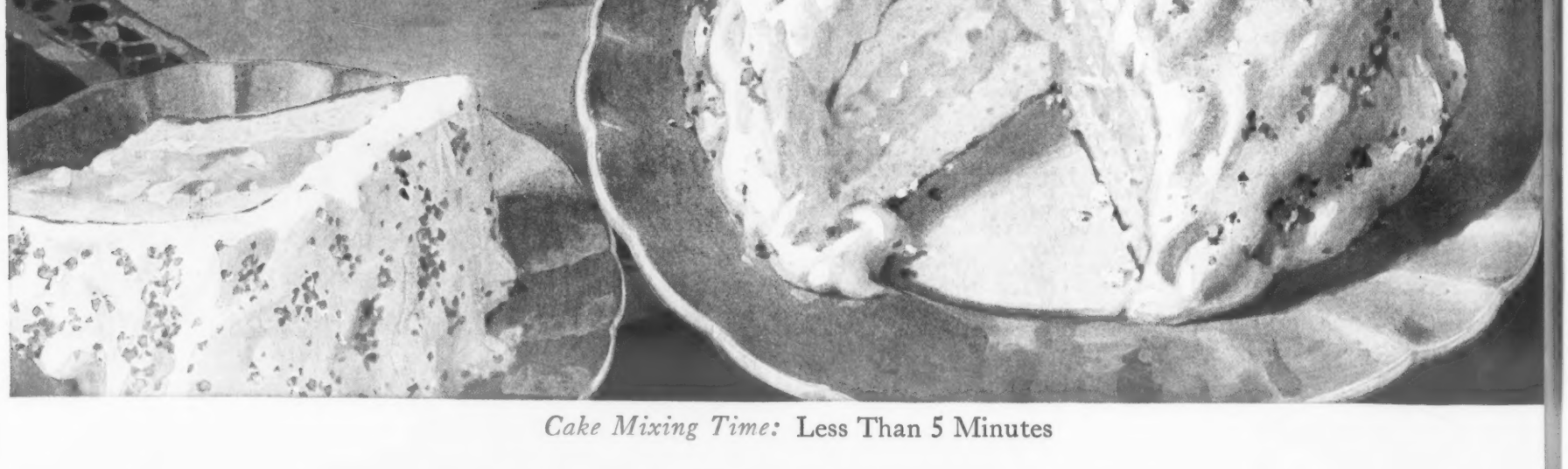
You, as a parent, should be vitally interested in the spread of this splendid work. Perhaps you are fortunate enough to live where your school authorities have already taken this progressive step. If you do, it is your duty to see that your boy or girl takes advantage of this marvelous opportunity. For here, indeed, is an influence for the good of your child.

If you are interested in this forward step in child education, we shall be glad to send you literature about it. For piano teachers and educators, booklets are now ready which describe in detail the advantages contained in the idea of Class Piano Instruction, both to the private teacher and to the public school.

NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Cake 176 Women Baked

With a Score of 173 Successes, and Only 3 Failures



Cake Mixing Time: Less Than 5 Minutes

This Month's Example of Simplified Baking—a New Development in Milling—"Kitchen-tested" Flour

IT is called "Orange Washington" Pie, but it's really a cake. The kind of cake every woman aspires to bake; and every man, to eat. Yet—astonishingly simplified. Of 176 women baking it, only 3 were disappointed. And they blamed oven temperatures, chiefly, for their failure.

By the development of a new type of flour—Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour—home baking has been simplified astonishingly. Guesswork and uncertainty have been largely overcome.

What "Kitchen-tested" Means

"Kitchen-tested" means a flour that scientifically overcomes the cause of over 50% of baking disappointments; lack of uniformity in the flour used; one sack of the same brand often varying widely from another sack of the same brand in your oven.

Copyr. General Mills, Inc., 1929

To meet that situation, every batch of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour is tested in a home kitchen, at the mill, in an oven just like yours before it goes to you. Tested for uniformity of result with home recipes by Betty Crocker and other noted experts.

If that batch varies, it never goes to you. Last year over 5 million pounds were turned back for that reason. And thousands of women spared baking disappointments.

Unvarying Results

Thus this new-type flour acts the SAME WAY with your recipes EVERY TIME. Most flour varies greatly. With "Kitchen-tested" Flour, you know before you start what results to expect.

It is tested for all kinds of baking—from plain bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries. To use it is a revelation in easier, simpler baking.

That is why saying Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour to your grocer—instead of just flour—is the most important thing in the world, if you expect unvarying results. Millions of women will tell you this.

For Southern Housewives

There are two special types of soft wheat flour now provided for Southern housewives especially. Both are Gold Medal—both are "Kitchen-tested." Ask for Gold Medal Flour, either plain or self-rising.

Gold Medal Flour (plain and self-rising) is milled in the South at our Louisville mill from soft winter wheat. It is all "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes.

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

Special Offer

"Kitchen-tested" Recipes—Recipes used in testing Gold Medal Flour are becoming recognized standards. These "Kitchen-tested" Recipes are printed on cards and filed in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen and last forever.

We shall be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will send you selected samples, including Orange Washington Pie, FREE. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" Recipes over your favorite radio station.

SEND COUPON NOW
A New Delight Awaits You

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.,
Dept. 361, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes.

☐ FREE—please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—including Orange Washington Pie

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Continued from Page 137)

His fingers over hers hurt. He slapped the reins and sent all the little bells jingling. "Let's get married," he said suddenly. "Cut for Detroit. Dad is giving me the Detroit territory next week."

Her whole being was still. "When?"

"Tonight. Clear out on the quiet. Will you?"

"I couldn't do that when I'm your mother's guest. But—I might meet you in Detroit, instead of going back to college."

He gave a shout. And then the immensity and the solemnity of it all swept them. . . .

MIT and her mother wailed loudly when they heard the plan. They were being cheated out of a wedding.

Margery did not tell her own family at all. Hank worried over the wisdom of that. But she said she could never bear their onslaughts during her honeymoon. "I don't want to tell them until I can convince them I'm right," she said. "You don't know what it is to stand up against a lot of adorable people!"

So she wrote merely that she had left school, and was entering on her career in Detroit. "And I'm not going to tell you what it is yet, darlings, for I feel I can make it go better alone." They were not to worry; she would write them regularly, and they could address her in care of General Delivery.

The Gaults received the letter characteristically. They were excited, but on the whole pleased. Kenyon knew she had gone into temporary exile to do a novel.

"I don't think so," objected Lillian. "You know that figurine she made of her history professor ——"

The mystery furnished them with drama. But mysteries always die down and soon things were going along just about the same as ever at the studio. After all, what did it matter? So long as Margery had left off attending that ridiculous educational concern, and had begun her career—that was the main thing. She would show up in good time, with a novel, or something.

Two years passed. Margery still wrote at regular intervals, saying she was well and succeeding.

THEN one morning Claire Collier burst into the studio right past the busy signal. "I've seen Margery!" Claire had just been holding an exhibit of medals in Detroit.

Lillian turned white, and sat down. Her hands were trembling. "She came to your exhibit?"

"No. I saw her out on North Woodward Avenue wheeling a baby carriage."

Lillian's eyes begged Claire to unsay that. "Maybe it was someone else," she whispered.

"Huh! Think I wouldn't know Margery Gault anywhere? For she's still that—every inch a Gault."

"How—how did she look?"

Claire laughed. "Oh, just like any young woman wheeling a baby. You never wheeled yours out yourself, did you, Lil?"

"No." The sculptress looked away, past her friend. How unsatisfactory a friend could be sometimes. So comforting in the theories, so faithless in the realities. "Tell me all about it, Claire. Did she look well? Happy? How was she dressed?"

"She looked just the same. Maybe a bit fatter. I couldn't see her face very well, for the baby was yelling, and she leaned over it."

"Oh, Claire—Claire! Why didn't you speak to her?"

"Why should I? She's evidently cut us for good."

Lillian sat very still.

Claire laughed again. "Well, there's one genius for you. But you might just as well be a sport about it, Lil. I always knew Margery was queer." Claire lit a cigarette. "Lord, Lil, every family has to have one black sheep."

But Lillian Gault had crumpled, and was sobbing among the divan cushions.

Dinnertime in Queene Louise Terrace is just as important as dinnertime in New York. The front part of Number 1843 was deserted. The screened porch with its wicker furniture and gay lamp, and a basket on the floor spilling blocks, a corkless bottle, several clothespins and a door knob. Likewise the small chintz-and-mahogany living room.

But back of all that were indications of recent human activity. The table in the green-and-white dining room was fully laid for two people, or perhaps for three, although the third place was marked only by a high-chair and a bowl.

And still farther back was life itself. A girl in green gingham was peering into the broiling oven, whence came the odor of steak. On the floor sat a baby, its legs braced for balance, gravely making marks with colored crayons in a blank book; while over in a chair, elbows on knees, watching the baby, sat a young man.

"I think he's going to be an artist, Margery."

"IT COULD happen, I suppose." Margery wrestled with the steak. "This is your last steak till pay day, Hank Peters, so mind you enjoy it."

"Just as you say, old lady."

Then, somehow the dinner was served, and the baby swept up from the floor and washed for the forty-eighth time that day.

And then the baby was put to bed, and Hank dried the dishes for Margery, and they went out and sat on the screened porch by the gay lamp. Margery darned stockings while Hank read aloud.

They talked too. Then Margery said, "Hank, I think I'll tell them."

"It's about time," he growled. "Anyone would think you were ashamed of—— What, you crying?"

"A little."

"You poor kid, you have been lonely for them," he said savagely.

"Yes. But not sorry, not once."

But she didn't get a chance to tell them, for the next day Kenyon Gault came. Came, cut to the quick because his beloved little one had tossed away her talents. The reproaches he had formed were not uttered—for how can you blame the sun for shining? He went away with the feeling that perhaps he and Lillian had missed something, after all.

Kate came with Nicholas. And when Kate got back to New York she wouldn't see Beggy Malone for three days. Then when she did, she cried, and told him she'd like to get married—and he said he had wanted to all the time. . . .

LILLIAN came alone, and stayed two weeks. She helped with the work and bathed the baby.

Hank thought Lillian was just great. He wasn't the first, Margery told him.

Before Lillian left she and Margery were talking freely. "I had to do it," Margery said. "I didn't know why at the time, but now I know: I had been hungry all my life for—peace."

"You may change your mind yet," said Lillian. "You have the Gault blood."

"That's true, Lillian," Margery said somberly. "I may drag Hank to New York yet. But I don't feel now as if I should ever want to."

Lillian looked at Margery's face, bent slightly above the dish pan, and as she looked all her own colorful life, full of successes and friendships and conquests, turned a little bitter to her. Not a feature, not a movement of Margery's betrayed the chafing of cross purposes. Margery had known instinctively what she had wanted, and had gone after it. Lillian knew that she would never throw it away.

"There's just one thing rankles, child," Lillian said. "I love your man and your baby and your home. But I'll always grieve for the wasted talent. You had more than any of us—you had only to choose ——"

"But I did choose," said Margery.

A modern cemetery memorial of rare Gothic beauty

This distinctive memorial cross was inspired by an old wayside shrine. Gothic in design—combining storied tracery, receding planes and mitred corners, and intensified by a wonderful play of light and shade—the beauty of this cross is made possible only through the sculptural quality of marble.

For over a century and a half Vermont Marble has been the nation's memory stone. It was selected for the Unknown Soldier's Tomb and for the huge all-marble Amphitheatre at Arlington. Yet with all its matchless permanence and beauty, Vermont Marble costs no more than other monumental stones.

Write to us for a booklet illustrating the twelve basic types of family memorials . . . The services of our Department of Design are at your disposal through a nearby Master Craftsman in Marble.

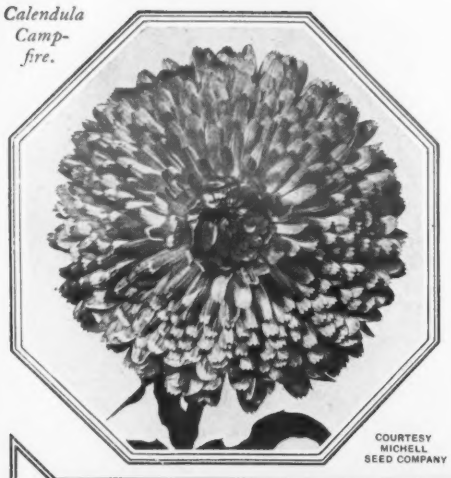
ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL SHALL ABIDE FOREVER

Vermont Marble is always available in every American city . . . Used for structural purposes, it can express the worth and permanence of your business and enrich the beauty of your community.

VERMONT MARBLE COMPANY
Dept. J-1, PROCTOR, VERMONT
World's Largest Quarriers of Marble

VERMONT MARBLE

The Memory Stone



Calendula Camp-fire.

COURTESY MICHELL SEED COMPANY

New Aids and Accessories for the Garden

To Make it Even Better

IN MARCH, with the warm south wind, come hints of the garden fun in store for us. For the warm winds bring the promise of April showers and May flowers. The crocuses are crowding fast upon the heels of retreating snow; the tulips are pushing their slender stems through their blanketing mulch, and myriad other garden friends are stirring themselves out of Winter's nap, to be about the business of another garden season.

On mild days we clean out the lily pool and repair any cracks; we test the spray pump or gun, and finger the tools, one by one, as we inventory the season's needs. Tools that make the garden work a joy indeed; mechanical aids that banish drudgery and make it play. Evenings, there comes the last feverish examination of the catalogues—the checking of lists of old and new varieties we must have this year. And oh, yes! There are the accessories we missed so much last year! A comfortable seat for a corner of the garden, a lawn chair, a place for the kiddies, a trellis for that new climbing rose. Indeed, in March we are all on tiptoe, for we are at the threshold of another glorious season!

COURTESY TROY SUNSHADE COMPANY

This charming lawn group in the modern manner adds to the comfort of out-of-doors.

COURTESY YPSILANTI REED FURNITURE COMPANY

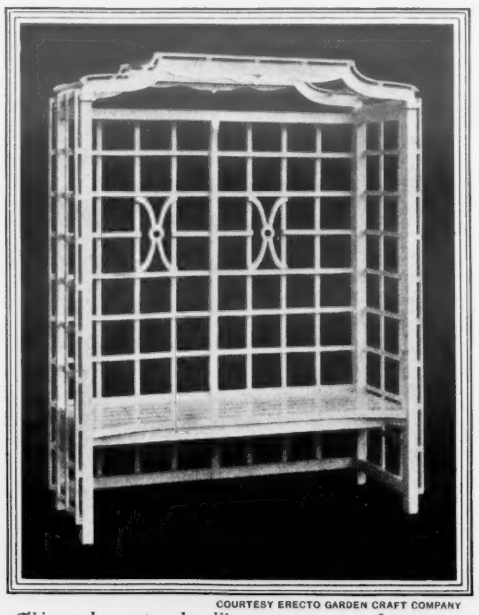
This rattan garden chair is practically indestructible, and makes complete enjoyment of the garden possible.

COURTESY HOWARD AND SMITH COMPANY

Miss Rowena Thom, a new hybrid tea rose, has created a sensation.

At last, a real use for old razor blades is suggested in this Razor Blade Grass Cutter! Folds up when not in use.

COURTESY BROOKLYN METAL STAMPING CORPORATION



COURTESY ERECTO GARDEN CRAFT COMPANY

This garden seat and trellis comes to you ready to set up.

COURTESY DESERT PLANT COMPANY

Miniature cacti gardens of all kinds are now available for the window garden.

COURTESY BESSIE BOSTON

Minamoto's Pink—a new decorative dahlia of deep rose-pink.

This "Maid of the Mist" hose nozzle automatically provides the desired spray. Can be locked in position.

COURTESY PITTSBURGH RESEARCH ENGINEERING COMPANY

COURTESY TROY SUNSHADE COMPANY

Teatime for the little folks is an event in a setting like this!

IT'S NOT A HOME UNTIL IT'S PLANTED

Every day
You are Judged by the · · ·
Appearance of Your Grounds

The world judges by appearances! Make no mistake about it, *you* are being judged every day by the appearance of your home grounds.

Particularly is this true now, when a great vogue for beautiful home surroundings is sweeping the country—when well-planted and well-kept home grounds are as much a part of the trend of the times as modern motor cars and fashionable apparel.

What Kind of an Impression Do Your Home Grounds Make

—upon friends, neighbors and passers-by? Do beautiful, ornamental and fruit trees, hedges, shrubs, vines and flowers say to all who look—"Here live people of good taste, culture and refinement—the kind of folk *you* would like to know"? Or does the lack of them leave quite the opposite impression?

Plant This Spring and Enjoy Beautiful Grounds This Summer

In one short season—this spring—you can work miracles in the appearance of your place. Write or consult your nurseryman or his representative. He will assist you in achieving beautiful and fruitful home grounds. Make up your mind right now to know the thrill of satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that your grounds measure up to modern standards of beauty and good taste. And remember that—

Beautiful Home Surroundings Really Cost You Nothing

Each tree, shrub, vine and flower adds far more to the actual cash value of your property than it costs.

Every real estate authority will tell you that the well-planted place will not only sell for more, but will also attract many more buyers than the place that is poorly planted, or not planted at all.

NATIONAL HOME PLANTING BUREAU

Sponsored by the American Association of Nurserymen

This FREE *Booklet Will Help You Achieve* BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS

A new booklet, edited by Ernest H. Wilson, keeper of the world-famous Arnold Arboretum and one of America's foremost horticulturists, is now ready for distribution.

It is written for the Home-owner, in simple language that anyone can understand.

It pictures and describes the modern trend in the beautifying of home grounds, makes clear the concepts of good taste, and clearly describes what constitutes well-planted grounds. It will show you how to make your grounds a beauty spot.

Send this Coupon Today!

National Home Planting Bureau
Union Bank Building, Davenport, Iowa

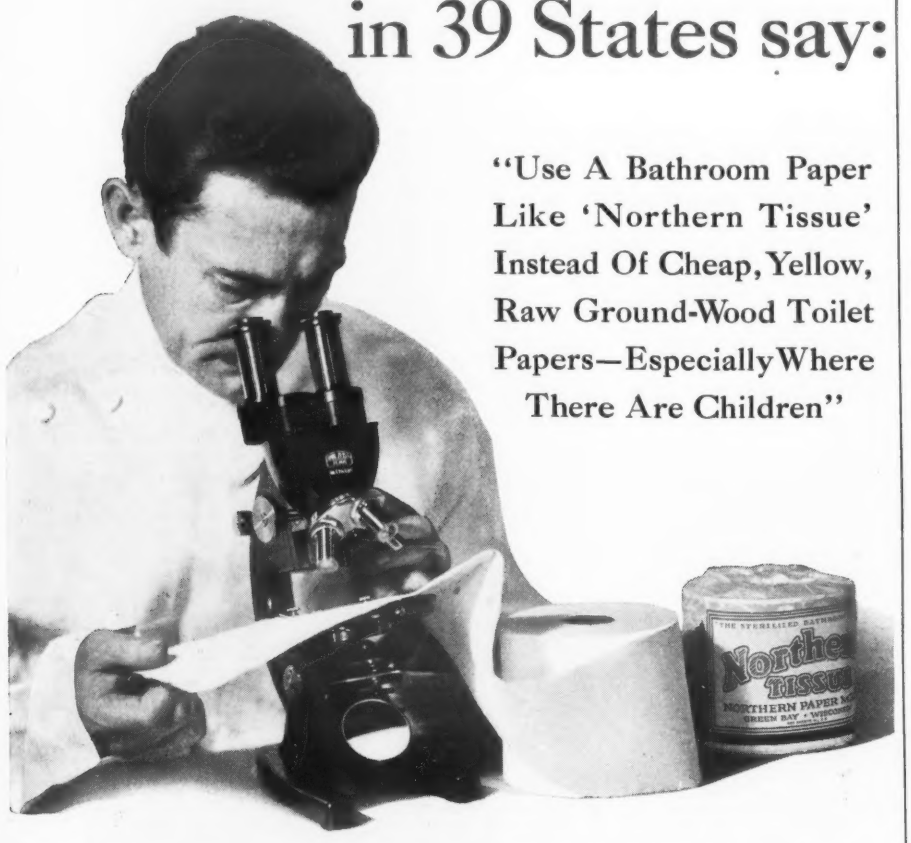
Gentlemen: Please send FREE copy of your booklet, "How to Plant the Home Grounds," to

Name .....

Address .....

(L. H. J. 3)

Health Commissioners in 39 States say:

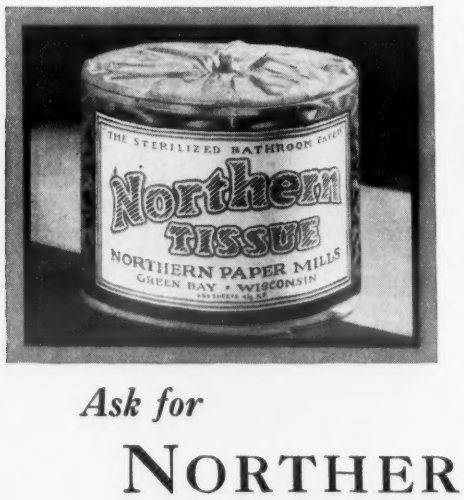


"Use A Bathroom Paper Like 'Northern Tissue' Instead Of Cheap, Yellow, Raw Ground-Wood Toilet Papers—Especially Where There Are Children"

TODAY, *at no advance in price*, you are offered a Bathroom Paper that is *cooked* to new softness and whiteness. Doctors, hospitals, finest homes everywhere, say "Northern Tissue" sets a health standard impossible to get in cheap, yellow, raw ground-wood "toilet papers."

Modern science has found that many menacing disorders are traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. To irritating particles of raw wood found in cheap, yellow, ground-wood "toilet papers"... papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

So, today, Health Commissioners in 39 states and scores of practicing physicians are advising the new-type *cellulose* bathroom paper called "Northern Tissue," especially where children must be protected.



Cooked at 302° 20 Times Sterilized

First, this new-type paper pulp is cooked at 302°.

That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been eliminated. And that paper made white as whitest linen.

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized, just like hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed; giving you an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

10c *A Roll*

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use cheap, yellow, ground-wood toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue."

Ask for

NORTHERN TISSUE

with the Blue Core

FREE— TRIAL ROLL

Julia Neidle, Nurse,
Northern Paper Mills, Dept. 40,
Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Miss Neidle:

Please send me the free trial roll of soft, white, 20 times sterilized "Northern Tissue"—the paper free from raw ground-wood.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

©NPM, 1929

Six Unusual Rock Plants

By ANDERSON MCCULLY

OF THE six tentative guests described here, one or another is probably growing in many gardens, but I believe the gardens very few in which all six are to be found. In choosing these I have tried to find one for each different sort of situation the rock garden has, and also a broad range of climate, so that something may be chosen for the space at hand.

My eye is still turning unconsciously to that high hot rock where the most unusual friend I have met for many seasons flings itself downward in cascades of brilliant golden yellow, well foiled against the beautifully cut, fleshy, blue-gray foliage. Not even the fearsomeness of its name detracts from its striking loveliness and interest all through the summer. Botanists term it *Tropaeolum polyphyllum;* and what the native Chileans call it, to my unaccustomed ears sounds far more impossible.

A young plant of Anemone occidentalis.

A Plant of Elegance

IT IS a perennial belonging to the same family as our annual garden nasturtium; but with due respect to our good garden annual, *T. polyphyllum* resembles it more as a Watteau shepherdess resembles those swarthy, ragged realities we sometimes meet on Old World hills. Thinking of the two side by side, I am tempted to term this South American a plant of elegance. It is far more compact in growth, the flowers somewhat smaller, and the individual leaves much smaller and far less prominent, though they are set so closely together that the effect is very striking. Quality speaks from every fiber. It is certain to find a permanent place in the rock garden.

In spite of its slightly fleshy foliage *Tropaeolum polyphyllum* is one of the most graceful trailers I have ever seen. Even without a bloom upon it, a place could be given it in the rock garden. Choose the home for it carefully, selecting as warm and sunny a niche as you can find high on the rock. Be sure that it is not a pocket to hold stagnant moisture, though occasionally a good drink is welcomed. I do not know that this plant has a decided soil preference, though a light loam with some sand is best for it. Treated so, it is a long-lived plant that increases from year to year in size.

Of course there is always an *if* somewhere with all lovely things. The *if* in this case seems to be the question of hardihood in colder sections. Though I have known it to come unaided through a Canadian winter near the coast, I would suggest that, until it is better known, protection be given it even as far south as Philadelphia. There are claims made for its greater hardihood, but it would seem wise to proceed cautiously. For those who live in colder sections there is a European hybrid much resembling it, though larger in leaf and flower, and claimed to be decidedly hardier. I am not certain that it is on the American market, though it was raised some time ago by Max Leichtlin, of Baden-Baden. Of course Southern gardens and those along the Pacific Coast will find these exotic members of the rock garden easily accommodated guests, and ones glad to remain when others disappear. Propagation is by underground stems.

With the high hot rock so gorgeously decked through all the summer in brilliant gold, we may look for some plant to clothe the rock faces in spots still sunny but not quite so hot as the cliff where the tropaeolum trails. Our seven-league boots via the nurseryman's catalogue will carry us with the turning of a page from far-off Chile to our own great peak of the Northwest, Mount Rainier.

From Our Own Country

HERE, far up the face of some rocky cliff flames a brilliant splash of rose crimson. It may take ropes and Alpine tackle to reach it, for it climbs gayly into the sky for eight thousand feet. Closer to it, we find it to be *Pentstemon rupicola*, a small prostrate shrub with trailing habit, and probably the best of all the rock-garden pentstemons. The flowers are decidedly larger than the leaves, and somewhat resemble a tubular foxglove in shape. On these heights where snow and ice reign for nine or ten months of the year, it blooms bravely all through July and August. Even though it does not descend of its own accord below the forty-five-hundred-foot level, when brought to our gardens by the sea it adapts itself happily to crevices in our rockwork and paints our miniature precipices with brilliant crimson all through the summer.

Streptocarpuses are not difficult to grow.

(Continued on Page 144)

Do finger prints talk about you ... *behind your back?*

FINGER PRINTS, like soiled gloves, don't say nice things about you. They aren't fair to the real *YOU*, who are, we feel sure, quite a fastidious person.

Mocking your tidy housekeeping, finger prints persist in spite of all your care and neatness. For *you* aren't to blame; they may be the fault of your furniture polish! If it contains too much oil (and ordinary polishes often do!) naturally every touch leaves its trace and dust accepts the invitation to stay.

But there is *one* greaseless polish! The only kind which cleans, beautifies, *and protects*. Really, finger prints are the least of its conquests. Heat and water spots, scuffs and scratches, blemishes of all kinds, are warded off by this amazing polish, which, until recently, women knew only as the fashionable, beautiful finish for floors—Johnson's Wax.

In paste or liquid form

Undeniably aristocratic, the soft lustre of Johnson's Wax now enhances the finest furniture in homes of social importance.

The coupon will bring you enough wax for your dining-room table. Fill it out right now.

Three generations of fingers have left not a mark on this secretary; a century of serving has not marred this coffee table. For always wax *has protected their beauty.*

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS.
"The Interior Finishing Authorities"
Canadian factory: Brantford, Ontario. *Factories also at* West Drayton, Middlesex, England; Rosebery, Australia
Wax, Varnishes, Enamels, Wood Dyes, Fillers, Wall Finishes

Johnson's Wax Polish

FOR FURNITURE · FLOORS · WOODWORK · LINOLEUM · AUTOMOBILES

Wax-polishes an entire floor in a few minutes. A child can operate the Johnson Electric Polisher, amazingly light and effortless. No pushing or bearing down. Sold, or rented by day for very little, at grocery, drug, paint, electric, hardware, and department stores. Complete with applying mop and ½ gallon of wax.

$29.50

S. C. Johnson & Son, *Dept. J-3, Racine, Wisconsin.*
Send me enough Johnson's Liquid Wax for my dining table or a small floor (regular 25c size). Also your illustrated book on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.
☐ What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers?

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY STATE

when your costume is a triumph

SMART in line and made of Skinner's Crepe or Satin Crepe! Skinner fabrics have been worn by the best-dressed women of America since 1848—and now you can obtain them in ready-to-wear dresses.

For afternoon and sports frocks, Skinner's Crepes are unequaled for beauty and wear. Supplied in all the new shades for 1929.

For your evening gowns, Skinner's Satin Crepes. Their luxurious texture, their splendid body and draping qualities make gowns of unusual loveliness.

Among the Paris patterns shown in this publication for which Skinner's Crepes are particularly adaptable, are the following street and sports models: Nos. 1032, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1039, 1047, 1049. If you wish to be SURE of your material, ask for Skinner's and always

"Look for the Name in the Selvage"

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS *Established 1848*

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco

Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

Skinner's Crepes

In buying garments ready-to-wear look for this Skinner ticket

(Continued from Page 142)

There should be a good root run back of these crevices, and the pentstemon will wish to find a little more moisture here than contents the tropaeolum through its blooming period. This pentstemon, though on the market, is extremely new in gardens. There is a pink form, *P. rupicola roseus*, that grows about four inches in height. Rock gardens have known its rather closely allied species, *P. menziesi*, with sharply toothed evergreen leaves and dull purple flowers. Though the habits and hardihood of the two are so similar, the color of rupicola in both leaf and flower is infinitely better in the garden.

Linum salsoloides has pale lavender flowers.

Remember in placing it that you are using a very brilliant shade, something that will give life and vividness to the rock it trails across and that will look the better for the cold bare face of the stone as a foil.

Those who garden in the South may perhaps prefer to use the somewhat similar California *Pentstemon newberryi*. This is more erect in growth, generally reaching twelve inches instead of four. The flowers are about one and a quarter inches long, with a bright carmine-pink corolla, touched with a patch of white hairs on the lower lip, and conspicuous white woolly anthers.

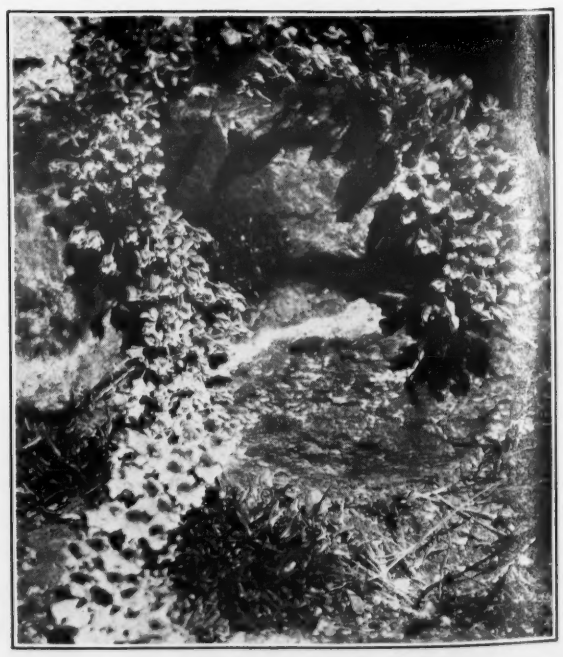
This is as it grows around Yosemite. It varies considerably, and unless one is within reach of it I believe rupicola would be the better purchase.

New Saxifragas

HAVING been so very modern and chosen two plants of such very brilliant hues, let us climb off toward the edges of the glaciers before we leave Mount Rainier. Here in the high pumice fields we shall find a true alpine in *Saxifraga tolmiei*. This forms low mounds of solid bloom that completely cover the ground all through the summer. It is only two or three inches in height, and the small bright green foliage much resembles some of the finer sedums. The white flowers have pink spots, and brown anthers and stems. At time of bloom the foliage is completely covered. Its form *S. tolmiei alba* is also growing near by. This has pure white flowers with yellow anthers and pale green stems. I rather prefer the type, though I believe the choice largely a matter of personal preference.

Saxifraga tolmiei is a guest to be given what is called a cold position in the rocks, yet one that is either in only slight shade or in full sun. I believe the slight shade better where the summers are hot, as they are in the greater part of the United States. In keeping the position cool but sunny, avoid pockets that receive reflected heat. Perhaps you have one that catches the prevailing cooler breezes. Large stones extending well below the surface help to keep the soil cool. See that the drainage is good and that the pocket can be kept somewhat moist. Peat and sand and grit, with a good stone mulch, will furnish the guest chamber exquisitely, though I believe that even an ordinary garden loam would do, if fairly moist and well surfaced with chips. It will do well in a wet moraine if you have a bare space there, but does not demand a wet position.

If this question of moisture is going to be too troublesome, you might substitute its near relative, *Saxifraga bronchialis*, which is about twice its height, but rather similar in effect. This descends farther down the mountain and chooses drier places than do the other saxifrages of the Northwest. In other ways it asks for the same fare, and it carries its white bloom singly on the flower stalks in the same manner.



Tropaeolum polyphyllum is a graceful trailer.

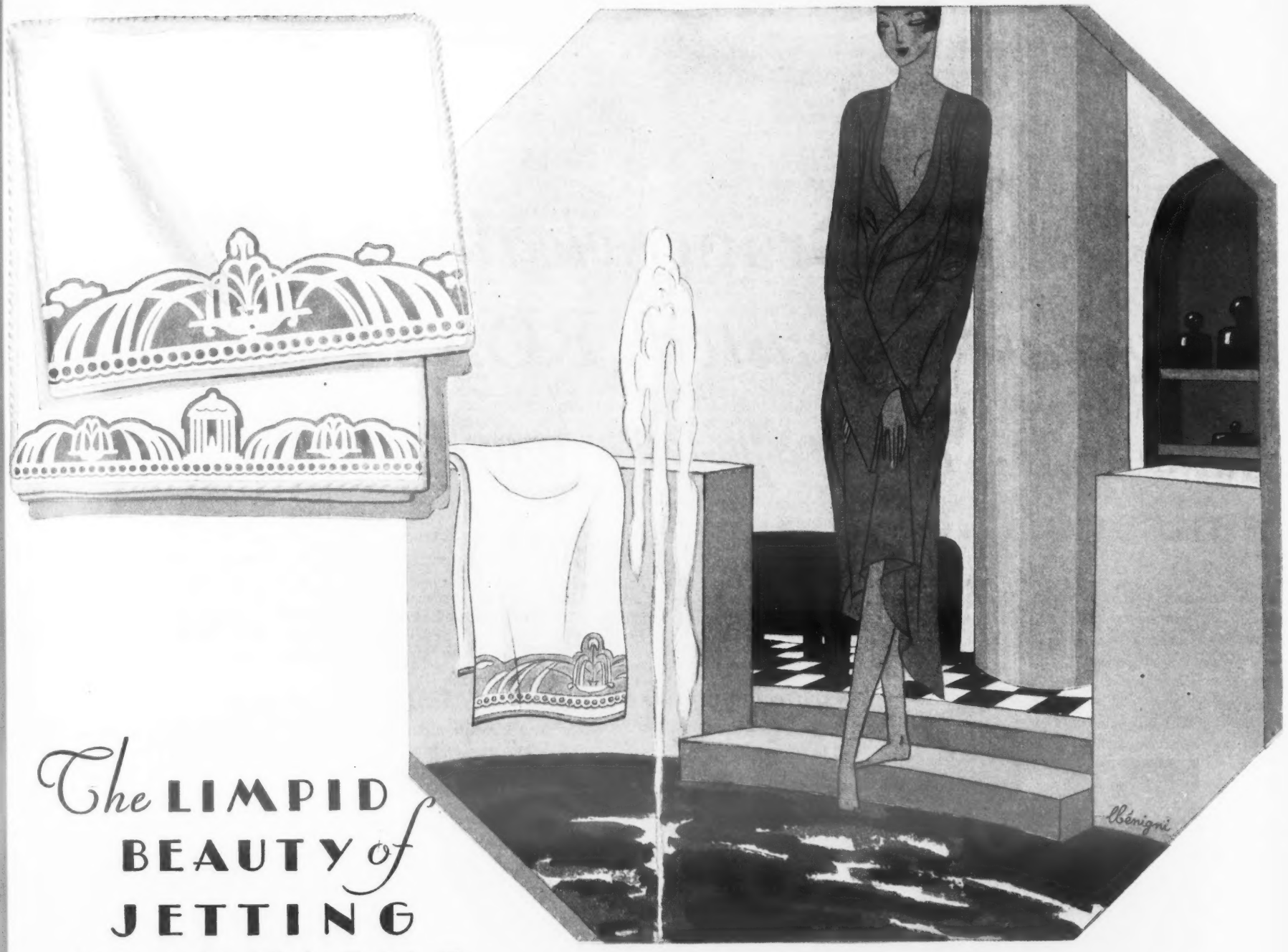
Anemones

NOW that we have three plants prodigal with a wealth of bloom all through the summer, perhaps we may select one of shorter duration. In choosing the early-blooming western anemone (*Anemone occidentalis*, occasionally called *Pulsatilla occidentalis*) we shall find compensation for its transient flowers in its extremely ornamental seed pods that send their feathery plumes aloft on stiff stems until September snows bury them. If you feel we are staying overlong on Mount Rainier, the magic carpet may seem moving more swiftly when I tell you this is practically the same anemone that is so famed in Europe as *A. alpina* in its variety from Mont Cenis and the Madonna delle Finestre.

Soon after the snows depart the tight bronzy clumps begin to unfold their leaves, followed by the sturdily borne white flowers, usually in April in the lowlands; but the time varies somewhat according to climate. In its native haunt the flowers sometimes push up through the snow to bloom in early June.

These anemones have stout wooden roots of considerable length and toughness and may be propagated from pieces of them placed in moist sand. However, their beautiful seed achenes are useful as well as ornamental, and fresh seed may be sown in fall in a rich cool loam that is

(Continued on Page 147)



The LIMPID BEAUTY of JETTING FOUNTAINS distinguishes

Shaded tints of coral and aquamarine . . bottles of crystal and jet . . are the luxurious fittings of this modern bathroom. And BENIGNI'S *Martex towel design, "*SILVER SPRAY,*" crystallizes the limpid beauty of the jetting fountain into a towel border to harmonize with this enchanting bathroom . . or add a gay note to yours*

BENIGNI'S NEW TOWEL DESIGN

MANY leading artists of France take great delight in making little sketches for the fashion journals of the chic Parisienne . . . and the most outstanding of these drawings often bear the amusing signature which appears on the above illustration . . . *"l. benigni."*

This gifted artist has now turned to the field of design and . . . voilà! this sparkling color scheme for a modern bath-dressing room with fountain pool. And to harmonize with this enchanting bathroom, or to add a gay note to yours . . . here is Benigni's charming Martex towel—"Silver Spray."

We have made it in the favorite bathroom colors. And "Silver Spray," together with many other Martex towels, is now on sale in linen shops, dry goods, and department stores all over the country.

All Martex towels are caressingly soft and fluffy—with the sturdy Martex underweave . . . firmer, closer, stronger than any other. The little photographs in the left-hand corner show the difference clearly, and explain why these wonderful towels wear far longer than ordinary Turkish towels.

And their brilliant loveliness will last indefinitely—for Martex guarantees every color against fading from boiling, soap or sunlight!

THE FREE MARTEX BOOKLET, "Famous Artists Designed these Modern Bathtowels," shows a variety of Martex towels. Send us your address and we shall take pleasure in mailing you a free copy, beautifully illustrated in color. Wellington, Sears & Company, 77 Franklin Street, New York, N. Y.

Other towels in this famous Series are . . .

RENÉ CLARKE'S *"Bracken"*

W. E. HEITLAND'S *"Coral Seas"*

REYNALDO LUZA'S *"Paris"*

ROBERT L. LEONARD'S *"Ducklings"*

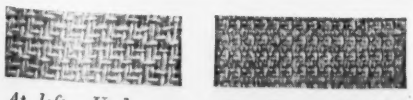
WINOLD REISS' *"Old Mexico"*

SARA S. STILWELL WEBER'S *"Mermaids"*

ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN'S *"Perugia"*

EDWARD A. WILSON'S *"Salem," "Night," and "Morning"*

and ERTÉ'S three *Sun* designs



At left—Underweave of ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open, and weak. At right—Underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is strong and close.

MARTEX

Turkish Towels Wash Cloths Bath Sheets Bath Mats

★ and Drāno *cleans the grease-encrusted* ROASTER

. . the scrape-less, scour-less way!

THE Sunday roast. But what matter if the roaster *is* stained and crusted with brown, baked-on grease?

Give it a Drāno-soaking—rinse it—dry it. And it is clean—greaselessly clean—without so much as a scrape. That's the modern way—the Drāno way.

Drāno *dissolves grease wherever it finds it*

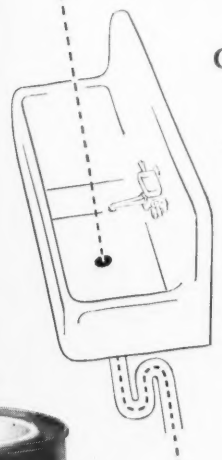
Grease, fat, vegetable and animal matter accumulations vanish when Drāno begins to work. Makes no difference where it finds them, either.

That's why Drāno cleans and opens drains, keeps them free-flowing. That's why it removes "rings" of burned-on food from casseroles—cleans grease-encrusted roasters and broiler-pans to new brightness—scours and purifies garbage cans.

This booklet tells all about it

You'll want this new booklet, "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning"—it tells how to use Drāno for all those hard-to-clean jobs. To get a copy, just send us your name and address.

And, tonight, give that stained roaster a Drāno-cleaning, according to the directions printed here. You'll be more than pleased with the result. Your dealer has Drāno. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, O.



CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS...

keep them with your recipes

To remove burned-on grease from roaster

INSIDE ONLY

1. Put two (2) cupfuls of water in bottom of roaster (any kind but aluminum)
2. Add ¼ can of Drāno
3. When Drāno has dissolved, add enough water to cover area to be cleaned
4. Let it soak three or four hours, or overnight
5. Pour off solution into the sink
6. Rinse the roaster—then wash with hot soap-suds—or, better still, with Dawn

BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE

1. Put roaster in dish-pan (any kind but aluminum)
2. Put two (2) cupfuls of water in bottom of roaster
3. Add from ½ can to a full can of Drāno, depending on size
4. When Drāno has dissolved, add water to roaster until overflow is high enough to cover outside and inside to be cleaned—if crust is on top, turn roaster upside down
5. Let it soak three or four hours, or overnight
6. Pour off solution into the sink
7. Rinse thoroughly, then wash with hot soap-suds—or, better still, with Dawn

Drāno *will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing.*

CAUTION: Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing.

DO YOU KNOW that Dawn meets the demands of today's bright and colorful bathrooms? Keeps porcelain, tile and enamel always beautiful because it dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch.

Drāno

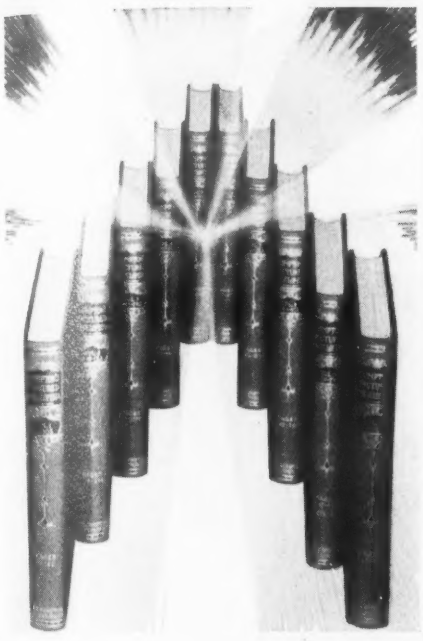
Cleans and Opens Drains

...keeps them free-flowing

25¢ *a can*

Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States

35¢ in Canada



Here it is!

The Only Thing of its Kind in the World for Children

Here for the first time is all the learning in the world so interestingly written and pictured that children and young people love to get at it; and yet kept in encyclopedic form so that they CAN get at it. The first complete set of reference books in encyclopedic form that has ever been written and pictured for the children and the youth of the world for their very own.

No wonder that already in over forty thousand schools and three hundred thousand homes the children and teachers and mothers alike have come to look upon Compton's as the greatest forward step for children in the history of learning.

No wonder it opens the way for all of these children to better marks in school. No wonder it is rapidly giving them the HABIT OF SUCCESS that points toward leadership in later life.

No wonder it has been approved or adopted by every state in the Union which officially and formally approves or adopts, and has the unqualified endorsement of such great educational sources as these:

Unqualifiedly Endorsed by

The Child Study Association of America
Journal National Education Association
Child Welfare—The Official Organ of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers
The American Library Association
General Federation of Women's Clubs
Children, The Magazine for Parents
Review of Reviews
Christian Science Monitor
The American Hebrew
Good Housekeeping Magazine
Awarded the Medal of Honor—Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia.

If you want to see what this great accomplishment—this only thing of its kind—will do for your children or your young people in making them love to learn, just mail this coupon and our Educational Director will send you a FREE Sample Pictured Section, together with our FREE Questionario Game, which measures the general knowledge of any boy or girl at any age. And she will also send you full information as to how you can have this wonderful Pictured Encyclopedia in your home for your children for as little as three-fifty down.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia

Read this important coupon and mail it now

F. E. COMPTON & CO.,
Dept. 7-22, Compton Bldg.,
1000 N. Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me at once, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre-School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

(Continued from Page 144)

benefited by the addition of a little peat. Leave them in the open, for a covering of snow seems greatly to aid the germination. It will probably be spring before they appear above the ground. Carry them on in a deep soil, light in consistency but rich in content. Bone meal is preferable as a fertilizer, should your soil be poor.

Anemones are thirsty plants and much dislike drought, but they also resent stagnation, and the drainage should therefore be good. Their common name, windflower, tells us at once that they do not care for stagnant air either. Along the North Pacific Coast or in what is called the English climate, they may have a place in the sun. For the more fiercely burning summers of the greater part of the United States, partial shade would seem best. They are of those well-disposed plants that grow in strength and vigor with the years, bearing ever more and more blooms to the individual plant.

No selection seems ever quite complete without a blue flower. The campanula family has so many beautiful blues among its rock-garden members that I am looking to it for one. Because so few rock gardens seem to lack at least one variety of the harebell type, I am suggesting a star or wide-open flower. If you will raise it from seed, by all means purchase *Campanula elatines* that comes to us from the Cottian Alps. Seed of this is on the American market, but I am not so sure about the plants themselves. If, however, you are of those who prefer to receive your plants already past their uncertain stage, its near relative, *C. garganica*, from the Adriatic, is only a little less lovely.

A Good Location

THIS latter has several forms varying in color from darker blue to slate, to electric blue and even a white. The small ivy-shaped leaves are scalloped and crimped, and vary in different forms from smooth and glossy to ashen gray with down. The branches hug the rocks closely and spread from a thick central tuft. It may be planted in a chink in the rock to crawl along the face of a precipice, real or miniature, or it will take its place happily in the rockwork. It shows to better advantage if allowed to droop over the edge of the stone supporting its pocket. It seems to thrive in any good garden loam, though I like the usual surfacing of stone chips drawn well up to its collar. The form most upon the market is a light blue with a white eye. This blooms in June and will hold for a long period if planted in partial shade. Discretion is necessary in this respect, however, in cooler or cloudier districts, as this campanula is generally considered a sun lover, though with rather an amiable disposition toward whatever it may receive.

Some New Flaxes

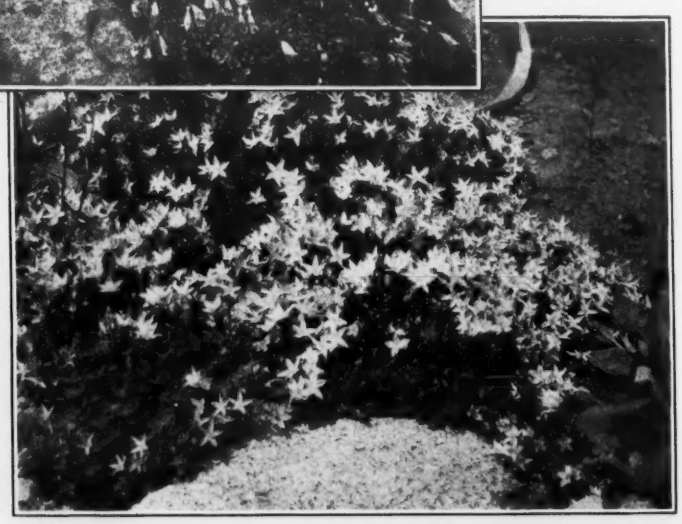
IF YOU choose the seed you will find *Campanula elatines* to differ in its comparatively larger and much more brilliant bloom of rich, deep violet blue, daintier sprays and fewer leaves. It is the part of wisdom to give it a good light loam and a well-drained crevice. Though it does avoid lime in Nature, its presence seems to be a matter of indifference in the garden.

From among the flaxes we may find a taller flower than these others we have been considering, one that blooms well through the summer and of such a shade of blue as may suit our individual taste. If you have no flax in your garden I would suggest *Linum narbonnense* as an introduction. This hardy visitor from the Mediterranean is around eighteen inches in height and forms a spreading clump of attractive foliage. The flowers are a clear azure blue with a white eye, and are exceptionally prolific.

This is not so unusual a flower in the rock garden, as it perhaps is important. If you already have it, try the very rare *L. salsoloides*, that carries its pale soft lavender flowers six to eight inches above the rest of the foliage. These have a darker tinge toward the center, and glow with a pearly luster. There is also *L. austriacum* with its true gentian-blue bloom, rich and lovely in every way.

These flaxes from the mountains of Southern Europe and the Mediterranean, though hardy, all crave a very well-drained warm place in the sun. A light sandy soil best pleases, but it should be rather deep, as the habit is one main root, which is woody and very long and slender, with only a few wiry fibers. Of course from this you will realize it is not wise to disturb them after they are planted. Give them sun through their blooming period, and freedom from stagnant moisture through the winter, and you will find them to be the most prolific bloomers the garden has. They all come easily and readily from seed, but of the three mentioned *L. salsoloides* is the most exacting, wanting a warm place.

Probably the best pentstemon for the rock garden is Pentstemon rupicola.



Campanula elatines comes to us from the Cottian Alps.

Your Menus Made *More* Appealing

HOUSEWIVES acquainted with La Choy products find the preparation of distinctive meals a very simple matter. Knowing how these foods enhance the charm and excellence of home menus, they use them for making real Chop Suey and Chow Mein, and also for making soups, stews, hashes and salads more tempting.

For savory Chop Suey, just use La Choy Sauce and La Choy Sprouts (large size for four to eight people, smaller size for two) with domestic vegetables and your favorite meat. Or, if you like crisp Chow Mein better, simply add those golden brown, ready-to-eat, La Choy Chow Mein Noodles. For extra goodness, La Choy Water Chestnuts and Bamboo Shoots may be added. Follow simple directions on La Choy package labels.

The coupon below will bring you forty famous La Choy recipes.

La Choy

This La Choy assortment package contains a free book of Chinese Recipes and ingredients for making real Chow Mein, Chop Suey, and many other dishes. At your grocer's or sent you direct.

Imported Soy Sauce—Chow Mein Noodles—Sprouts—Bamboo Shoots—Sub Kum—Water Chestnuts—Brown Sauce—Kumquats

Sold by All Good Grocers

La Choy Food Products Inc., Detroit, Mich.
Please send me, as checked, the following:

☐ Free Book of Genuine Chinese Recipes.
☐ I enclose $1 ($1.25 west of the Rockies and in Canada) for the La Choy Assortment Package, containing four of your eight items.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ L.H.J.3

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

THE fresh English day is perfect for the meet . . . and the gallant Household Brigade is tuned to ride as never before. But it is the presence of Lady Joan Lycett*, above everything, that makes this first day at Hawthorne Hill a really brilliant affair. So clear, so radiant is her complexion, that it seems a product of the gods. ⚜ ⚜ Many distinguished English women, and Lady Joan among them, trust their complexions to the care of one fragrant soap, Yardley's Old English Lavender. It is well-known that during the last 150 years this delicate soap has never failed to soothe, stimulate and protect fresh English beauty, as famous as history itself. ⚜ ⚜ As the perfect complement to this soap, Lady Joan uses Yardley's sheer face powder to save her skin from all types of weather. Yardley products, England's best, are obtainable anywhere in America. Old English Lavender Soap, "The Luxury Soap of the World," box of three cakes $1, or 35c the cake; "Old English Lavender," in sprinkler bottles from $12 to $1; Face Powder, $1; Compact, $1.25; Talc, 50c; Sachet Tablets, 25c; Shampoo, 15c the cartridge; Bath Salts, $1; Dusting Powder, $1.50. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York; Toronto and Paris. **Out of deference to our clientele we have refrained from using actual names.*

Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

Established 1770

Developing the Small Suburban Lot

By James Bush-Brown

HISTORY tells us that when William Penn was bargaining with the Indians he entered into an agreement whereby he was to receive, in return for a few paltry trinkets, as much land as a man could run off in a day. But times have changed since the days of William Penn, and in this day and generation many a man deems himself fortunate who can, in the space of a few brief seconds, take a dozen strides to measure off the boundary of his fifty-foot lot. And in return for this lot he pays over a goodly number of hard-earned dollars. It is safe to venture that a very large proportion of the small suburban home owners of America are faced with the problem of the fifty-foot lot.

The problem here considered is the design of a typical suburban lot fifty by one hundred and twenty-five feet. It is our aim to make the most of this area for the convenience of the average family.

The principles of good design for a small suburban lot are no different from the principles of good design for larger areas. Beauty in design is dependent, to a large extent, upon unity, harmony and fitness to use. No amount of embellishment can overcome the inconvenience of an ill-adapted plan. The primary considerations in the design and development of this property are the determining of the various areas to be devoted to lawn, flowers, play, and materials to use.

In the planning of a small lot the economy of space is of the utmost importance and this should begin with the placing and arrangement of the house. This fact is often sadly neglected, however, and most suburban houses are placed on the lot which they occupy with utter and absolute disregard of the general design of the property. The house is frequently placed very nearly in the center of the lot and the garage at the extreme rear in the vain hope that it will be less conspicuous. But such a position appropriates for the driveway twenty or twenty-five per cent of all the land not occupied by the house and results in a panorama of many of the neighboring garages also. The delivery of goods is often by a circuitous route making semi-public that section of the home grounds which is traversed by the delivery man.

The most functional arrangement and the one most economic of space is one in which the service door, the kitchen and the purely utilitarian part of the grounds are grouped together near the street. The living quarters would thus occupy the more remote part of the house and would look out over a secluded yard which would be unencumbered by garage, kitchen door or clothesline. It is needless to point out that this plan gives the most direct route for deliveries and for the family car, leaving the main approach attractive and the living rooms private.

Boundaries

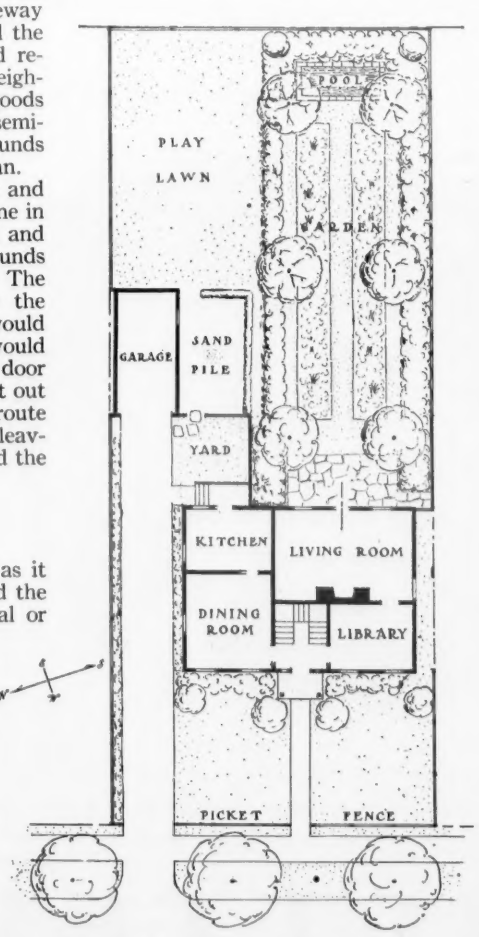
ON A VERY small lot, bounded as it is by straight property lines and the straight lines of the house, a formal or rectilinear design is the most logical and most effective. This does not imply that the design must necessarily be symmetrical. The placing of a few well-chosen trees in a formal way, the developing of one or two axes will be enough to make the plan harmonize with its semiartificial site. The planting of the shrubs and flowers may be more incidental so long as their placing preserves the major lines. On the small lot unity of design is somewhat difficult to obtain. However, by emphasizing the boundaries, by definitely separating the property from its adjoining neighbors and by concentrating interest within the area, much may be accomplished. The boundary may take the form of a hedge, a fence or a wall, and it serves very much the same purpose as does the frame of a painting. It sets off and enhances the beauty of the picture.

If a hedge is used it should be of neat and compact growth. Privet is one of the most satisfactory hedges for the small place. It may be kept at any desired height, it is a hardy and vigorous grower, and the initial cost is relatively small. It lacks the charm and interest which many other plants possess but is, on the whole, admirably adapted for small suburban properties. The evergreens such as hemlock and arbor vitæ would be entirely out of scale, and so also would be hawthorn, beech, and even lilac and spiræa. Japanese barberry is very satisfactory for the small place and may be kept sheared or may be allowed to grow naturally. In the South *Lonicera nitida*, a member of the honeysuckle family, offers excellent possibilities as a hedge. It is of compact growth and its glossy leaves resemble box in appearance. It is not very well known and is worthy of wider use.

Fences

WHEN it comes to a fence one has a wide range of choice. It is difficult, however, to find anything more satisfactory and more charming than the simple little picket fences so common throughout New England. These low white fences were very popular in Colonial days and one can but wonder why they are not more frequently used in present-day suburban developments. They are particularly well adapted for use on small properties and they give a simple homelike charm to a

(Continued on Page 151)



The three major units of the home grounds—approach, garden and service area—should be separated from one another.

Common Sense Way to BEAT COLDS

INHALATION: In a teacup of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum, and a fresh cup of boiling water.
CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember, rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.
NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Rubbing Mentholatum over the entire outside of the nose is very helpful. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.

EVERY COLD runs a course of 3 stages. Know these stages and you know how to get rid of your cold. Apply the common sense Mentholatum treatment to each stage. Do it tonight, and your cold will feel better tomorrow.

In the FIRST STAGE your nose lining is dry, irritated and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness. They also help to stop the sneezing that throws countless germs into the air.

In the SECOND STAGE your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure, it will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the THIRD STAGE the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

(This important story is more completely told in the booklet, "*How to Get Rid of Colds*." Send the coupon below for a *free* copy.)

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.

FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to Get Rid of Colds" is an interesting little booklet written by a physician. Send this coupon. The booklet is *free*.

Dept. B-92, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

© M. C., Inc. 1929

ESSEX
THE CHALLENGER

Challenging all who would own the best in comfort, style and performance *plus* *economy and value*

Women's requirements directly account for a large proportion of the 76 improvements in Essex the Challenger.

Beyond its brilliant new power and 70-mile-an-hour performance, they find a wealth of comparison to high-priced cars in the fine details which women keenly note and appreciate.

And women have taken outstanding part in the great ovation to Essex the Challenger by 1,000,000 Super-Six owners, and all motordom.

They have registered their pleasure and reasons by actual ballot personally marked and deposited in more than 5,000 Essex sales rooms everywhere.

Come examine and drive Essex the Challenger.

It will not only win your endorsement, but challenge your ownership interest against all that motordom has to offer.

Adding to family and social usefulness, the new bodies are larger, roomier, more beautifully finished and smartly equipped. Driving ease is improved by even easier steering, quiet gear shifting, and greater motor smoothness. The starter button, electro-lock and electric gauge for fuel and oil are on the dash. Four hydraulic shock absorbers give greater riding comfort and roadability at the higher speed ranges. And there is mental ease as well as actual security in the new type double-action four-wheel brakes, which are weatherproof and respond uniformly to the lightest pressure in all weathers.

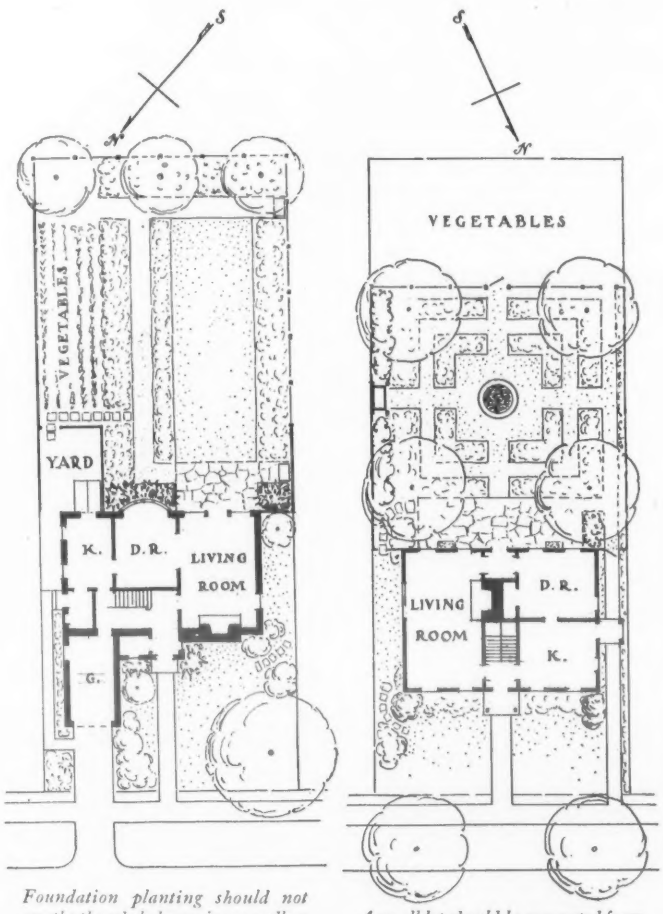
A BIG AND BETTER SIX

SEVEN BODY TYPES PRICED FROM $695 UP AT FACTORY

(Continued from Page 149)

place that nothing else quite equals. In using a fence of this type the architectural style of the house should be taken into consideration, as it is most in keeping with houses of Colonial character. During the past decade woven wooden fences have become very popular. For the rear of the property a fence of this sort is particularly good, as it insures absolute protection and privacy and is in itself so attractive that it becomes a definitely decorative feature of the place. Its height would, however, be a decided objection to its use along the front of a small lot.

The selection of trees for the small place presents quite a problem. In some instances the trees along the sidewalk supply almost enough shade for the front of the house. Where this is not the case, however, one or two well-placed trees will add greatly to the charm of the place. There is no more homelike picture than a little New England farmhouse nestling in the shelter of a great elm. In beauty of form, in dignity, in friendly, sheltering companionship, there is nothing that takes the place of our native American elm and it is to be regretted that it is not more commonly planted today. The sycamore maples, tulip trees and ash trees are also good shade trees for lawns. Many of our smaller trees are particularly well adapted for planting of suburban places. White birches lend a light and fairylike touch to any planting scheme. Our native dogwoods are not only beautiful when in flower but are attractive throughout the season with their picturesque habit of growth and their brilliant foliage and berries in the fall. Judas trees and the early flowering magnolias, which are hardy in some sections of the country, are also decorative and beautiful the whole season through. The Japanese flowering cherries and crabs are a perfect glory when in bloom and can now be secured from nurseries for a reasonable sum. Another small tree which is far too seldom seen is the golden chain *(Laburnum vulgare)*. It is rather upright in growth, reaching a height of about twenty feet and in late May it is covered with pendulous yellow flowers.



Foundation planting should not swathe the whole house in an endless frock of verdure, but should tie the house to the grounds.

A small lot should be separated from its neighbors and interest concentrated within the area.

Some foundation planting should be done in order to mitigate the severe line between the house and the ground about it and to make the building become a part of the landscape. This base planting is very often overdone. Shrubs which were small when planted grow to a large size and darken the windows, and evergreens become crowded and ungainly. A few well-chosen shrubs of dwarf or low-growing habit when planted in groups or masses are in better scale with this restricted situation. Base planting should not swathe the whole house in an endless frock of verdure. The planting should be made interesting for every season, a few evergreens for winter, flowering shrubs for spring and summer, an occasional clump of perennials to lighten the mass effect, a climbing rose on a lattice on the wall to give variety and interest.

With such a wealth of material available one wonders why it is that one sees so many unsuccessful plantings. Great care and thought should be given to the selection of plant materials on the small place because each individual tree, shrub and flower plays such an important part. There is good taste and bad taste in planting just as there is good taste and bad taste in furniture or in art. If one wishes to use a simile one might think of plants as the furnishings of the garden. Just as we seek to obtain beauty and charm in the furnishing of a room so should we strive to furnish the surroundings of our home in equally good taste. One should avoid grotesque forms and colors.

Each tree should be selected for a variety of uses—shade, flowers, fruit or picturesque outline. Most of our common fruit trees are valuable in all these ways, and apples, peaches and pears should all be planted. They interfere very little with the growth of flowers or vegetables near them and they contribute greatly to the beauty of any place. Dwarf fruit trees occupy only a small space, and so also do trees trained as cordons along a fence or pleached against a wall of the house. Apple trees and some other fruit trees of bearing age can now be purchased from certain nurseries and years may be saved in establishing the home fruit plantation.

Pitifully Scalded—

It may be your child tomorrow

In the midst of play, a heartrending cry! A child's body hideously burned . . . pitiful hours of pain. And always—the danger of frightful scars.

Grim menace of childhood! No other single cause of injury and death takes such a heavy toll . . .

Be ready to heal burns instantly. Unguentine is the *antiseptic* surgical dressing 8 out of 10 hospitals use for burns, cuts and bruises. Soothes pain, checks danger of infection. Clean healing starts almost at once. And almost certainly—*no scars!*

Buy Unguentine today. At your druggist's—50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. L-3, Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Now—Unguentine Soap, too. **Bland and soothing. It rapidly clears up the blemished complexion — particularly when burns, cuts or bruises have left the skin irritated and sensitive.**

". . . and no scars left at all"

"Last Christmas my 3-year-old son climbed up to smell a pan of hot soup on the stove. The chair slipped and down he came, scalding soup and all . . . I applied Unguentine freely . . . The doctor said, 'You couldn't have done better.'"

* *

"One day my sister became suddenly ill and fainted, falling with the whole side of her face right against a red hot heater . . . We applied Unguentine . . . For a week she could only take food through a straw. Thankfully, not a scar remains today."

* *

"The boys had lit a bonfire, when suddenly Sidney, the youngest, fell. A passer-by rolled him in his overcoat, saving his life. We used Unguentine freely . . . his left side was horribly burned. Now there is not even a scar."

Norwich
MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

Now...a wonderful plant food

originally formulated for gardeners and nurserymen

Made available for your own lawn, garden, flowers, trees and shrubs at a cost surprisingly low!

AND now a million small home owners have discovered it! Vigoro, a wonderful, scientific plant food.

In Vigoro they have found a priceless secret.

The secret of velvety, thick-growing lawns, with the rich green of healthy grass. Of an abundance of brilliant flowers. Of leafier trees and shrubs. Results they never before dreamed possible!

That secret is—food! Food for plants! They need it just as we do. And it must be the right food. It must contain *all* the elements that plant life needs. It must contain them in the right amounts.

Such a food is Vigoro. Vigoro is complete, balanced. Originally formulated, by Swift & Company plant food experts, for professional use. Used for years on America's finest estates, by expert gardeners.

Clean, odorless, pleasant to handle, Vigoro can be sown by hand, like grass seed.

And because it is a complete, properly balanced plant food, Vigoro produces better root systems, early, vigorous growth—makes plants more resistant to diseases. It increases the soil's humus. *It helps choke out weeds!*

Cost? Only 10c to 20c for every 100 square feet! To have a thriving lawn, flowers, shrubs, trees—crisp, fresh vegetables! Your property immeasurably improved, its value increased!

Full directions in every bag—100, 50, 25 lb. sizes and 5 lb. packages. Vigoro is sold everywhere—by a dealer near you. Get enough now for everything you grow.

Swift & Company, Chicago

Below: A perfect specimen of giant dahlia grown by Ernest A. Heins, 112 Clarewill Avenue, Montclair, N. J. Says Mr. Heins, "I am very pleased with Vigoro's results on all my plants. They were larger and had more blossoms than in previous years."

Send the coupon below for free copy of instructive booklet on plant feeding

These graceful, full-flowering hollyhocks and zinnias were grown in a backyard garden by M. L. Kline, Hammond, Indiana. "With Vigoro our flowers are now about twice as big as before," says Mr. Kline. "We find it the ideal plant food, too, for our lawn, trees and shrubs."

VIGORO

COMPLETE PLANT FOOD

A Swift & Company Product

Endorsed by Leading Landscape Gardeners and Nurserymen

SOLD WHERE YOU BUY LAWN AND GARDEN SUPPLIES

One of the most beautiful estates in the entire South—the Robert F. Maddox Estate, Atlanta, Georgia. "I have used Vigoro with wonderful success," says Mr. Maddox. Heavy beds of flowers and trimly landscaped lawns prove the remarkable beauty this new plant food has made possible for home owners everywhere.

FREE—
"The Gardening Handbook"
Written by
Dr. G. J. Raleigh
Plant Physiologist

An interesting new 36 page book on plant feeding. It gives valuable suggestions for developing velvety lawns, beautiful flowers, better vegetables, healthier shrubs and trees. Illustrated. Send for your copy, *free.*

Swift & Company
4020 Packers Avenue
Chicago

Please send me, *free,* the new 36 page gardening book written by Dr. G. J. Raleigh.

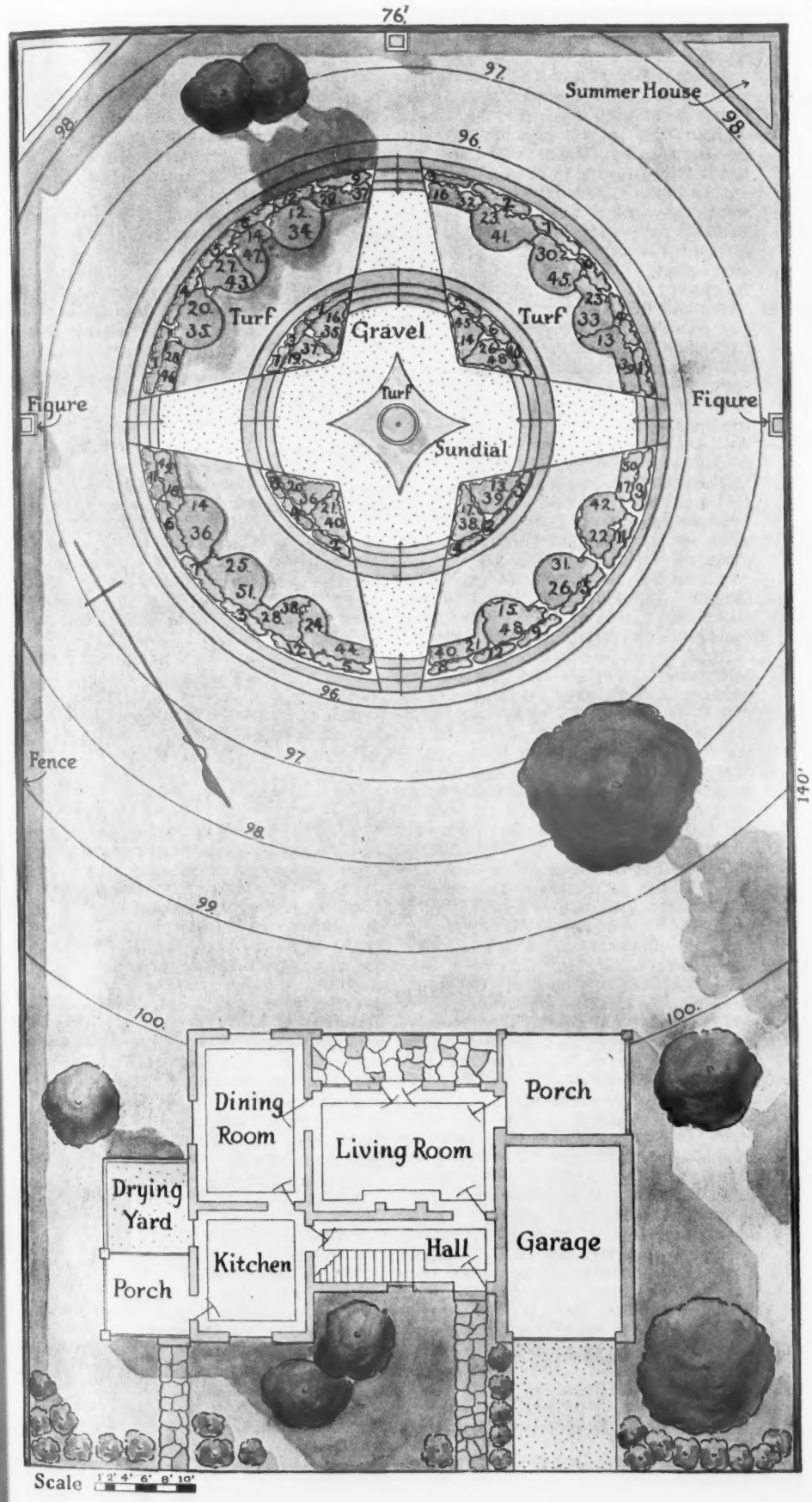
Name .....

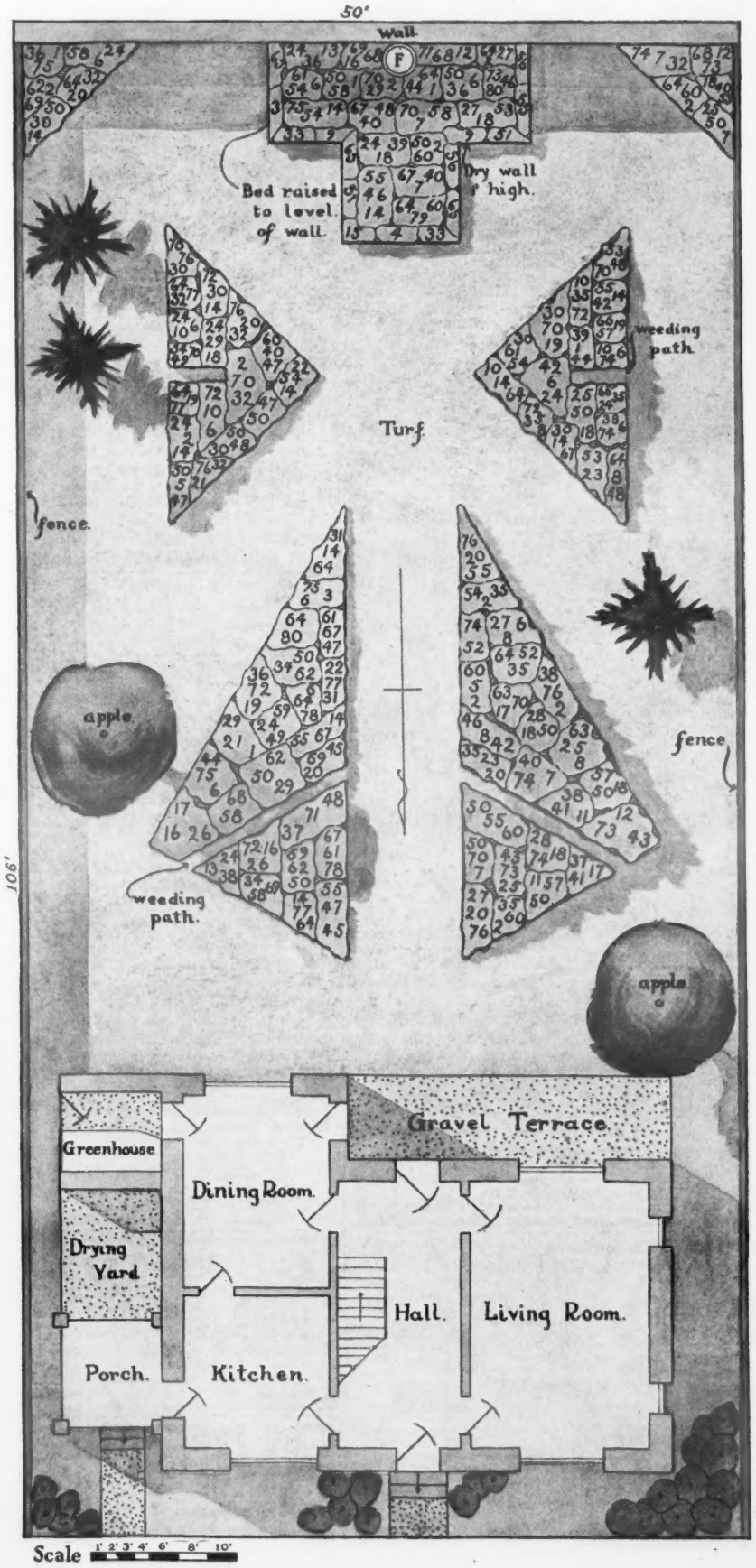
Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Two Gardens in the Modernistic Manner

Designed by MRS. GEORGE A. ROBBINS





DELIGHTFULLY modern in motif and atmosphere, the two garden plans presented herewith conform to the changing needs of the times. First of all, they are planned particularly for houses which conform to the JOURNAL'S recent demand for common-sense arrangement—with service quarters to the front and living quarters to the rear overlooking the garden.

Garden A, to the left of the page, is designed primarily for tulips and iris and will prove especially interesting to families not at home during midsummer or not caring for extensive garden work at that season. It is also planned for a sunken lot, one that drops five feet from the back terrace to the center sundial. The lot is seventy-six by one hundred and forty feet. The summer houses in the rear corners are a real feature.

It will provide a wealth of bloom and interest from early spring until well into June, for that is when the iris are at their best. Later in the summer it will be a garden of green, requiring slight care.

Garden B is for the perennial fan and works in eighty varieties of perennials and annuals in its modernistic beds. The lot is fifty by one hundred and six feet and the plan could be adapted to many gardens all over the country. The weeding paths for the beds are a real feature and might be adopted by all gardeners.

This garden will be of interest from the earliest daffodils until the last zinnias and marigolds have been laid low by the frosts.

Though very modernistic in outline and design, it is not overdone. The generous lawn area gives a pleasing background to the whole plan that will not be found in most existing methods of design where the flower beds flank the boundaries.

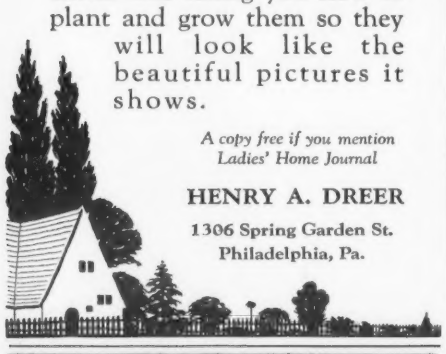
The bed at the rear center is naturally the center of interest and has been appropriately raised one foot above the lawn level. The edges are preserved by a dry wall, in which dry-wall gardening might be attempted. Three evergreens are used for accent, and the two deciduous trees are apples—to provide a measure of utility.

We shall be pleased to send a special reprint of these two up-to-the-minute gardens, with complete planting lists included, to all garden lovers who are interested. There will be no obligation. Merely send a stamped addressed envelope for your copy to Garden Information Service, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

JOURNAL NURSERIES AND SEEDS

Dreer's Garden Book

MAKE *your* garden the pride of your neighborhood. This 1929 book of ours will help you by suggesting the best Flowers and Vegetables and telling you how to plant and grow them so they will look like the beautiful pictures it shows.



A copy free if you mention Ladies' Home Journal

HENRY A. DREER
1306 Spring Garden St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Get this FREE Gladiolus Book

A. E. KUNDERD is the world's best known originator and grower of Gladioli. His FREE book tells how you can grow Gladioli successfully, describes hundreds of his best varieties, illustrates 43 in colors and introduces 63 new varieties. Buy from him and be sure of the finest Gladioli in your neighborhood. Use coupon.

A. E. KUNDERD
164 Lincoln Way West Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.
Dear Sir: Please send me your FREE Gladiolus book.
Name_____
St. or R. F. D._____
City_____ State_____

INDESTRUCTO METAL PLANT AND TREE LABELS

Label your plants and learn to know them. Add to the orderly appearance of your garden. Attractive—weather and wear proof. Always legible. No ink used. Inexpensive. "Best ever." Send 10 cents for samples of various kinds.

Ball & Socket Mfg. Co.
WEST CHESHIRE, CONN.

CONDON'S New Giant SHAGGY ASTERS

All Shades, All Colors, Mammoth Flowers. **We tell you how to grow them.** Write today—we will send you enough seed to grow 150 beautiful Giant Shaggy Asters. Also our 192-page 1929 Catalog of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs and Shrubs. FREE

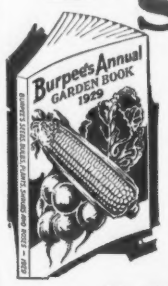
Send 2c Stamp to Cover Postage

CONDON BROS., Seedsmen
Rock River Valley Seed Farm
Box 87 ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

GARDENERS

Every garden lover and grower of flowers, fruit and vegetables for home or market is offered great help to success in **Audel's Gardeners & Growers Guides**—Just Out! A complete library of proven answers, plans, hints, discoveries, secrets, short-cuts. A reliable reference; complete gardener's educator. Beautifully illustrated and bound; 1700 pages, 4 vols.; price $6—payable $1 a month. If interested in getting better results from your garden, write today for **Free** Garden Library Folder: **Theo. Audel & Co., 65 W. 23d St., New York, Dept. 264**

Burpee's Seeds Grow



The Vegetables and Flowers you would like to see growing in your garden—read all about them in

Burpee's Annual

It describes the Burpee Quality Seeds, Bulbs and Plants. A million people use it as their garden guide. Write for Burpee's Annual today. **It's free.**

W. Atlee Burpee Co.
Burpee Bldgs., Box 302 Philadelphia

Good seeds

Grown from Selected Stocks

New crop, tested seeds sure to produce. Sold for 59 years to satisfied customers. Prices reasonable.
FREE extra packages with every order.
FREE—Large catalog with hundreds of pictures of vegetables and flowers. Send your own and neighbors' addresses TODAY.

R. H. SHUMWAY, 130 S. First St., Rockford, Ill.

30 ft. of BARBERRY HEDGE FREE

FERRIS

Send 25c to cover packing and postage and we will send **Free 20 Japanese Barberry Plants,** 1-yr. size, to make a 30-ft. hedge.

60th Anniversary Specials. Trees—Shrubs—Fruits—Plants—Evergreens—The finest ever grown sold direct to you at our Special 60th Anniversary Prices, that save you money and enable you to Beautify your Home Grounds at lowest cost. **25-CENT ANNIVERSARY SPECIALS.** To show what we mean by bargain prices, Ferris Quality, we offer 6 Shasta Daisies for 25c, or 25 mixed Gladiolus 25c; or 3 choice Perennials (1 Pink Phlox, 1 Yucca, 1 White Achillea) for 25c. Also 47 Famous Bargains in cat. **Earl Ferris Nursery, 675 Bridge St., Hampton, Iowa**

COLORED CATALOG FREE

"New Guide to Rose Culture"

JUST issued. Exquisitely illustrated in natural colors. Gold mine of information for the beginner in rose growing. Gives simple instructions on how to grow *Famous Dingee Roses* and other desirable plants, shrubs, bulbs and seeds. This beautiful book *free* on request. Send for *your copy* today. Don't miss it. A post-card will do. Founded 1850.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 324, West Grove, Pa.

PAINTED DAISY

PYRETHRUM—hardy perennial of easy culture—color shades of pink, red and white—lovely for cut flowers—ornamental for garden—long stems, fernlike foliage.

Special Introductory Offer: 1 pkt. seeds, mixed colors—10c with **Isbell's Garden Treasures** Catalog of Flowers for spring planting. All flowers shown in nature's colors. *Send stamps or coin today.*

ISBELL SEED COMPANY
460 Mechanics St. (43) Jackson, Mich.

GLADIOLUS

"THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL"

100 CHOICE MIXED BULBS POSTPAID $1.00

Collection made up of named varieties. Full blooming size bulbs. America, Peace, Panama, Schwaben, Pendleton, Wilbrink. Special Price List sent FREE.

WILDHAGEN BULB FARM, Box 554-B, WATERLOO, IOWA

BUIST'S SEEDS

Dependable for 100 Years
Free Garden Guide and Catalog
Now Ready for Mailing
ROBERT BUIST COMPANY
DEPARTMENT N PHILA., PA.
SEEDSMEN FOR OVER A CENTURY

20 Gorgeous Giant Zinnias 10c

GIANT ZINNIA

Send for this **Gorgeous Collection** of **Giant Zinnias,** 20 named varieties, all beautiful colors, as listed below:

Bright Rose	**Ruby Red**	**Cream**	**Shrimp Pink**
Burnt Orange	**Orange**	**White**	**Cardinal**
Deep Flesh	**Sulphur Yellow**	**Crimson**	**Canary Yellow**
Lavender	**Buttercup**	**Deep Rose**	**Blush Pink**
Buff	**Salmon Rose**	**Purple**	**Violet**

This great collection of **20 named Giant Varieties** is made up in one packet of over **200 seeds** evenly mixed. It will make the most **gorgeous** show of **Zinnias** ever grown and add color to any surroundings. **Zinnias** thrive everywhere—**North, East, South** and **West.** They grow from seeds planted anywhere—in the open ground, in the garden, on the lawn or as a border along walks, drives and buildings. They **bloom early** and **continuously** until killed by frost.

Order this Collection today: 1 pkt 10c, 3 pkts 20c, 6 pkts 30c, 12 pkts 50c

1929 Seed Book Sent with Every Order or Free on Request. Big List of Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. 150 Varieties Vegetables, Flowers, Shrubs, Shown in Colors.

F. B. MILLS, SEED-GROWER, BOX 540, ROSE HILL, N. Y.

Water Lilies

(Continued from Page 23)

wreaths and semicircles of flowers on the breast of the wrapped corpse. Flowers of *N. caerulea* on petioles eighteen to twenty inches long were fastened between the bands encircling the mummies of Rameses II. In the coffins of the same monarch were also found breast wreaths composed chiefly of petals and sepals of *N. caerulea* and *N. lotus* (1580 B.C.).

Schweinfurth—(1884) did considerable research work in Egypt relative to the preserved material in the tombs of the various dynasties. In every case the specimens found were as well preserved as newly made herbarium material, thus allowing him to soak the specimens in water, press them and mount them upon regular herbarium sheets. The success of this work is attested to by eleven cases of specimens located in the Bulak, British and other continental museums. A wreath of lotus was figured in Nature in 1883, consisting of rigid leaves of *Mimusops Shimperi* folded in two or four and fastened together with the fiber of the date palm in such a manner as to clamp and hold the lotus flowers without piercing them, the whole being strung upon leaves of the date palm. Schweinfurth compared this ancient material with the present-day Egyptian lotus and was unable to detect any difference. The conclusion arrived at is that the species is not suffering transmutation or that the changes are infinitely slow. In this connection it may also be noted that the climate of Egypt is very nearly the same as it was 4000 years ago.

The geographical distribution of water lilies is practically world-wide, being represented in the low lands of temperate, subtropical and tropical countries.

The various groups are conveniently classified by the gardener as hardy water lilies, which are found throughout the Atlantic coastal plains of North America and Europe. The tender night-bloomers, *N. lotus* of Egypt and *N. rubra* of India, which are both found in association with Hindoo temples and are said to be held sacred, are the original species from which all the present hybrid night-blooming varieties have originated. Africa furnishes the tropical day-bloomers called the *Zanzibariensis stellata* and the recent *N. ovalifolia.* Australia has yielded the beautiful violet-blue species, the most tropical of all water lilies. Although rarely seen in Eastern gardens unless grown under glass, excellent specimens have been grown in St. Louis. However, it cannot always be depended upon.

Temperatures

THE tropical lilies are rightfully the aristocrats of the genus, sending their fragrant blossoms a foot or more above the water. Nature has arranged them in two convenient groups—diurnal and nocturnal. This generous flowering habit permits enjoyment other than during the heat of the day. Of recent practice, flood lights are installed above the pools for nightly displays. The opening and closing of the flowers is governed by sunlight and temperature. During July and August when the temperature is above 70° F. they will both open with precise regularity, the night-bloomers from 7 P.M. until 9 A.M. The day-bloomers open at 8 A.M. and go to sleep at 6 P.M. When the temperature drops below this point, combined with an absence of sunlight, the habit will be reversed; ofttimes the day bloomers will stay asleep throughout the day, the night bloomers being very much awake. Temperature and light, therefore, together control the blooming habit.

From an early period the improvement of the tropical lilies continued in the United States, where the climatic conditions are better adapted for successfully growing them under natural surroundings in outside ponds, contrary to European culture necessitating cultivation under heated greenhouses. One of the first American hybrids was raised by Sturtevant; later followed the noted experimenters, William Tricker, Peter Bisset and James Gurney, the late head gardener emeritus of the Missouri Botanical Garden. The darkest water lilies of the nocturnal variety are credited to him under the names Frank Trelease, H. C. Haarstick and the tulip-shaped C. E. Hutchings. The latter varieties will be disseminated from the Garden this spring. The greatest advancement of the tropical day-blooming type is through the work of American hybridists by *N. pulcherrima* (Tricker, 1897), *N. pennsylvannia* (Conard, 1901).

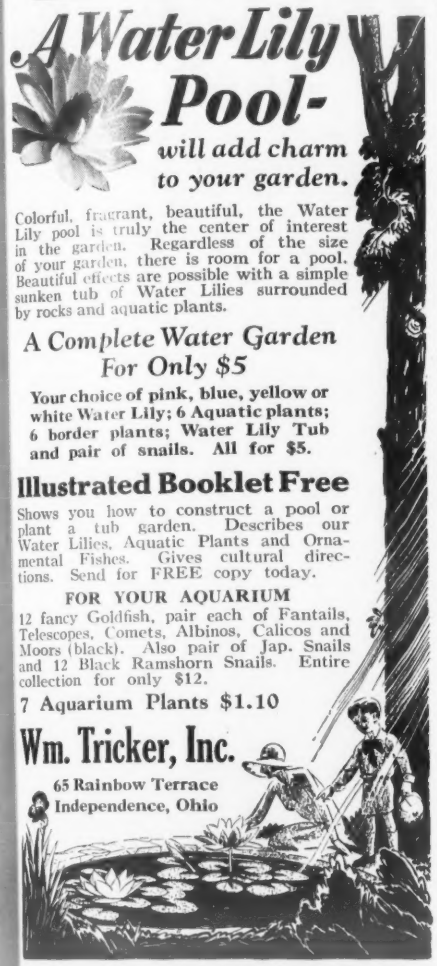
Pollenization

DURING 1914 *N. ovalifolia* was first introduced into this country from Africa, giving the experimenter a new species and color which immediately opened up a new channel for breeding purposes. The study was taken up by the writer at the Missouri Botanical Garden, St. Louis, Missouri, and during the following season numerous crosses were made using the *N. ovalifolia* as either pollen or seed bearing parentage. The notable Whitaker type was subsequently introduced in 1917. Ovalifolia has been the most important parent in late hybrids—General Pershing, 1920; Mrs. George H. Pring (1922), the first pure-white tropical day-bloomer introduced into cultivation; Henry Shaw (1925), producing cup-shaped campanula blue flowers.

Between 1888 and 1890 the hardy water lilies were revolutionized by the work of the French hybridist, M. Latour-Marliac, whose achievements won universal admiration through the introduction of both the yellow and pink hardy water lilies. For trade reasons he abstained from naming the parentage; however, the expert could readily observe them, indicating through their coloration that the yellow was obtained from the yellow *N. mexicana,* indigenous to the Southern States. His pink hybrids are suggestive of the Northern hardy species *N. odorata rosea;* and *N. alba rubra,* native of Sweden, is responsible for the red tints. Marliac's hybrids still hold a prominent position in our hardy water-lily pools of today.

In Nature the blooms rely exclusively upon insects for carrying the pollen from flower to flower for seed development. Unfortunately this errand results in a slow death for the insect by drowning. When the flower unfolds its petals the center is surrounded by a corona of yellow spring-like stamens, and the cup-shaped center or pistil is filled with a very fragrant liquid which is attractive to insects. The stamens do not yield their pollen the first day of opening, so as to prevent crossing with its own pollen. The insect therefore visits older flowers, void of nectar but rich

JOURNAL NURSERIES AND SEEDS



A Water Lily Pool-
will add charm to your garden.

Colorful, fragrant, beautiful, the Water Lily pool is truly the center of interest in the garden. Regardless of the size of your garden, there is room for a pool. Beautiful effects are possible with a simple sunken tub of Water Lilies surrounded by rocks and aquatic plants.

A Complete Water Garden For Only $5

Your choice of pink, blue, yellow or white Water Lily; 6 Aquatic plants; 6 border plants; Water Lily Tub and pair of snails. All for $5.

Illustrated Booklet Free

Shows you how to construct a pool or plant a tub garden. Describes our Water Lilies, Aquatic Plants and Ornamental Fishes. Gives cultural directions. Send for FREE copy today.

FOR YOUR AQUARIUM

12 fancy Goldfish, pair each of Fantails, Telescopes, Comets, Albinos, Calicos and Moors (black). Also pair of Jap. Snails and 12 Black Ramshorn Snails. Entire collection for only $12.

7 Aquarium Plants $1.10

Wm. Tricker, Inc.
65 Rainbow Terrace
Independence, Ohio

A *PERSONAL* GARDEN KIT IN *COLOR!*

FOUR sturdy steel tools with handles in four bright, "modern" colors, packed in a colored gift carton. Complete equipment for planting, weeding, transplanting, cultivating, etc. 1 Kingsbury Trowel for ordinary digging. 1 Kingsbury Spading Fork for loosening caked soil. 1 Kingsbury Transplanting Trowel for making holes quickly. 1 Kingsbury Cultivator for weeding and working around roots. Each made of one-piece, unbending, unbreakable steel. Handles smoothly shaped, comfortable. Set complete $1.25 (West of Miss. $1.35). A perfect gift for Easter! If your dealer hasn't this Kingsbury Garden Kit in stock, order direct. Folder **"Special for Garden Lovers"** free on request.

KINGSBURY
Mfg. Co., 101-C Myrtle St., Keene, N. H. $1.25

Luther Burbank's NEW Marvels In FLOWERS!

LUTHER BURBANK
Master Plant Breeder.

Seed discovered by us, in Burbank's famous "TREASURE CHEST," his legacy to Stark Bro's, the one organization he selected to exclusively carry on and perpetuate his life work. NEW DISCOVERED flowers of exquisite colors and unique forms. Will make your garden delightfully different this year! Learn about the new BURBANK CREATIONS—Send now for FREE 1929 Catalog—all the New Burbank Flowers & Vegetables. Salesmen Wanted also.
Address Box L. H. 1300
STARK BRO'S at LOUISIANA, MO. 113 Years

$1 AMERICA'S BEST GLADIOLUS Prize Winning Collection

"Extristrong" young bulbs offered direct to the public. Contains Scarlet Princeps, Alice Tiplady (orange), Albania (White) E. J. Shaylor (rose) Early Sunrise (Salmon) and other choice varieties.

DIRECT FROM LEADING GROWER

3 ONE-DOLLAR OFFERS

60 Medium Bulbs $1.00
40 Large Bulbs $1.00
25 Very Large Bulbs ... $1.00

Mail your order now! Orders Postpaid Anywhere in U. S. A.

FREE Peerless plant marker with each order.

WATERLOO BULB FARMS
Dept. L, Waterloo, Iowa

with pollen which becomes agglutinated to their legs. When visiting a first-day flower the pistil is filled with nectar to attract the insect, and while circling the stamens, it seems to become intoxicated and eventually falls into its involuntary bath. Its wings immediately become so wet as to prevent flying out, and its death struggle commences in trying to ascend the ladderlike stamens which act as springs, repeatedly throwing the insect back to its ultimate death by drowning. As many as ten insects have been counted before the closing of the flower on the first day. The flower the remaining four days of opening will yield pollen without trapping the insects because of the absence of nectar. It is during this death struggle that the pollen is released from the insect and absorbed by the nectar, thus resulting in fertilization of the flower. By far the greater percentage of our present-day hybrids is frequently resultant from insect agency. This method relieves the breeder of considerable care and attention, but from the standpoint of the expert is a haphazard way because of his inability to determine the true parentage. The scientific hybridist will prepare his flowers before opening by inclosing them with cheesecloth to offset insect interference. When pollinated or crossed during the month of August in St. Louis, the seed pods will ripen within four weeks, when they are carefully collected and placed in receptacles thoroughly to ripen and permit disintegration of the outer fleshy covering.

The culture of water lilies, especially after planting, is merely the removal of the old flowers and discolored leaves. The first consideration is the construction of a pool, which may be either natural or formal. A natural pool is easily constructed by selecting a low place in the garden which is exposed to full sunshine or one may build a concrete basin. In either case one should provide at least one foot of water above the planting area, with a foot and a half more adapted to the hardy lilies. This is to prevent possible freezing in winter. In case the formal pool has to be drained, the roots should be covered with a thick layer of straw or manure, or if in boxes removed to a cool cellar. The size of the pool is governed by the plan of the garden, but a pool six by eight feet will accommodate a maximum of three lilies. Overcrowding becomes unsightly and will spoil the effect of the water. Where the subsoil will permit making natural ponds, the ground should be well manured with cow manure as by so doing the same soil may be used—especially when planting hardy varieties. When manures are used, they should always be thoroughly rotted before being added to the soil.

How They Grow

WHEN concrete ponds are built, ordinary sod soil may be spread over the bottom of the pool to a depth of ten inches, enriched by two inches of cow manure at the bottom. The main objection to covering the entire area is the discoloration of the water, especially so when fish are kept in the water. Placing boxes two to three feet square and a foot deep on the bottom is the simplest way for the amateur. Frequently half barrels are used.

Water lilies, especially the tropical varieties, are rank feeders and so a liberal supply of fertilizer is essential. The hardy group need the least attention. Their manner of growth is by means of a continuous thickened root or rhizome which subdivides, and for this reason the plants must be confined to a restricted area and transplanted every four years. When grown in small boxes, fresh soil should be given at the time of removal. When planting in the early spring, place the rhizome two to three inches below the surface, leaving the growing portion level with the top of the soil.

The tropical lilies are more fascinating, especially when the pool is planted with both night and day bloomers, and should be regarded by the amateur as annuals for the reason that it is necessary to propagate them from current-year tubers, a process that necessitates heated tanks in a greenhouse during the winter. Their floral display during the summer will more than justify the moderate cost from the specialist in the late spring. The time of planting is governed by the locality. It must be remembered that the purchased plants have been wintered in water at a minimum of 70° F. and are susceptible to chilling in cooler water—resulting in going to sleep or becoming dormant. This condition happens quite frequently, and the amateur criticizes the florist for shipping poor plants. The planting period in St. Louis is from May fifteenth, and in the Eastern States from June first. However, one should be governed by the temperature of the water with 70° F. the minimum. Nothing is gained by early planting even in the Central States.

Good Varieties

IN PLANTING they should be set with the crown just below the surface of the soil. With the growth of the lilies the water should be raised until it is a foot above the roots. By July first the plants start to flower with remarkable regularity continuing until killed by frost in October.

Unless one is acquainted with the many up-to-date hybrids it is far better to be guided by the selections of the water-lily specialists, who publish in their catalogues various collections in color arrangement, and likewise a range of prices depending upon the rarity of the lilies. There are collections offered in every available color range and to fit every purse. One can select the proper collection with these factors in mind. Those wishing to experiment with the pigmy hardy lilies which are somewhat suitable for tub culture should select the following:

Nymphaea tetragona, white.
Nymphaea tetragona helvola, yellow.
Nymphaea Laydekeri fulgens, reddish.

The standard hardy lilies selected from the inexpensive varieties are:

James Brydon, amaranth purple.
Gladstone, white.
Marliacea chromatella, pale green-yellow.
Eugenia de Land, rose-pink.
Attraction, viridine yellow flushed with light Rosalane purple.

The tropical night-bloomers de luxe are:

*Frank Trelease, Tyrian pink.
*Lotus gigantea, white.
Omarana, rose-pink.
*C. E. Hutchings, Tyrian pink.
*H. C. Haarstick, rose.

The last two hybrids will be disseminated in 1929 from the Missouri Botanical Garden. They are, therefore, very new.

A select group of tropical day-bloomers in varied colors are:

*Mrs. Edwards Whitaker, pale campanula blue.
*General Pershing, pale rose-purple.
*Mrs. George H. Pring, white.
*Henry Shaw, light campanula blue.
Panama-Pacific, lavender-violet.

*These varieties are raised successfully in St. Louis, Missouri.

This tag says you will have ROSES this summer

On every Star Rose there is a star-shaped celluloid tag. This tag carries the name of the rose and is our positive and unqualified guarantee that that particular rose will grow and bloom *this* summer—or you get your money back.

The Season's Novelties

Our "Star Guide to Good Roses" lists many novelties and they are fully described and some of them pictured in color in the "Guide". Necessarily, stocks of these roses are limited. You will do well to order early. By using the coupon below—*today*—you will be assured of first choice of this novelty:

MME. GREGOIRE STAECHELIN—a magnificent, hardy climber of a new type—gorgeous carmine markings outside and pearl pink inside. No other rose is like it. Price $5.00, delivered; blooms in 1930.

Send 25c today

With your request for the "Star Guide" and your order for novelty roses, send 25c extra and get "Success with Roses", a 32-page book that tells what to do and when to do it—how to make your roses grow more profusely, how to take better care of them so that they will live long and give you greater profusion and more glorious blooms. *Send today!*

Star Rose Growers

The Conard-Pyle Co. · West Grove, Pa.
Robert Pyle, Pres.

USE THIS COUPON NOW

The Conard-Pyle Company, West Grove, Pa., Box 130
☐ Please reserve Mme. Gregoire Staechelin at $5.00.
I enclose check. Please ship at right time for planting.
☐ I enclose 25c for "Success with Roses".
☐ Send "Star Guide" Free.
Name.....
Address.....

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR and Power Lawnmower

A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers.

Catalog Free

American Farm Machine Co.
1060–33rd Ave. S.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE
By NEYSA McMEIN

One of a series by America's foremost artists

NEW BEAUTY ADVICE:

With magical ease . . . all your enamel and porcelain will *glitter!*

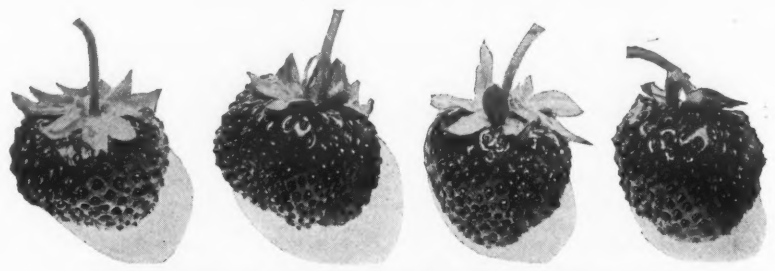
THE American home reflects the efficiency and artistry of the modern housewife. She knows and accepts instantly the best products for beautifying her household. She uses BAB-O for the bathroom, enamel and porcelain. It has no equal. Tubs, tiles, basins . . . kitchen sinks, gas ranges, refrigerators, chinaware, walls, floors, nickel . . . shine with new splendor. Stains, rust, film, water-lines dissolve and disappear instantly. BAB-O is odorless . . . will not scratch the finest surface or roughen tender hands. Try BAB-O once and you will never be without it. "A wipe and it's bright." At your grocer's 15¢ . . . or if he is not supplied write for free sample can.

B. T. BABBITT, Inc. *Established 1836* New York

BAB-O
brightens bathrooms
works like magic all over the house

At all grocers' 15¢

JOURNAL NURSERIES AND SEEDS



The new Mastodon is a promising fall-bearing variety for the home garden.

Three Small Fruits for Your Garden

By CLARENCE E. BAKER

PERHAPS there is not room in the suburban garden for all the kinds of fruit enjoyed by the household, but space should be reserved in every garden for some of the small fruits enjoyed by the members of the family. The three most popular small fruits of the American garden are strawberries, raspberries and grapes. These are easy to grow and should be found in every home garden.

STRAWBERRIES. Any fertile, mellow soil is satisfactory for strawberries, provided they are not planted on ground that was in sod the year previous. Such soil is likely to be infested with white grubworms which destroy the roots of strawberry plants. The soil should be deeply prepared and well firmed, and the plants should be set as early as possible in the spring in most localities. Early planting in well-firmed soil is one of the essentials of a productive strawberry bed.

The Latham red raspberry, a productive and hardy new variety.

The plants may be set about two feet apart in rows three and a half or four feet apart, placing the crown of the plant level with the surface of the ground and packing the soil firmly about the roots. These plants will serve as "mother plants" from which runners will arise in a few weeks. Each runner, after growing from six to twelve inches, will terminate in a new plant that will root and grow into a plant which will bear fruit the following year. These runner plants are used to fill in the spaces between mother plants, so that by late August we should have a nearly solid row eighteen or twenty inches wide.

Frequent cultivation is necessary during the summer to kill weeds and to preserve a mellow condition of the soil so that the young runner plants may take root. If the soil is permitted to become hard or caked, the tender roots cannot penetrate the surface to reach the moist, loose soil necessary for their growth. The ground between rows should also be well stirred at frequent intervals. The flowers are pinched off as they form, no fruit being permitted to set the first season. This is done to direct all the energy of the plant into vegetative growth, in order to have a strong, vigorous plant to bear fruit the next year.

After the first hard freeze cover the bed with about three inches of straw to maintain a more even soil temperature during winter and early spring, thus helping to prevent the heaving of the plants from the soil by alternate thawing and freezing. When growth starts in the spring, a portion of the mulch is removed from over the plants and tramped down with that between the rows. A thin layer of straw is left about the plants to keep the berries clean and to aid in conserving soil moisture.

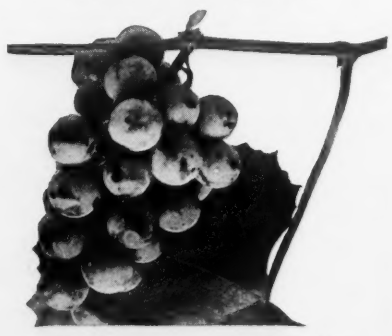
Two hundred plants properly cared for will furnish an abundance of berries for table use for the average family as well as some for canning or preserving. The Premier is an outstanding early variety. Midseason varieties include Haverland, Dunlap and Warfield. Aroma and Gandy are popular late varieties. Many new varieties are introduced each year, but few are better than the standard varieties.

For those who prefer to grow the fall-bearing, or so-called everbearing, varieties the new Mastodon is worthy of trial. It is probably the largest and most productive fall-bearing variety yet introduced, and where the summers are not severely hot or dry it appears to give very pleasing results. In the suburban garden where water may be supplied artificially during dry periods, the culture of fall-bearing varieties is sometimes a pleasure, but unless moisture and climatic conditions are favorable these strawberries frequently fail to support the claims made for them. If the plants are making a good growth it is permissible to leave the flowers that appear after late July and thus secure a fall crop the first season.

RASPBERRIES. The brambles prefer a heavy, rich soil and a large amount of moisture. The ideal soil is a moist clay that is well supplied with organic matter. They will succeed well on nearly any fertile soil if sufficient moisture and plant food are available. On average soils it is a wise practice to work in a heavy application of manure the fall before the plants are set.

Black raspberries should be deeply planted in well-prepared soil in early spring

(Continued on Page 159)



The Worden grape is especially desirable as a blue grape for the small suburban garden.

Five New Garden Books

FIVE recently completed studies of unusual interest to gardeners, both amateur and professional, have just been published. These studies have been made by recognized authorities of the garden world, and include all the latest plans and ideas on Annual, Perennial, and Rock Gardening, how to plan your grounds, and the proper methods for fertilizing. As a service to our readers, these books are being issued at five cents each, plus two cents postage. They will help you insure the success of this year's garden.

5¢ each

Plus two cents postage

Journal Garden Booklets

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Inclosed please find . . . . . cents for which send me the JOURNAL garden booklets which I have checked. (*Add two cents postage for each booklet.*)

Annual Gardening . . . . . 5 cents *(24 pages)*
Planning Your Grounds . . . . . 5 cents *(24 pages)*
Garden Fertilizers . . . . . 5 cents *(16 pages)*
Perennial Gardening . . . . . 5 cents *(24 pages)*
Rock Gardens and Rock Gardening 5 cents *(16 pages)*

NAME. . . . . .

ADDRESS. . . . . .

250 GLADIOLUS 25c Most gorgeous, brilliant, beautiful assortment. Every color and shade imaginable including many choice kinds not usually offered at a low price. 250 small bulbs (bulblets) for only 25c, 1250 for $1.00, postpaid.
BURGESS SEED CO., 304 G. M., Galesburg, Michigan.

White, Cream, Buff, Yellow, Orange, Apricot, Shell Pink, Lilac Pink, Deep Pink Rose, Lavender, Scarlet, Crimson, Maroon, Purple, Mottled, Variegated and Suffused. CATALOG FREE

LILY POOLS AND ROCK GARDENS are not necessarily expensive. Above book tells how to make and what to grow in them. Several hundred kinds of plants are described. Also correct pronunciations of names of more than 1000 flowers. 100 pages with stiff paper back 60c. Cloth bound $1.00. "Hardy Perennials" is a 100 page book describing nearly 300 hardy flowers including Peonies, Iris, Lilies, Chrysanthemums, Delphiniums, Phlox, etc. Stiff paper back 60c, Cloth bound $1.00. Two $1.00 books for $1.65. Postpaid. Floral Book Co., P. O. Box 839, Omaha, Neb.

ROSES OF NEW CASTLE is a beautiful book on the culture of roses and other desirable plants; exquisitely illustrated in natural colors; offers and tells how to grow our famous plants. Write today. *It's free.*
HELLER BROS. CO., Box 353, New Castle, Ind.

BULBS 10 kinds Gladioli mailed for 10c and names of four friends who grow flowers. Will include, FREE, bulb of the beautiful Mirabilis.
S. W. PIKE, Seedsman, Box 38, ST. CHARLES, ILLINOIS

..*why* Shouldn't I?

"I can save at least five dollars every month on what I used to spend for milk and cream and butter and eggs.★ My family doesn't have less to eat. They admit they are better fed. And I know they are getting the best food they've ever had. Why shouldn't I be enthusiastic about Pet Milk?"

THOUSANDS of women are having this pleasing experience. They use Pet Milk in place of whipping cream in desserts and save two-thirds of the cost of cream. In their creamed vegetables and cream soups they get the finest of rich flavor that requires a lot of butter where ordinary milk is used. In breaded cutlets Pet Milk takes the place of eggs. In cream pies fewer eggs are used.

The extra richness and distinctive flavor of Pet Milk produce extraordinary qualities in taste and texture and substance in all cooked dishes. Rich enough to use in place of cream, Pet Milk makes better food than cream can make. Diluted to suit any milk use, it gives unusual richness in flavor and texture because the cream is always in the milk. It never separates. Pet Milk is never skimmed milk no matter how you dilute it. Yet it costs no more than ordinary milk.

The quotation on this page is a report of actual experience. We will send you, without charge, the menus and recipes by which the saving was accomplished. Send your name and address.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
1434 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Robert R. McCormick

from a portrait by an eminent painter. Mrs. McCormick treasures pictures, owning one of the finest Cézannes in the world, an exquisite Matisse, and many other splendid moderns. Extremely versatile, she is, as well as a distinguished Chicago hostess, a painter of some note, and the breeder of a prize Guernsey herd on her place at Wheaton.

In her Beautifully Appointed Town House
Mrs. ROBERT R. McCORMICK
has these Luxurious Mattresses and Springs

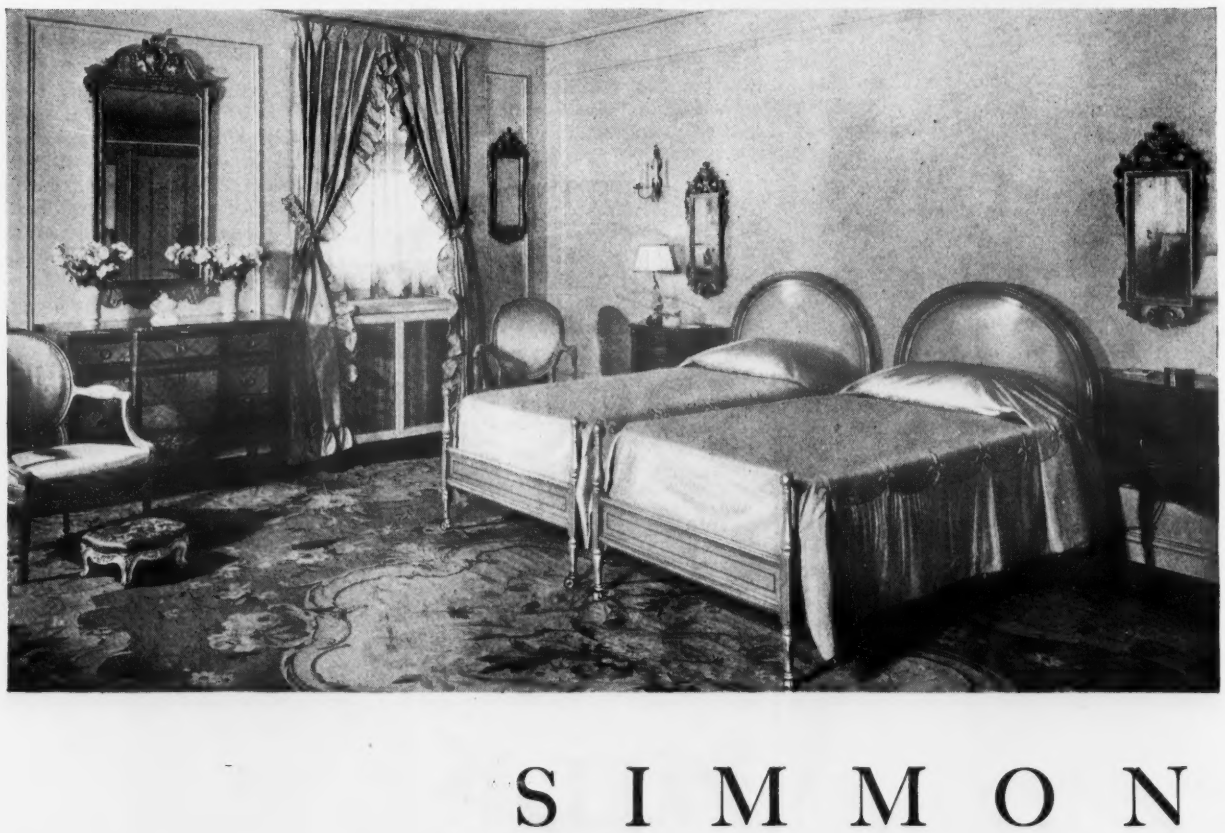
ELEGANCE and luxury characterize the Chicago home of Mrs. Robert R. McCormick. Each smallest detail has been exquisitely thought out, from the Chinese brocades that hang in the entrance hall to the marvelous Aubusson rugs richly carpeting the floors. There is an entire Adam room which came intact from England; the garden was done by Vitale, who makes those charming Chinese shadow trees of iron.

And for this house of treasures Mrs. McCormick chose these most luxurious mattresses and springs—Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs! In this bedroom, done in the French and Venetian manner, their rose damask covers blend beautifully with the rose and apricot hangings. Mrs. McCormick, delighted with them, says:

"I can't say enough in praise of these buoyant Beautyrests and the new Ace Box Springs. They are the last word in comfort. The rose fits the color scheme of the room, and completes the harmony of color and comfort."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00, No. 1581 $32.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

THE DAMASK-COVERED BEAUTYREST MATTRESS AND MATCHING ACE BOX SPRING! The Beautyrest boasts a unique inner construction—a center of hundreds of small, individually pocketed coils that insure lasting buoyancy and firm, uncrushable sides. The splendid box spring has the same taped edges and stitched sides. This pattern comes in rose, light blue, and lilac and there is a medallion design in sea-foam green, beige, and Venetian blue.



THIS EXQUISITE BEDROOM in Mrs. McCormick's home, has soft green walls, light rose organdy glass curtains and deep peach taffeta hangings. The rug is a handsome Aubusson;—a white fireplace, a little desk, chairs and sofa upholstered in soft gray green, and a priceless old poudreuse, add to the charm of the room. In this setting of elegance, blue-green Simmons Beds No. 1581 fit perfectly, with their apricot trim, and rose damask covered Beautyrests and Springs. This bed also comes in peach, walnut, and mahogany finish.

Already 655,487 Beautyrests in American homes*

Every 54 seconds, one more Beautyrest in someone's home!

*These records are for the U. S. only.

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES BUILT FOR SLEEP

(Continued from Page 156)

or fall, depending upon the locality. Use only tip-rooted plants, certified against anthracnose, unless it is impossible to secure certified plants. Further to reduce the chances of infection from the anthracnose disease, remove the old portion of the cane at planting time, leaving only the roots and crown. The plants may be grown either as individuals set five to seven feet apart each way, or in rows six feet apart, setting the plants two and a half feet apart in the row. A good method to follow is to set the plants in a furrow, with the crowns about four inches below the natural level of the ground, covering them with about two inches of soil. After shoot growth is well started a little more soil is pulled over the roots at each cultivation until the bed is again level. This insures a deep-rooted plant, which is necessary to long life. Cultivate the bed thoroughly and frequently during the growing season.

Ordinarily no pruning is necessary the first season. Fruit bearing begins the second year, and from that time on the old canes are removed after fruiting and the new shoots are headed back when they reach a height of twenty-four to thirty inches, to induce branching. The following spring each of the lateral branches is cut back to a length of eight to twelve inches. It is from growth arising from the buds on these laterals that the fruit is produced.

Cumberland is one of the most popular varieties of black raspberries. The new variety, Quillen, is quite resistant to anthracnose and is being planted in large numbers. Cuthbert is the red raspberry upon which comparisons are based. The new Latham is coming into prominence.

GRAPES. Successful grape culture demands a location that is well drained and exposed to full sunshine, and where a support for the vines may be provided. Nearly any suburban garden has several such locations where grapes may be grown in such a manner that they occupy scarcely any additional space. They frequently add to the beauty of the garden by hiding an unsightly fence or by screening an undesirable view. Grapevines make a desirable cover for arbors, pergolas or the shaded outdoor play room for the kiddies, thus serving a double purpose.

Only well-grown, one-year-old vines should be used, setting these eight to twelve feet apart and cutting the vine back to two buds. If both buds start to grow, rub off one shoot and permit but one shoot to continue to grow. The growth arising from this single bud may be tied to a lath or other upright strip every six inches during the first season, to insure a straight trunk. This is not so essential if the vine is to be used to cover an arbor or similar structure, but in any case a system of pruning must be outlined that will provide for the renewing of the major portion of the vine each season if satisfactory production is to be maintained. The ground about the vine must be thoroughly cultivated.

The Concord is the most commonly grown blue variety. The Worden, however, makes a very desirable blue grape for the home garden, as it has many of the good points of the Concord and few of its faults and is of considerably higher quality. Delaware is a good red variety, and Niagara is probably the most popular white grape.

"Open Season"

(Continued from Page 7)

"You are an actor, perhaps," said Mr. Sully. He cast an eye over the shabby suit. "Out of a job at the moment, possibly," he added.

The young man nodded. "You have stated it with unflattering accuracy."

Ike Bernstein's eyes, that saw everything, noted an onyx ring on the man's little finger which bore a coat of arms cut with remarkable delicacy.

"Possibly you would not object to mentioning the scene of your last histrionic endeavors," said Mr. Sully.

"It was," said the young man, "in Sardonillica."

"Indeed. I don't place it, but no matter." Mr. Sully smiled. "And what parts did you play?"

A tan-colored blush crept up under the young man's sandy skin. "I was king there," he murmured.

Jim Sully broke into a laugh. "Well," he said, "I'm president of the League of Nations myself, and it's a pleasure to meet any of the boys I work for." Then he stood up and turned to Mr. Bernstein. "Can I drop you anywhere? I've got a car here."

IKE BERNSTEIN got up heavily. He shook his head slowly. "I guess not, thanks. I'll just mosey along." He smiled. "I reckon I'm the only man in Hollywood with the use of his legs."

"Have it your own way." Jim Sully laughed and left the room without a glance at the young man. At the door he called back over his shoulder, "You might show the king out. He must have lost his way to have got in here."

Ike Bernstein nodded. "All right." Then, "We'll start shooting that court scene tomorrow."

But the court scene did not go so rapidly as had been predicted.

"That looks like Bloomingdale's Basement," Ike Bernstein objected. "Don't you realize this is a castle, not an overstuffed-furniture show window? This ballroom was built about the time of the crusades and the walls of this fortress withstood armies before the days of Charlemagne."

Jim Sully stared. "That's poetry."

Ike Bernstein knocked off the ash of a cigar. "That's history."

The casting director and the scenery artist exchanged a hard look. Ike Bernstein was off again.

He objected to the location chosen for the battle scene. "It's hilly ground we want," he said, "and there's a river running through it. There should be pine trees, too, all slanted over where the wind gets at 'em."

"Good Lord," said Mr. Sully, "we'll have to go a couple of hundred miles farther north for that." He broke into less restrained comment later to the costume director and the scenery artist.

EVERY detail of the picture, in fact, was objected to—scenery, costumes, acting, actors. It would take months where before everyone had predicted weeks, and it would cost the company an outrageous amount of money. It wasn't that Mr. Bernstein was ordering a more elaborate production. He was ordering a simpler one and, as everyone knows, simplicity is far more difficult of achievement. He commanded new sets, new costumes, and he objected to all the actors.

"Don't these ladies and gentlemen realize the folks in Zenda had traditions," he bawled out, "when Columbus was working in a wool comber's shop in Genoa?"

Jim Sully stared. "Oh, Lord," he confided privately to his confreres, "Ike's read a book again."

In the war scenes he was especially annoying. He spent two hours teaching a soldier to show how numb with cold he was by having too stiff a finger to pull the trigger of his rifle.

"It ain't shells going off and a lot of dirt flying that makes a war," he said. "It's the poor devil in the muddy trench

(Continued on Page 161)

At Last! A True JET BLACK For Home Dyeing

The First Yet Discovered for Home Use

Not* "GREY BLACK," "GREEN BLACK" *or* FADED BLACK, *but the True* JET *That Marks the Most Expensive Professional Work!

AFTER years of research, the world's leading maker of home dyes now announces a true JET BLACK for home dyeing. The same TRUE BLACK heretofore found only in the most expensive materials—or in articles dyed by the most expensive dyers.

Will you accept a package to try? Try it on that faded but cherished dress you have been thinking of discarding. Transform it into a smart lustrous black dress—chic as any of the Parisian importations. Then contrast it with any other so-called black material you have. The difference will amaze you.

The Hardest Dye for Women to Find

Every woman who has ever attempted to dye things black at home knows how impossible it has been to find a true jet black. We worked years to perfect one. Then without advertising, put it on the market. Said nothing to women about it; told them nothing. Just let them find out themselves.

Soon we received scores of letters. Women told us that never before had they seen so wonderful a black. Without advertising, its use spread from one end of America to the other.

We call it BLACK RIT*. And there is no other black like it. Compared with rival blacks, it shows TRUE BLACK against the discouraging "green blacks," "blue blacks" and faded-appearing blacks of old ways in dyeing. Please try it.

Accept 15c Package

It is quick, simple and easy to use; no extra process, no bother.

Accept a 15c package for coupon below. Find out what it does. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

RIT The JET BLACK For Home Dyeing

**Rit also comes in all the season's latest and smartest Parisian colors for home tinting and dyeing hosiery, lingerie, curtains, etc. At all drug and department stores.*

WHITE RIT

Removes dyes from colored fabrics and takes out stains and spots from white goods. HARMLESS as plain boiling water.

RIT PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. L-3
1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 4c to cover cost of packing and mailing.
Send me your full size 15c package of Black Rit.

GOOD FOR 15c PACKAGE

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Street.....

City.....State.....

Worth a million a pound..

Are they gaining or losing weight?

One out of every three school children is under-weight — therefore *under-nourished*. The chief cause—Doctors say—is improper diet. Too much super-refined foods! Too little *natural* foods that build strong, sturdy bodies and sound, robust health!

That's why Doctors today so strongly urge hot all-wheat cereal with milk. It supplies —in right proportion—the 16 vital food elements needed for health, for strength, for energy and for growth.

Wheatena is the cereal that brings you — *at no extra cost*—the priceless food materials that Nature packs into the nut-brown wheat kernel. This means not just the starch . . not just the bran . . but also the great body-building *proteins* and health-giving *vitamins*.

Equally important—Wheatena is wonderfully delicious . . easily digested . . easily prepared . . and it costs you less than 1 cent a dish to serve. Just 2 minutes of boiling and bubbling and your Wheatena is ready. For babies, longer, of course.

Send for this book today

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" was written expressly for mothers by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. It contains vital information on diet—also many attractive recipes. Only 25c brings you your copy.

Wheatena Sample FREE

☐ Check here—enclose 25c—for the book and a Wheatena sample.

☐ Check here—enclose no money—for a FREE sample of Wheatena.

Name.....

Address.....LHJ-3-29

Mail this coupon to The Wheatena Corporation
Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

WHEATENA—THE NUT-BROWN WHEAT CEREAL FOR STRENGTH, GROWTH AND ENERGY

(Continued from Page 159)

that keeps on pulling up his coat collar, thinking that'll make him a little warmer."

But it was Mr. Lew Collins who came in for the lion's share of abuse.

"He struts too much," said Mr. Bernstein. "He reminds me more of a floor-walker than a king. Kings take it simple. It's no more to them than running a cash-and-carry grocery store is to a man in the cash-and-carry grocery business."

"Blast it!" said Mr. Sully. "The public don't know that."

"Then blast the public," said Mr. Bernstein; "they'll have to learn."

Indeed, the real fight simmered down to Mr. Collins. In the first place, Mr. Bernstein made him wear a dirty uniform in the battle scenes. It was not only dirty—Mr. Collins would have stood for that—but it was worn and looked like any other officer's.

"This chap's a working king," said Bernstein; "he's got something else to do besides look handsome."

Mr. Collins said he didn't see why he had to look like a sergeant; and Mr. Bernstein replied he didn't, that sergeants almost always looked intelligent.

In the palace scenes Bernstein insisted on showing how uncomfortable a palace was. "They never heard of steam heat," he said when he forced Lew Collins, as he sat at night at work in his study, to put on a shabby dressing gown over his uniform.

He also showed the king's valet fetching up pails of hot water for His Majesty's Saturday bath.

"Nobody but Americans takes a bath every day," he stated. "That's why all the Louies in France went in for perfume."

THOUGH the original idea of the picture changed, it must be admitted that what they were doing was interesting. It ceased being a romantic, Chocolate Soldier, scarlet-and-gold-uniformed production and became instead a little country, proud and barren, where shepherds grazed their flocks on thin-grassed pastures, and wore strange clothes and sang strange melodies at night around their fires. Even the palace of the king was shabby, but impressive with the dignity of age and generations of men who had lived bravely in it and died honorably.

There was one thing, however, that Mr. Sully held out for, and that was the scene on the balcony in which the young king reviewed the troops. There should be flags and bands and pretty ladies throwing roses. The soldiers should smile up at their monarch as they passed and the monarch himself should be grand in a uniform designed by the most imaginative of military tailors.

"You owe young Collins something," said Mr. Sully, "after the rags you've made him parade around in. By the way, I caught that sandy-haired king fellow hanging around the lot today."

Bernstein favored his partner with an indifferent glance. "You did, eh?"

"Yes. I sent him packing. I'm fed up on the lot of tourist bums that get in here somehow. How's a fellow going to tell who's his own actors pretty soon?"

Mr. Bernstein made no comment.

Next day they rehearsed the parade scene.

"Good stuff!" said Sully. "The only decent stuff we've shot in the whole picture."

AND the day after, Mr. Bernstein had them do it over—differently. No bands, no pretty ladies, no roses. Just a young man on a balcony with a white face, while below him marched the soldiers who might be giving their lives the next day. He seemed like a very young man as he stood there in a colonel's uniform, very young and very much alone.

"Kingship," said Mr. Bernstein, "is a lonesome business."

"It's a damned undramatic business, too, the way you do it," snapped Mr. Sully. "By the way, I had to speak to that sandy-haired loafer again today and he told me he was here with your permission."

"Did he?" said Mr. Bernstein.

"What's more, I think he's been around this lot ever since this picture started."

"So?" said Mr. Bernstein. "Well, of course you're a great little observer."

When the picture was released there was a bad moment of apprehension. Bernstein felt it, and Sully, and especially the board of directors.

"If it's a flop we're gone," they said.

And then the press notices started. It was a triumph, a departure; no one had suspected American actors could comport themselves with such artistic restraint. What was more important, the audiences liked it. The lonely young king fired their imaginations.

"Well," said Sully when it was over, "I guess you won again, Mr. Bernstein."

Mr. Bernstein knocked the ash from his cigar. "It's a money-maker."

There was silence.

Then, "Remember that sandy-haired bozo that said he was a king?"

Mr. Bernstein nodded.

"I saw him today and he told me he had a job."

"That so?" said Bernstein

"He's going back to Sardon-whatever it is."

Again Mr. Bernstein nodded. "I reckon he's getting his old job back again. He was a little pinched for money over there, he told me."

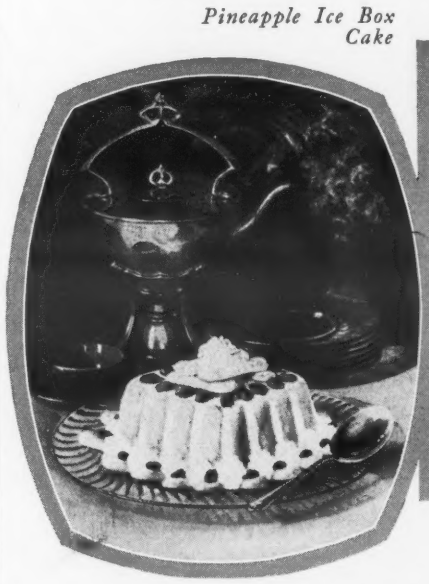
A queer light came into Mr. Sully's eye. "It's none of my business, but I'd like to know just how much you paid him."

Mr. Bernstein knocked the ash from his cigar. "Not very much—for a king."

"SAY—BELIEVE ME, YOU TWO LADS BETTER BE QUIETER OR YOU'LL WAKE MY WIFE UP"

Isn't there a Thrill in being Praised for serving "Something Special"?

Pineapple Ice Box Cake



AND isn't it also true that you are all the prouder if that special dish was easy and not too expensive to make?

Just read these two Knox Gelatine recipes. It does not seem possible that such a tempting salad and dessert could be made with such familiar, wholesome ingredients so easily. But it certainly is true.

The economy and many uses of Knox Sparkling Gelatine are indeed amazing. *One package makes four different salads or desserts of six generous servings each.* The Knox recipe books have a wealth of suggestions for every course in your menus. Best of all, Knox dishes can be prepared in your leisure time and put in your refrigerator. And because Knox Sparkling Gelatine is a pure protein it is a perfect food. When combined with wholesome ingredients of your own selection, Knox dishes promote health, in addition to delighting the taste. Wonderfully good for children.

Ask your grocer for Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Recipes are in every package. The Knox recipe books will be sent you free. When writing please give us the name of your grocer. Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 113 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

FRUIT SALAD SUPREME

(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine

½ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup lemon juice or mild vinegar
½ cup sugar
1½ cups of fresh or canned fruits
½ teaspoonful salt

Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar and stir in until dissolved. Add vinegar or lemon juice and salt. When jelly begins to thicken add fruit drained of juice—cherries, oranges, grapes, bananas or pineapple—alone or in combination. Turn into wet mold and chill. Remove from mold and serve on lettuce garnished with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing. Note—If canned fruits are used, ½ cup of fruit juice may be used in place of ½ cup boiling water.

PINEAPPLE ICE BOX CAKE

(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine

¼ cup cold water
½ can crushed pineapple
Pinch salt
¼ cup sugar
½ tablespoonful lemon juice
¾ cup cream, whipped
Lady fingers or stale sponge cake

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve over hot water and add pineapple, sugar, salt and lemon juice. Stir until all gelatine and sugar have dissolved. When it begins to thicken, beat and fold in cream or evaporated milk. Line sides and bottom of large square or round mold with lady fingers. Cover with pineapple cream mixture, then alternate cakes and cream until mold is full. Place in ice box and let stand three or four hours. Unmold on a large cake plate and garnish with whipped cream and strawberries in season.

The fresh fruits and vegetables in your market can be deliciously combined with Knox Sparkling Gelatine

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"I WON'T WAIT, I WON'T WAIT

I'm going to have my Silver Anniversary now . . . !"

STAND aside, Tradition! A venerable custom is about to be modernized! A time-worn adage—that you must wait twenty-five years for a silver anniversary—must bow and retire!

For whether it's your cotton or crystal anniversary—your wooden or woolen anniversary—you can afford to make it a *silver* anniversary! You can have twice as much silver as ever you thought your dollars could coax from a silverware counter! Twice as much silver in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate! And to prove it . . . .

Here is silverware as beautiful as any you ever saw! Every piece heavily plated with pure silver. All the most-used forks and spoons having an *extra thickness* of silverplate where the most wear comes. And every piece *guaranteed without time limit*—if (in fifteen, twenty, thirty years, or as long as you have it) this silverware fails to give satisfactory service it will be replaced. Yet . . . .

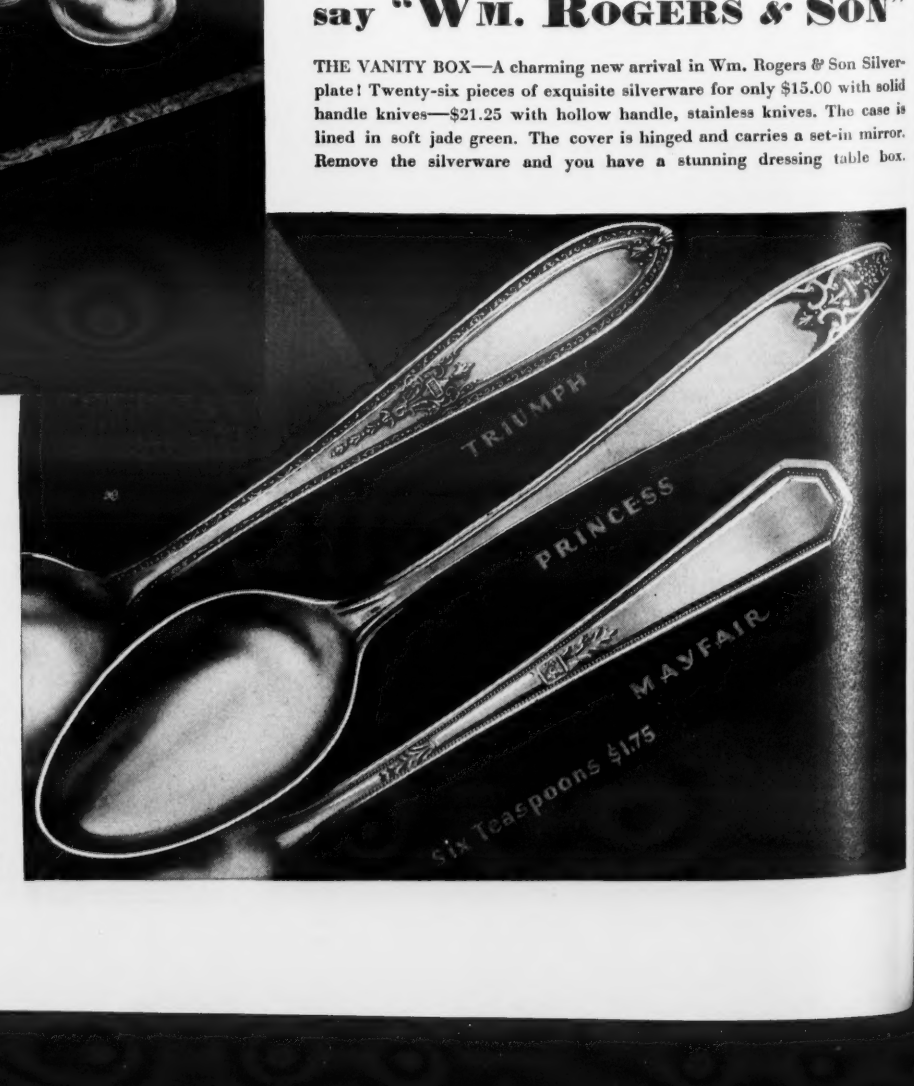
For what you would expect to pay for a 26-piece set of such silverware you can have the set *and 26 extra pieces!*

For example . . . the 26-piece set shown here costs (with solid handle knives) only $15.00—imagine it! You'd expect it to cost *twice* as much! But for what you'd expect it to cost you can have *in addition*—6 extra teaspoons, 6 butter spreaders (Butter Spreaders cost only $4.40!), 6 salad forks, 6 iced-tea spoons (only $3.25!), a gravy ladle and a cold meat fork—actually twice as much silver! You can have the 26-piece set and the *extra* pieces, too . . . the pieces no woman wants to do without . . . the pieces you need not do without *now!*

The patterns? . . . You'll adore them! Three to choose from . . . Princess, the new pattern, the most adorable pattern you've ever set eyes on! . . . the most popular new pattern of the year! And Triumph and Mayfair . . . two more winners of many a beauty contest! But when you go to your silver dealer's to see these patterns . . . when you go to make this your "Twice-As-Much" silver anniversary . . .

don't say "ROGERS" say "WM. ROGERS & SON"

THE VANITY BOX—A charming new arrival in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate! Twenty-six pieces of exquisite silverware for only $15.00 with solid handle knives—$21.25 with hollow handle, stainless knives. The case is lined in soft jade green. The cover is hinged and carries a set-in mirror. Remove the silverware and you have a stunning dressing table box.



WM. ROGERS & SON *Silverplate*

Write for "A Portfolio of Silverware Patterns"—*it shows the many sets and pieces in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate, with 26-piece sets for as little as $13.50. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.) We'll gladly send you a copy, free. Write* WM. ROGERS & SON, *Dept. L-3, Meriden, Conn.*

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Lopez Speaking

(Continued from Page 12)

In New York City, which many suppose to be too big for neighborliness, all sorts of neighborly things are done for talented young people. Not long ago a tenement community held a block party and raised money to send a boy singer to Italy for study. Every man and woman in the district, and they were all poor, gave something toward the fund for the young Caruso.

Small towns, in two cases I know, have financed girl and boy singers so that they might come on to New York for training.

Many ambitious boys and girls make sacrifices to win their own way to success. One little girl from Ohio who has come to New York to study, works in a candy shop during the day and at her lessons and practice at night. Another girl cleans the studio of her music teacher in return for lessons.

In Dr. Frank Damrosch's classes for children at the Juillard School of Music boys and girls of six and seven study musical theory, get their ears trained and finally make music themselves with bells, combs and simple instruments, some homemade.

One man in New York, a Mr. Shelton, conducts symphony concerts for children. Admission is only twenty-five cents for a child and groups from schools are let in free. Concerts are also broadcast by Mr. Shelton every Saturday morning.

Compulsory Music Instruction

EVERY day the mothers and fathers of talented children write or come to see me. One little boy in whose musical future I take the greatest possible interest lives in Maine. His father is his teacher, and after they heard my orchestra over the radio, they wrote to me to ask advice.

"My dad is certainly a swell teacher," Billy confided, but dad said that he feared Billy was a partial judge.

"When I was a boy," he wrote, "I always wanted to be a musician, but we were New England farmers and there was no money to spend on lessons. Even if there had been, I guess the family would have thought I was crazy. Now Billy comes along and he's just the way I was—crazy about music. I'm going to see that he has a chance, even though there's not much more money than when I was a kid."

So dad plugs along, teaching Billy all he knows and saving every cent he can for his boy's education. And every week or so he writes to ask my help on some ticklish point. Some day Billy will make good.

"I got a birthday trip to New York and came to see you first of all," a pretty little fourteen-year-old girl from Arkansas announced from the door of my studio the other day. Her mother, who was with her, says that Jean is determined to be a jazz pianist and I think she will be one, for she plays very well. I told her to work to develop a style of her own, for that is very important to a jazz pianist.

Not long ago an Italian woman brought her little girl to my studio. The mother and child walked all the way from the East Side to save carfare and both wore dresses that had been patched and mended. But they didn't mind that and never dreamed of apologizing. All they thought of was music. The little girl could hardly take her eyes off the piano and after she had played for me, she and her mother went off in the corner to cry because I told them that I believed the little girl had talent and perhaps even genius.

Many foreign-born children are musical, but few of them can play jazz. That's where the American-born child scores. A jazz player is born, not made—and born nearly always in America!

In Germany chairs of jazz have been put into some of the music schools. I cannot say that I go so far as to advocate chairs of jazz, but I do feel that you children should be taught the good points as well as the bad ones of the only music which is distinctively your country's own.

And I do not see why you should not know that the talented among you, if you apply yourselves and make the most of good training, may—if you care to do it—earn your living comfortably and even respectably as jazz artists some day.

Do not think, though, that a jazz player reclines on habitual beds of flowery ease. Quite the contrary. The preliminary groundwork, knowledge and practice I have already emphasized are only the beginning of the strenuous life that must be yours. Always you must be untiring at rehearsals, routine, invention and experimentation. Above all, you must know music.

In this advanced day you cannot afford to be like the leader of early times of whom an amusing story went the rounds.

This leader at a rehearsal of his band said to his men, "Now play pianissimo when I go off stage." Pianissimo, you know, means "very softly." In obedience to instructions the men began to play very softly as soon as the conductor had vanished into the wings.

Immediately he came rushing back, so angry he could only splutter.

"What do you mean by playing jokes?" he shouted, as soon as he could speak. "I told you to play pianissimo, didn't I?"

"But we were doing that."

"What? Was that pianissimo you were playing then?" he asked.

Everybody nodded. The leader mopped his brow, waved his baton and roared, "Well, then I didn't want you to play that way. Try fortissimo. Double fortissimo."

This time the band brayed, blared, outdid itself, every man as loud as he could, and the leader was pleased. All the time he meant them to play loudly but he didn't know musical terms.

If I were to be given one wish for every child in America, it would be that each might have a chance at a course of twelve music lessons which should be incorporated as part of the compulsory curriculum in all the public schools along with the three R's.

You Must Practice

AT SIX years of age boy and girl alike should begin instruction in the fundamentals of music. The first of the twelve lessons should be largely visual. The pupils should be taught what the symbols of music look like—the notes, the staff, the bass and treble clefs, a scale, an arpeggio, a chord, and so on.

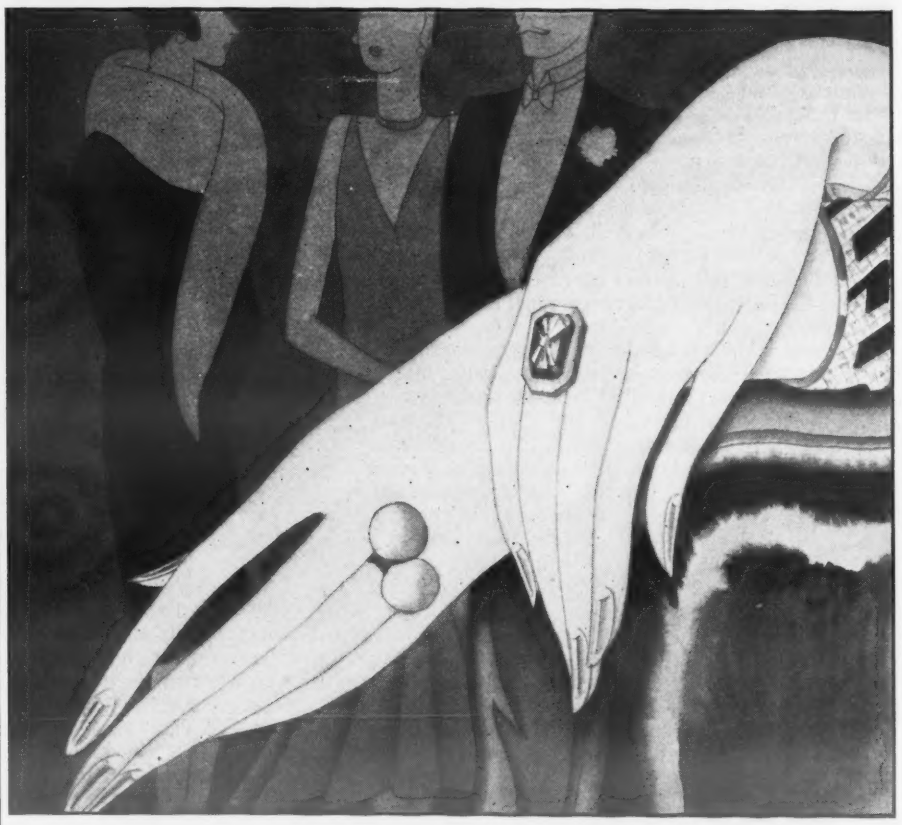
Every child should know these first steps of music as he knows the alphabet and should be able to read notes as he reads his native language. After the visual instruction should come the scales and five-finger exercises and lessons in keys. The piano is the best starting point, for it sets the fundamentals better than any other instrument.

I believe in class piano instruction for the public schools, not merely to pick out and develop talent but chiefly to give all children a basis for the eventual appreciation of music as played by others.

When the first twelve lessons have been thoroughly studied and learned, there will be time enough to decide whether the child shows enough aptitude and ability to go further with instruction in private. At least the groundwork is established and the foundation for a life love and appreciation of music.

And that, as I sign off today, is what I'm hoping for you children who may have tuned in—that you will love music and cherish it as long as you live. Meantime, if you really want to play jazz well, don't forget that you must practice!

NOW
NATURAL GLEAM
is the NEW *nail fashion*



Smart women have abandoned artificial looking nail tints. Instead, an entirely new type of nail loveliness is now the fashion—*natural gleam*, given in an instant by Glazo.

The soft shimmer of Glazo Liquid Polish is neither too deep nor too pale—just a natural, soft brilliance! So adorning to any woman's nails and hands! So new and correct!

This exquisite polish was created for women by Edna Albert, one of America's foremost business women. She searched the exclusive toilet goods shops of Paris for a truly distinguished nail polish—brought back a secret formula and then perfected it in her own laboratories. That is Glazo—the loveliest, most sophisticated, and now most popular, of all liquid polishes.

A "nail sheath" thin as silk

A brush flick, and Glazo gives a lustrous "nail sheath" which is mirror-smooth, glinting with the light.

And this dainty nail sheath lasts a week. Glazo never peels, shreds, turns brown. Its delicate lustre does not dull in spots. It spreads on evenly and instantly, without that thick, gummy look. See for yourself how much prettier your hands look when your nails have the *natural gleam* of Glazo. At all toilet goods counters, in clever twin bottles—Glazo Polish and Remover—50c. Or send ten cents for generous triple sample set, including the new cuticle oil—use the coupon below!

The Glazo Company
551—5th Ave.,
New York, N. Y. — Natural — Deep Shade

I enclose 10 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish, remover and cuticle oil). Shade checked above. Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

903

GLAZO

Illustrated by Earle Kirkbride

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

THE Sub-Deb—and even her debutante sister, we venture to predict—will be certain to want one or more of these four smart, highly becoming little frocks in her spring wardrobe. We are sorry we cannot offer you patterns for them, but they are not difficult to copy with the aid of the illustrations and a brief description. The originals came to us for the Sub-Deb page from Biarritz. You will remember that Biarritz also supplied the models for the sports scarfs we showed you last month.

The frocks were all shown in light colors for seashore wear, but the designs lend themselves equally well to darker shades and warmer materials for school. However, perhaps some of you will want them for an Easter vacation in the South, and so we are going to tell you how they looked on the shore at one of the most delightful and popular holiday spots in Europe.

The dress at the left-hand side of the page was originally made up in pale green crêpe de chine, with a black-and-green crêpe scarf and belt—the latter fastened with a gold buckle. The front opening is "festoon" embroidery, which is like the familiar buttonhole stitch and very easy to do. Notice the two slit pockets so unusually placed, just below and above the line of the belt. The festoon embroidery—which is in the same shade of green as the dress—also finishes the sleeve openings.

The frock at top-center of the page, although shown here in green, was originally designed in pale yellow crêpe, with plastron belt and cuffs in cellulaine—a fine wool. The buckle is of gold. Godets in the front of the skirt give fullness; the back is plain.

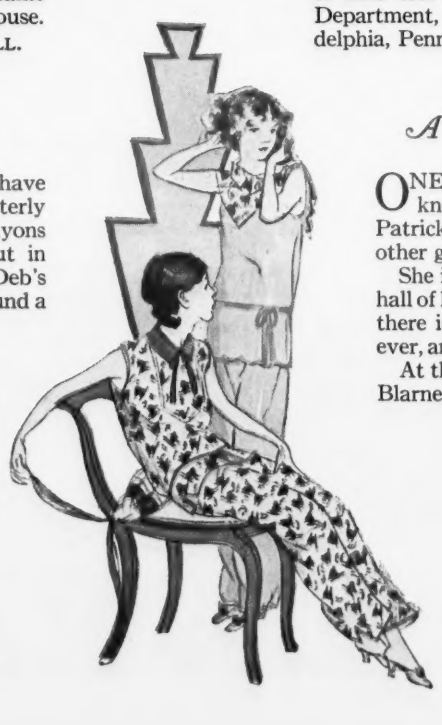
At the right of the page, the upper figure is wearing a two-piece flannel dress—the model designed for Biarritz being of white flannel, very smart with its finishing of red-and-blue braid. The belt is of blue braid with a steel buckle. The unusual feature of the original design is that the braid down the front, the right-hand side of the neck, the right shoulder line, right cuff and right side of the skirt are all red, but the left side is trimmed with blue. The effect is distinctive and individual.

The two-piece jersey frock under the one just described was worn at Biarritz in a pale shade of tan, the trimming at waistline and sleeves being of red and blue crêpe de chine. The crêpe de chine belt follows the same design at the back of the overblouse.

—MARGUERITE ASPINWALL.

Printed Lingerie

PROBABLY never before have there been such lovely, utterly captivating printed silks, rayons and cottons as are spread out in the shops today for the Sub-Deb's choice. And today she has found a quite new and original use for them too. She has discovered that they make not only charming frocks but lingerie that combines smartness and becomingness, with the added advantage of being easily laundered, since it is made up in patterns requiring neither lace, embroidery nor ribbon trimming. The gay designs and colors of the prints themselves are decorative enough.



Here we are showing two pajamas—variations of the same pattern—which any girl would adore owning. One, as you see, is made entirely of a new silk showing a tricky little design of cats and mice leaping gayly over a cream ground. There is a turnover, boyish collar of plain green-silk crêpe, with a narrow tie belt to match. The other pajamas are of plain green crêpe de chine, with a becoming three-cornered scarf and a tie belt of the printed silk.

Of course if you prefer a flowered print to one showing even the prankiest of animals, you will have a wide choice of enchanting designs. Paris is showing step-ins of printed crêpe de chine in various pastel shades that are far smarter than the lace-trimmed and beribboned kind with which we are all familiar. And as for the printed nightgowns, negligees and straight-line kimonos—— Instead of tantalizing you by telling you just how new and delightful they are, we have tried to work out some way to let you actually see them. Since there isn't room on the Sub-Deb page itself, we finally decided to have a booklet made, showing groups of gay youngsters wearing the new designs. There will be descriptions of many of the printed silks, the rayons and the cottons, from which you can pick what seems to you to fit your particular style, coloring and taste. Pattern numbers will be given for all the sketches, too, and they will be simple enough to make them yourselves, if you like to sew.

It would be rather good fun, wouldn't it, to have some jolly little sewing afternoons when a group of your best friends can get together and help each other work out the new designs?

At any rate, you will certainly want to see the booklet to decide how you like this latest, most amusing fad in underthings. All you need do is to send four cents in stamps to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A Blarney-Stone Party

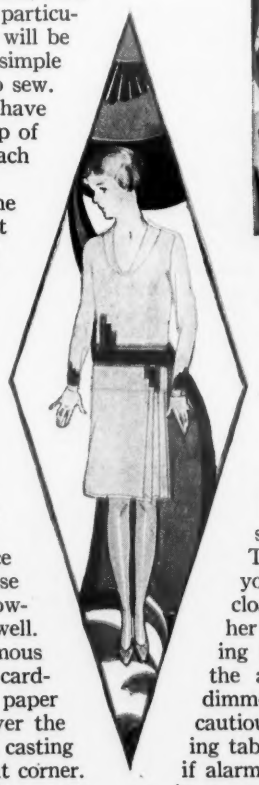
ONE resourceful young Sub-Deb we know is planning such an amusing St. Patrick's party that we are going to let other girls in on the secret.

She is planning to use the wide entrance hall of her home for the main events, because there is little furniture to be moved. However, any good-size room will serve equally well.

At the far end of the hall will be the famous Blarney stone itself—a big rock made of cardboard covered with gray tissue paper and green paper moss—and over the stone will hang a green lantern, casting a weird and ghostly light in that corner. To reach the stone, however, the guests must cross a real Irish bog, on stepping-stones. The stepping-stones will be round disks of green blotting paper, each one just large enough for one foot to rest on, while the boy or girl balances the other foot precariously in midair. There are to be dozens of these green stepping-stones, but one must follow a very intricate path across the bog, since if one steps on a green stone in front of which is a red chalk mark on the floor, the guest can proceed no farther in that direction, but must circle around, or retreat and try another route. After each guest has taken three steps from the starting point by the door, a second girl or boy will follow; and so if one comes to a red barrier, often it is impossible to retreat for the reason that the stepping-stones just behind are already occupied. In this case the unlucky player must drop out, and wait his turn to make a fresh start.

Arrived finally at the Blarney stone, he will find a shamrock-shaped opening cut in the cardboard, over which hangs a small green sign, reading: "Put in your right hand and learn the future!" The stone, of course, will be open on the other side, and the hostess concealed behind a curtain, waiting to place in each groping hand a small green-cardboard shamrock on which an appropriate rimed "fortune" is written.

The next event will be a soap-bubble contest, using Irish clay pipes—the entire company standing about a card table which has been covered with a linoleum cover lined off in three-inch squares and thoroughly soaped. Every other square is marked with a number from one to twenty-five, and the player who succeeds in dropping an unbroken bubble from his pipe onto a numbered square adds that number to his score. This isn't an easy stunt, and is provocative of a decidedly hilarious half hour. A prize will of course be awarded the guest with the highest score. The evening is to end with an original game, not so unlike the old-fashioned charades, but with a new quirk. This is to be a mystery playlet—mostly in pantomime—in



which half the company are to take part, while the other half act as audience and try to guess the puzzle. The play is to be called the Lost Blarney Stone—the Blarney stone in this case being a supposedly valuable emerald pendant—a big green-glass bead, the bigger the better, as this makes the game more difficult. The room is divided equally into stage and audience, but no curtains are needed, the turning off and on of the lights at the stage end being sufficient.

The play will open with the return of a pretty young bride from a dance. She flings off evening cloak, yawns, unclasps an emerald pendant from her neck, and flings it down on an improvised dressing table, the emerald itself being out of sight of the audience. She leaves the room. Lights are dimmed except for one on table; burglar enters, prowls cautiously about room, fingering over articles on dressing table. He leaves by window, and maid enters, as if alarmed by noise. Various characters are to enter in succession: the bride's husband, several guests who have heard the commotion, and finally the bride herself. The game demands that half the number of players must touch the emerald and either pass it to another player or hide it in a new place—of course without being detected by anyone in the audience. At the end of the playlet the audience

(Continued on Page 166)

There will be only ONE car like this in your community

REO ANNOUNCES

—a special limited edition of Flying Cloud THE MASTER

On the first of each month, beginning with March, every Reo Flying Cloud dealer will get his usual quota of cars—*plus one car more.*

This car, each month, will be an absolutely individual creation—a limited *de luxe* edition of Flying Cloud *the Master.* It will be upholstered in a special fabric never before used in motor cars. This fabric, made by Cheney Brothers, will be designed and woven solely for this car. The color scheme of the body will be in perfect harmony with the upholstery—an *ensemble* created by one of the foremost stylists in the country.

The Reo "Car of the Month" for March is shown here. Each dealer will be allotted *one*—no more. Each dealer will sell *one*—no more. In the very large cities a few additional cars will be available . . . but even there the number will be definitely limited.

The woman who purchases this "Car of the Month" will have an individual car in the truest sense. Only rarely will she meet its duplicate on the high road . . . It will be priced at only a hundred dollars more than the regular sport sedan of Reo Flying Cloud *the Master.*

If you do not know the name of your Reo dealer write or wire to the
Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan.

This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers exclusively for the Reo "Car of the Month"

FOR MARCH

THE REO FLYING CLOUD OF THE MONTH

New and Finer OLSON RUGS

Picture this colorful rug in your home. Famous Persian pattern.

Reversible

Made from Your Old Rugs and Clothing

At Small Cost

Picture these lovely, up-to-date rugs in your *own* home. Nothing to equal them has ever before been made by anyone from old materials. They are the sensation of the year, with *Patented* features other manufacturers would give a lot to secure.

Over a million women, from all over the United States, have already taken advantage of our *Money Saving Invitation*. Let us show *you* how you, too, can beautify your home with these colorful new rugs at *Half* the price you had expected to pay. Simply mail us a postcard or the coupon below with your name and address, and we will send you our Free Book in beautiful colors, "*Home Decorating—Inexpensively*," and full information.

This book describes how your old carpets, rugs and clothing are *shredded* until all fibres are entirely separated.

These fibres are then *scoured, steamed, carded, combed* and *bleached* into soft, downy wool that looks just like wool right off the sheep's back. This wool is *spun* into rug yarn (*double twisted* for extra durability), wound into *skeins*, expertly *dyed*, and *woven* on our power looms into *new* reversible, seamless Olson Duo-Velvety Rugs (*any size*) that have the rich, closely woven appearance of store rugs costing twice our price.

WE PAY TRANSPORTATION charges from all states, as stated in book. Every order completed in A WEEK.

Mail coupon or postcard to Dept. C-65, Chicago

OLSON RUG COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
Branches in other large cities also

If you mail Coupon

—we will send you our new FREE book, "*Home Decorating—Inexpensively*," that shows 30 modern rooms in colors and tells how you, too, can save *Half* on your new rugs.

30 New Patterns—Trial Offer!

Oriental, Two-toned, Modernistic, Hooked and Oval patterns to choose from—taupes, new grey blues, grey greens, moles, tans, browns, mulberrys, old rose, dark taupes, Persian gold—all the newest colors. We guarantee to satisfy you. If you do not think Olson Rugs the biggest value you ever received, return them to us within a week at our expense and we will *Pay You* for your materials. "*OUR 55TH YEAR.*"

Worth $10 to $20 to Any Woman
WHO HAS OLD MATERIAL AROUND THE HOUSE

30 rooms in colors

Mail to OLSON RUG CO., Dept. C-65, 32 Laflin St., CHICAGO
Gentlemen: Send me your new Book, Samples, Trial Offer, New Low Prices and full information, FREE and all postage paid:—

NAME..... TOWN.....
ADDRESS..... STATE..... **FREE**

©O. R. C. 1929

(Continued from Page 164)

must guess, in turn, which of the players actually handled the stone, and where it is now hidden. Each wrong guess counts a point for the actors and each correct one scores for the audience. The person who finally locates the missing jewel wins the first prize, and all sorts of foolish little green favors are to be handed about to the side scoring the greatest number of points altogether.

Note—Several attractive St. Patrick's menus are given on page 93 which would be suitable for the supper served at the end of the evening.

Colorful Closets

IN THESE days the daintiest and most attractive part of a girl's room is her closet. Interior decorators are "doing closets" on contract, from the floors up, and finding it a very popular part of their work.

These pajamas, No. 6042, shown in greater detail and with fabric suggestions on page 164, are designed for ages 14 and 16, and sizes 36 to 44.

The fun of attractive closets for any girl lies not in turning them over to a decorator to do for her, but in planning and doing them herself. A closet is a small enough room with which to experiment without becoming unduly tired. And because it is so small and shut away from the rest of the bedroom, even the walls can be treated independently from the outer bedroom. From bedrooms which are finished in rough plaster we can open into closets done in chintz-figured paper.

Wall coverings are now available which can be put on like paper, yet they are washable to the extent that they can be scrubbed with soap and water. Of course they are more expensive than paper, but they come in lovely patterns. Very inexpensive wall papers may be used and shellacked for a wear-resisting surface which can be wiped with a damp cloth to freshen. If this is done, choose a very gay bright paper, for the coating of shellac will subdue the colors a shade.

Boxes for hats and shoes are covered with the same wall paper and then shellacked for service. They are made so that the lid is part of the permanent box, and the front of the box is hinged to drop down, allowing the contents of the box to be easily removed.

When the shelf room or floor space of the closet is very limited, a tier of boxes may be made in lightweight lumber and painted as desired, or covered with paper and shellacked, giving you the comfort of having a place for everything. And such a pretty place!

Every closet needs a pole firmly fitted into the hanger strip for the easy care of dresses, for then they hang straight and free from one another. Hangers are painted to match the color scheme of the closet, or they may be purchased very inexpensively in a variety of colors.

Can you imagine a blue-green painted shelf with a glazed-chintz edge of apricot, trimmed with a ruffle of the blue-green glazed chintz? If so, you know how inviting that shelf is for use. Dresses have covers made from glazed gauze bound with bias tape to match. Glazed chintz may also be used for dress coverings.

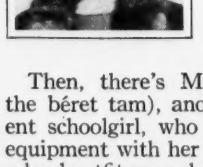
—NENA WILSON BADENOCH.

More Money for Every One of You!

ARE you a girl who keeps seeing and longing for a bright hat or a tricky scarf? Do you look forward to class parties and gay little "treats" all of which call for extra money? . . . But are you also a girl whose purse never seems to be overflowing at the right moment—the moment when you need money? Mary Markwood, above, was one of those "wanting" girls before she joined The Girls' Club and became an "earning" girl.

But now she writes that she has plenty of extra money for pretty clothes and good times. (Are pretty clothes *your* hobby?)

And smiling Virginia Jackson, within one month, deposited $34.00 in her college fund. "*I earned all those Club dollars in my spare time after school and on Saturdays*," she writes. "I feel so grateful for that check which gave my college fund such a boost!" (Do you dream of school days?)



Then, there's Mariana McGinty (in the béret tam), another jolly, independent schoolgirl, who is buying Girl Scout equipment with her Club dollars. In her school outfit are a charming pen and pencil won as prizes. "*Earning in The Girls' Club is so easy*," she confides. (Would you earn for Scout equipment, school needs too?)

Time to Join!

HOW about joining a Club in which merry schoolgirls . . . Girl Scouts . . . 4-H Club girls from all over the country earn their own money in an easy way?

Banjo ukes, sports watches and desk sets that come along as prizes also add to the pleasantness of this interesting work. . . . Doesn't it sound worth while? *It is!* That's why we want you to join us *now*, so that you won't miss any more good times.

Just dash off this note on a card or in a letter: Dear Manager: I'd like to earn money and win prizes too. Then I'll speed the details on their way to you. Please tell me your age, also. Address:

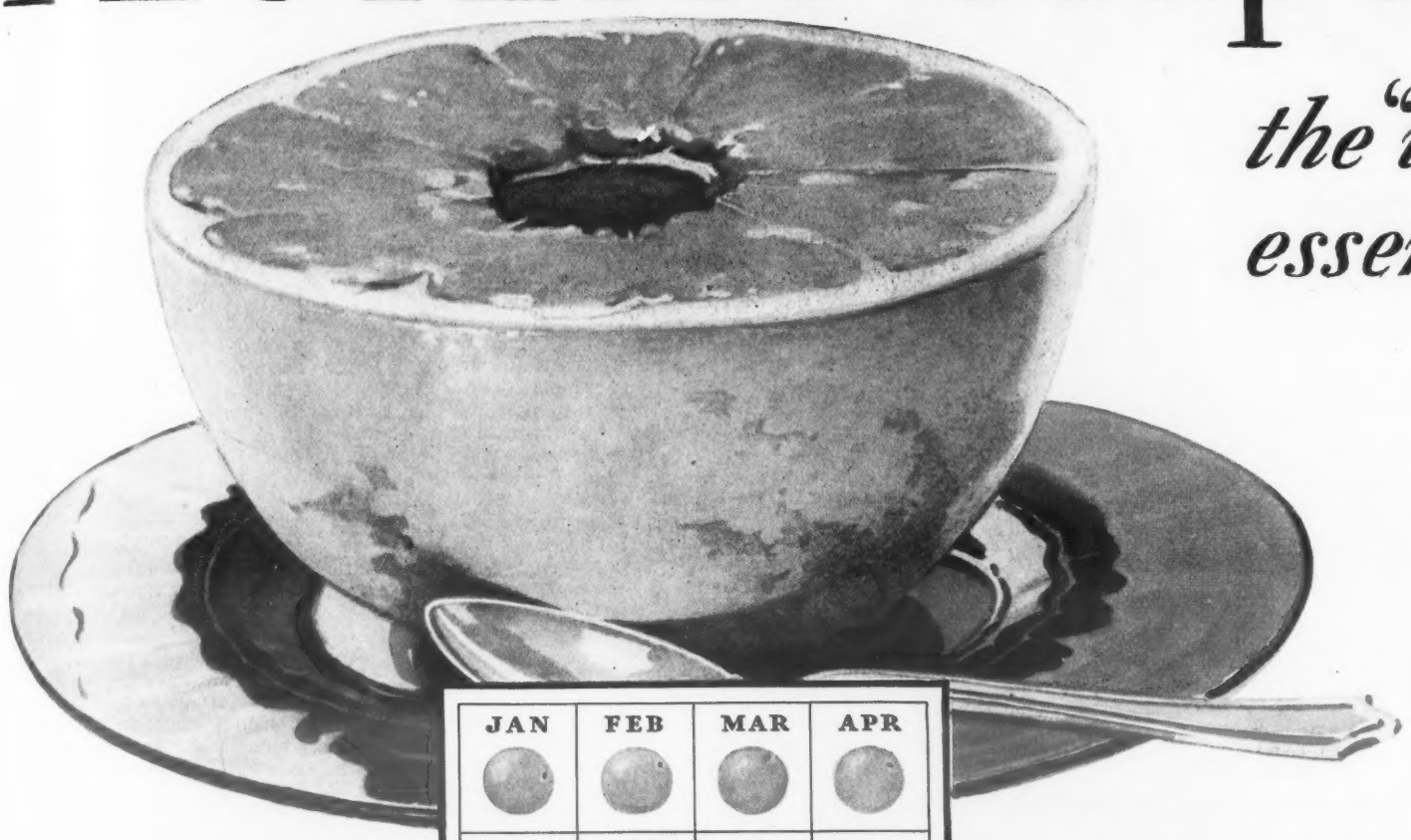
Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
932 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Patterns may be secured from stores selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, from Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th St., New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Lingerie, 35 cents.

Ward off *colds* with FLORIDA Grapefruit

the "winter essential"



JAN	FEB	MAR	APR
●	●	●	●
MAY	**JUN**	**JUL**	**AUG**
●	X	X	X
SEP	**OCT**	**NOV**	**DEC**
X	X	●	●

X—These are the months of vitamin abundance—the vitamins are easy now.
O—These are the months of vitamin famine—eat and drink Florida Grapefruit daily to protect health.

Eat it—drink it—it protects health during the low-vitamin months—combats acidity—builds up the alkaline reserve that helps prevent colds, grippe, "flu."

THIS winter, ward off colds, grippe, influenza, and that general don't-feel-so-well condition which invites so many ills. Do it with grapefruit!

For grapefruit is one of the best known ways to build up the alkaline reserve that helps prevent these sicknesses. Grapefruit juice creates an alkaline condition in the system—it counterbalances the acid-forming foods which are the usual diet of the winter months, the meats, starches, sweets. It is one of the surest ways known to maintain the alkalinity that the body must have for health.

And grapefruit is one of the world's richest sources of the vitamins and mineral salts that build up the general condition of the body. In the summer, vitamins are easy to get—fresh vegetables and fruits are abundant, cheap. But doctors now warn that special thought must be given to the low-vitamin months of winter and early spring. That is why medical authorities now urge everybody to eat or drink grapefruit two or three times every day when fresh vegetables are scarce. It is a "winter essential" for everybody!

Florida Grapefruit — sweetest, richest in vitamins!

The best grapefruit you can get come from Florida. Florida Grapefruit are ripened right on the tree, in Florida sun until they are bursting with sweet, sparkling juice.

Florida Grapefruit come in various sizes, with "bright," "golden," or "russet" skin—but there's no difference in juiciness or sweetness. The old fable that "russets" are juicier and sweeter hasn't the slightest truth—all Florida Grapefruit are equally delightful in juice and taste.

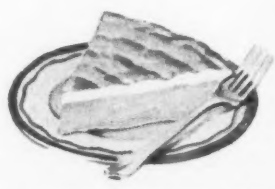
Serve this "winter essential" two or three times a day

Serve grapefruit more often! A half for breakfast is not enough. Your family should have Florida Grapefruit, in some form, twice or three times a day from November through May.

And there are so many refreshing, original ways to serve it. Dozens of salads, of delightful fruit cups, desserts, and appetizers can be quickly and economically made with the plump, gently tart sections of Florida Grapefruit as a base.

And the newest way is to drink grapefruit juice—morning, at lunch, and in-between-times. Doctors highly recommend this, for scientific analysis shows the vital health properties of grapefruit are all in the juice. Such a welcome change! So cool and refreshing! Children love Florida Grapefruit Juice. Give it to them as often as they want—it's the best health safeguard you can provide. For them, for adults—Florida Grapefruit is a "winter essential" for health.

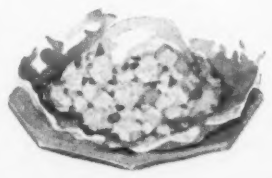
This advertisement is sponsored by the Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association, an organization of growers and shippers of Florida Grapefruit, Florida Oranges and Florida Tangerines. The Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association, Winter Haven, Florida.



GRAPEFRUIT MERINGUE PIE

1 cup sugar
5 tablespoons corn-starch
½ teaspoon salt
Grated rind 1 lemon
1¼ cups boiling water
3 eggs
½ tablespoon butter
¾ cup grapefruit juice
¼ cup lemon juice
Baked pie shell

Mix and proceed as in lemon meringue pie.



GRAPEFRUIT-DATE SALAD

1 cup diced grapefruit
1½ cups chopped stoned dates
1 cup diced pineapple pulp
1 cup chopped Brazil nuts
Whipped cream mayonnaise

Mix ingredients. Add mayonnaise. Arrange on lettuce covered plates.

GRAPEFRUIT WHEEL SALAD

Grapefruit, oranges, green peppers, French dressing. Prepare fruit sections without losing shape. For each portion arrange 5 grapefruit sections and 5 orange sections alternately in circular form on lettuce-covered plates. Cut small circles of peppers for center "hub" and use five narrow strips of pepper as "spokes." Add dressing.

FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT

the *"winter essential"*

SEE WHAT YOU BUY
• • BUY IN GLASS

A daughter
. . . tells her mother

Anne's philosophy of housekeeping is as cheerful as Anne's gay kitchen. Take this business of cooking, she tells her mother—while she puts away jars of luscious jam—it's simple when you know how.

Mother is truly impressed. She has found it wise to take her modern daughters seriously. This newer generation is so very wide-awake . . .

Anne cites glass-packed foods as a striking example. They look so appetizing through their shining crystal walls. And glass-packed foods taste as good as they look! Brimming with rich, wholesome flavor! So why, Anne demands of her mother, spend tedious hours over a hot stove, preserving jellies and fruits, making relishes and such—when foods packed in glass . . . in up-to-the-minute factories . . . are so delicious tasting, so economical to buy?

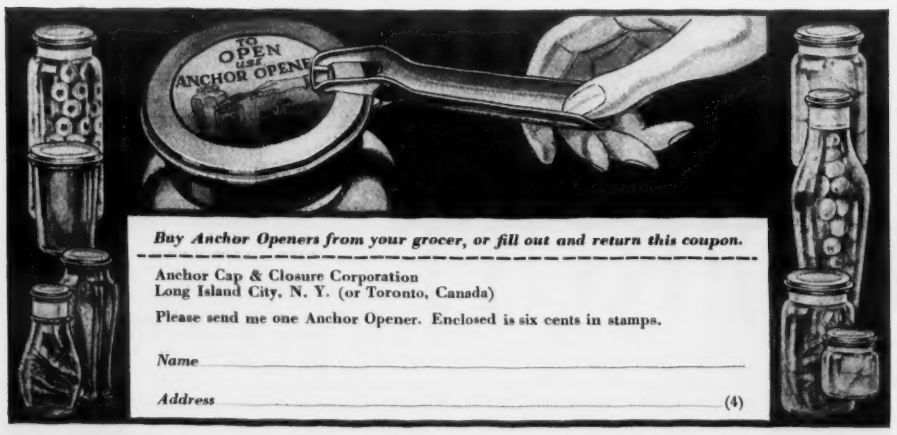
And Anne, clever housewife that she is, looks for Anchor C Caps . . . those sturdy golden seals that keep air-tight and safe for her the finest glass-packed foods.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK **TORONTO, CANADA**

ANCHOR CAPS . . . VERY EASY TO REMOVE

OPENING INSTRUCTIONS: Use your hook bottle opener or an Anchor Opener. Place the hook well under the edge of the cap and lift up gently at several points.



Buy Anchor Openers from your grocer, or fill out and return this coupon.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation
Long Island City, N. Y. (or Toronto, Canada)

Please send me one Anchor Opener. Enclosed is six cents in stamps.

Name _____

Address _____ (4)

A Hoot for Social Position

(Continued from Page 21)

them was there to make a speech of introduction to, I commenced to look around for Miss Fortune, who was to of had my speech all written out for me. But Miss Fortune hadn't yet put in a showing, so there was nothing for me to do only tell Grimes to go get the guest of honor and hope for the best.

But I needn't of worried about that introduction speech, on account the very minute the lady appeared on the landing of the big marble staircase all the other ladies, of which there was by now almost a hundred present, seemed to realize who she was. There was something in the way she stood there that got over.

WITH her hair combed and her dress tidied and her general looks refreshed, she was a kind of slightly younger edition of Queen Mary of England, and you know how aristocratic she looks in spite of being dressed as she pleases. Well, this author was the same. I held up my hand.

"Ladies," I says, "I am not going to attempt to make a regular introduction. In fact, I'm not able to do so; words—and the secretary—fail me. So all I'm going to say is, 'Here she is!'"

Well, that got quite a hand, and in another second Mrs. Slough was mobbed. They didn't give her a chance to say a word, hardly, on account they was so busy talking to her about their own personal selves. This went even for the great Mrs. Withington.

"You know I write a little myself," says Mrs. Withington. "I can't give much time to it, of course, but I've written a poem on Lindbergh's flight to Paris. I'd like to send you a copy, if I may."

"Oh, do!" said Mrs. Slough. "So nice of you. And perhaps you would be interested in my books?"

"Most deeply!" says Mrs. Withington.

And then another lady butted in. "Oh, I do so want to ask you," she breathed—"do you work by inspiration, or do your people just come to you?"

"I usually get them out of the telephone directory," says Mrs. Slough. "Don't laugh—I do, really."

"Have you ever written any scenarios?" another lady wanted to know. "I have," she went on before Mrs. Slough could give an answer. "I have written dozens, but nobody will buy them."

"I have a volume on that very subject," said Mrs. Slough seriously. "You should buy it—I understand it is excellent."

"I'll get it at once," says the lady.

THEN a female who had been impatiently waiting chucked the first one out the way by main force and shoved herself into the wedge. "What do you think of America?" she shouted as soon as she could.

And that's the way it went all the first half of the afternoon, the women tossing poor Mrs. Slough around from one to the other, telling her about how good they would be at writing books themselves, if they cared to take the time off to do it, and all like that. The party was a knockout, and I was walking about on air, tickled to death with everything, including myself, when all at once who would I see making her way excitedly through the crowd only Miss Fortune, the club secretary.

"Isn't it too bad!" she says. "Mrs. Slough can't come! I was waiting at the depot with your car, for the train was late, when the station master handed me this." She laid a telegram in front of me, and for a moment I thought I was going batty while I read it.

IN BED WITH BAD ATTACK GRIPPE STOP DOCTOR ABSOLUTELY FORBIDS ATTENDANCE STOP DEEP REGRETS

MARY H. SLOUGH

"But Miss Fortune," I says, "she's here—Mrs. Slough has been here for over an hour! There she is this minute, talking to Mrs. Withington again!"

Miss Fortune took a look. "That woman?" she snapped. "What? Why, that's nothing but a book agent who was at my house this very morning!"

Well, naturally my first feeling was that I would like to electrocute Miss Fortune for coming in like that and crabbing my entire act, and that impostor along with her. I felt the two of them had conspired to ruin me, and that death was too good for them. Then in another moment certain facts begun to register in my head—commencing with the way I had grabbed hold of the guest of honor and cast her for the part my own personal self.

"Go on, do something!" said Miss Fortune in my ear. "Or shall I?"

"No, no!" I says. "I'll fix it somehow." I commenced moving toward the little group which surrounded the heroine of the day. I didn't know how I was going to act, but I needn't of worried. By the time I had traveled the length of the set I could see that something had already broke.

"What?" Mrs. Withington was saying. "You didn't write Too Weak? Of course you did!"

"But I assure you I never wrote a word in my life," said my guest. "However, I can get you a copy, if you care to order it."

THERE was a moment of silence, which Mrs. Withington smashed. "You can order me nothing!" says she, red in the face. "Who are you anyway?"

"Why, I'm the authorized agent for the Naugh Publishing Company," says the other, her voice and manner getting quieter, as Mrs. Withington's grew vice versa. "We can get you any book you want at half price if you subscribe to our Naugh's History of the World in ten volumes, price seventy dollars in real leather, fifty dollars in cloth, installment plan if you so desire. In other words, I am the book agent whom our hostess very kindly kept on to amuse you ladies. I have my proper credentials, of course."

"Outrageous!" says Mrs. Withington. "If this is a joke I don't call it funny. To think I have been kowtowing to a common book agent!"

"Wait a minute!" I says, breaking in. "There's nothing common about this lady, it's all a mistake, let me explain ——"

"I've heard quite enough already," says Mrs. Withington. "Will you please call my car at once!"

Everybody took their cue from Mrs. Withington; and after that, try and explain—just try, that's all!

And it didn't take long before I was left alone in the big room that looked as if a cyclone had struck it, and in a way it had. I was just commencing to wonder what had become of the cyclone center herself, when she appeared in the doorway.

"I am just going, Miss Sunshine," she says quietly. "May I speak to you a moment first?"

"Of course!" I says. "Come in and sit down a minute."

SHE accepted. "I wanted to try and express how infinitely sorry I am for what occurred," she said, "and to assure you that there was no intentional deceit on my part."

"Certainly I believe you; why wouldn't I?" I says. "I know a real woman when I see one. If any apologizing is to be done I am the one should be doing it. Now tell me some about yourself."

Well, it seems where her name was Mrs. Grenoble-Vance, and she was English all right, and her husband was a invalid, and she had been supporting him by selling these darned books, but she wasn't so very lucky at it on account it was her first try at work of any kind.

(Continued on Page 170)

© 1929,

Bubbling with Health

—thanks to the next best milk to Nature's own

Lucky the babe that gets the one best start in life—at its mother's breast.

But lucky, too, those that are getting the *next* best start, on the very next best milk to Nature's own—protected from the early ills and upsets that wring the heartstrings of so many mothers of "bottle babies."

Do you know what has been found to be the "very next best" milk for these little ones? It is called unsweetened evaporated milk—or, if you would rather remember a simpler name, you may know it as Carnation Milk.

It is the next best milk for two all-important reasons. Because it most nearly matches the perfect digestibility of mother's milk. And because it is absolutely pure and safe—just clean, rich whole milk with part of the natural water removed, all the food values left in, and *nothing* added.

Carnation Milk is "homogenized"—forced through almost invisibly small openings to break the butter-fat globules into particles as tiny as those of mother's milk.

Because of this and of the heat of thorough sterilization, this milk forms curds marvelously like those of mother's milk—soft, flaky, easily digested by the most delicate baby stomach.

So, some very eminent pediatricians—baby specialists—now prescribe unsweetened evaporated milk in preference to milk in any other form. And they are having astonishing success with it—with babies that could never digest ordinary milk, and with normal, healthy ones as well.

They find this milk absolutely safe—free from all bacteria. They find it high in food value—and uniformly so, with equal richness in every can aiding exact diet regulation. They find it rich in minerals that build strong bones and teeth.

And they find in it all the vitamins that *any* milk can be depended upon to supply. Only the usual supplements are needed, such as orange juice and cod liver oil. . . .

Let *your* baby nurse vigorous health from its bottle of unsweetened evaporated milk—Carnation Milk. We say Carnation because we know you can trust *utterly* the goodness and purity of this time-proved milk "From Contented Cows."

Send for this mother-saving invention

Carnation feedings are wonderfully easy to prepare, for this sterilized milk needs no boiling or pasteurizing. And now you may enjoy an added convenience—the *Little Fairy Bottle-Warmer*, pictured below.

You connect it to any 110-volt A.C. light socket. At night have it right beside your bed—sleep peacefully till feeding time, then put in a teaspoonful or two of water, and baby's bottle. The water lasts just long enough to heat the milk nicely—then the current *shuts itself off!*

A special arrangement enables us to send this warmer (bottle not included) with two tall cans of Carnation Milk, prepaid, for only $1.75 in the United States; $2.25 in Canada. The coupon will bring it—or you may use this coupon *without ordering now* to request further information about the warmer and to obtain our Baby Feeding Chart (but consult your physician for the proper Carnation formula for your baby). Let us also send you the Carnation Cook Book. *Mail the coupon below to address nearest you.*

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
340 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
440 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Aylmer, Ont.

"from Contented Cows"

The red and white Carnation label means unsweetened EVAPORATED MILK *of highest quality*

The "Little Fairy" Bottle-Warmer

I enclose (currency) (stamps) (money order) for (U. S., $1.75) (Canada, $2.25). Please send Little Fairy Bottle-Warmer, 2 tall cans Carnation Milk, Baby-Feeding Chart, and Carnation Cook Book.

If you do NOT want us to send bottle-warmer now but would like leaflet describing it, also Baby Chart and Cook Book, mark X here.....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

© 1929, C. M. P. Co.

DEMAND
Fresh Fish
IN THIS WRAPPER

Fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish

ALWAYS FRESH
FROM SEA TO YOUR DEALER
NEVER FROZEN

40-FATHOM* fish is fresh from the ocean. Heads, tails, backbones and all waste are removed, leaving only the sweet, white TENDERLOIN OF THE FISH. This is wrapped in parchment paper, as illustrated above, packed in ice and rushed by fast express to your dealer. As easy to cook as bacon.

Every home in every town of any size, even a thousand miles from the ocean, can now revel in fresh 40-FATHOM fish, with all the tang and savor of the sea.

40-FATHOM fish is the "cream of the catch." Always fresh, never frozen; never preserved nor out of cold storage. Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-FATHOM fish by name. Get this tasty FISH TENDERLOIN in the above wrapper which is your protection. For fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish.

Theodore Szarvas, maître d'hotel of the Ritz-Carlton, New York, and Louis Diat, chef de cuisine of that famous hotel, have written a booklet. It gives you their wonderful fish recipes—the ones they use in preparing 40-FATHOM fish for the guests at the Ritz-Carlton. Send coupon below for your free copy today.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BAY STATE FISHING CO.
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send me free Book of Recipes for cooking 40-FATHOM fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton.

Name.....

Address..... L. H. J.-3

(Continued from Page 168)

The more she talked, the more I could see where she was sincere. I wished I could see her some more, on account lady friends that I really cared to see a lot of was kind of scarce with me, and I knew this could be a real intimate one in spite of her being a foreigner. Then I got a bright idea. Why let her go entirely?

"Mrs. Vance," I says, "why don't you come and stay with me awhile—you and your husband both? Come and make a real good visit, not just a week-end. If you go away without promising to accept I will feel like we may never meet again, and that would be a shame. What say?"

The slow color mounted her face, and I was afraid she was going to cry again; but she didn't. "So you really mean that?"

"Of course I do!"

"But how could I?" she said wistfully. "You see, I simply must work."

"Forget the books," I said firmly. "You come and stay a couple of weeks, and by that time maybe I'll be able to get you into the pictures!"

Even as I said it I knew I'd cut out a terrible job for myself.

BUT Mrs. Vance took me seriously. Her face shone with enthuslasm. "Really?" she said. "The motion pictures! Why, I've longed for a chance like this for years!"

"It's all settled," I says. "You and the husband arrive a week from today."

And so a little later when I joined my husband for dinner at the Ritz grill I was able to give him a account which kept him laughing and interested right up to the salad course, which was a record, after the way he had acted lately. I was really enjoying myself until all of a sudden he caught sight of one of the few other occupied tables at the far end of the room.

"Excuse me a minute," he says. "I see some old friends. I'll be right back. Order me some coffee, will you?"

Well, I was too dumfounded to stop him. After all his promises, here he was headed for just the same old kind of gang—a man and two cheap girls! I decided to teach that zabo a real lesson. I looked around the room wildly, but there wasn't a soul I knew in sight except, way across by the serving table, a young waiter whose face was kind of familiar.

Then all of a sudden I realized where it was Tony, the very one who used to sling hash at the restaurant on the lot in Hollywood, where we all ate when we was making Souls of Women. I and he used to kid along during the noon hour, and now on a impulse I beckoned him over.

"Hello, Tony, how are you?" I says, shaking hands real cordial. "How's the boy?"

"Oh, Miss Sunshine!" he says. "I've been looking at you all the evening, hoping you would see me."

"I only just realized who you was," I says. Then a idea come to me. "Have a seat, Tony," I says. "Sit down, do, and leave us have a talk about old times."

"Oh, I couldn't sit down," says the boy, blushing all over his handsome dark face. "They'd fire me sure, if I done that."

"DON'T be silly!" I says. "I guess I'm good enough customer in this hotel that I can ask anybody to my table. Besides, if they fire you I'll get you in the pictures—honest I will. You sure ought to screen real good."

"Oh, Miss Sunshine!" he says. "But if I sit down ——"

"You sit!" I commanded, and Tony abruptly sat. There was a movement among the head waiters as if somebody had been shot, but I ignored it.

"How'd you like to get a real good part?" I says, smiling my sweetest, on account I wanted to keep the boy hypnotized long enough to have Chris see what was going on. "I'll do all I can to help you, if you like to try."

"Will you, honest, Miss Sunshine?" The kid's eyes were shining now, and he had most forgotten what he was doing.

And that was all the further we got, on account just then Chris loomed up like a thundercloud. "Great grief, June!" he says in a low voice but wrathy. "What are you doing? Are you mad?"

"Sure," I says. "I been mad in restaurants several times lately, and all I'm doing is exactly what you been doing—sitting with a attractive young person of the opposite sex who ain't quite our social equal. I merely wanted to show you how it felt, that's all!"

"Get up and get out of here quick!" he says. "I'll talk to you later!"

"Well, good night, Tony," I says. "I guess I'll have to be running now."

AND run was right. When I turned around, there right behind me was sitting Mrs. Withington and her husband, and she had evidently been there quite some time. What is even more, she cut me dead.

My social career was finished.

Deliberately and without hurrying I turned back to Tony. "By the way," I says smiling. "You'd better come down to the Hammer office day after tomorrow and get a test made. I'm seeing Mr. Hammer about my new contract in the morning, and I'll tell them to expect you."

And only then did I take Chris' arm and allow him to lead me from the room.

Well, what's the use going into details over what went on between I and Chris? Between real lovers, a good fight always ends the same way, by both claiming the blame. And when we come out of it we was closer than ever, and the contract with Hammer was signed.

In signing up with Ike, however, I was not getting myself entirely out of trouble. He still insisted on making Society Sinners the genuine article, and I hadn't the courage to tell him how I was down and out so far as getting a few big social names for the picture was concerned.

Furthermore, they was going to commence shooting on Monday, and by that time I was going to have my friend Mrs. Grenoble-Vance staying in my house. And how that woman was going to be on my neck about my promise to let her act! I talked it over with Chris.

"Don't you fret, honey," he says. "Ike would of found those society dames more trouble than help, and I'll tell him so!"

"Well, they are kind of unreliable," I says solemnly. "Me for my own kind of folks from now on!"

"Sure you won't miss your society bug, honey?" says Chris.

"Fat chance I have of ever getting in now!" I says laughing. "But I don't care—really I don't. It's not real enough."

"You said it," says Chris.

THE car rolled along in silence awhile, and idly I opened up the evening paper which I had bought to read in bed. And the first thing which caught my eye was a story with a familiar name in it:

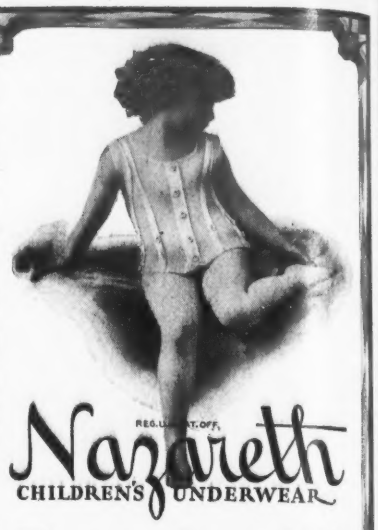
HEIR TO BOILINGTON ESTATE DISCOVERED MISSING COUPLE FOUND IN POVERTY

The heir to the Boilington estate, comprising many millions, has been located in New York. He is Mr. James Grenoble-Vance, and after ten years of romantic hardships in America could hardly believe in the good fortune which was brought to him when a reporter located his hiding place last night.

The new Lord Boilington is an invalid, and at the time the news of his cousin's death came, bringing wealth and position, his finances were in such a condition that his wife had been forced to seek employment as a book agent with the Naugh Publishing Company, of this city.

When interviewed today, Lady Boilington stated that before returning to England she intended to take her husband for a long rest at the home of her intimate friend, Miss June Sunshine, the famous motion-picture star. It appears that Lady Boilington has contracted to appear in the motion pictures with Miss Sunshine and does not intend allowing her new good fortune to interfere with her career as a motion-picture actress.

I didn't read no further. I couldn't just then. And I didn't say a word to Chris, but quietly folded the paper up again. After all, every woman has desires her husband can never quite understand.



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Nazareth
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

The modern child wants modern style

Old-fashioned underwear doesn't go so well with short-skirted, sleeveless Spring dresses, and nobody knows this better than daughter.

She can be comfortable and feel properly underclothed with the new Nazareth styles in knitted or nainsook underwear.

Nazareth underwear is obtainable in a wide variety of styles and fabrics for boys and girls—knit waists, union suits and waist suits, infants' shirts, too.

The Nazareth label has guided millions of mothers during the past forty-three years in buying good quality, well-made, serviceable underwear for their children.

Ask your retailer to show you the new styles in Nazareth underwear

Style Joy—Price 50 cents

Illustrated above is Nazareth Style Joy—a girl's bleached, lightweight knit step-in waist suit. Band top; no sleeves; trunk leg; taped buttons where needed. Sizes 2/3 to 12/13.

Nainsook Suits at 50 cents

Nazareth makes taped and untaped suits for boys and girls, in sizes from 2/3 to 12/13. Ask your dealer for them.

Write for Catalog

if you are unable to get Nazareth Underwear at your dealer's

NAZARETH WAIST CO.
366 Broadway, Dept. K, New York City

Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

Film Discolors Lovely Teeth

and then destroys them

Dental science is awakened to the danger of a new-found menace—film on teeth. Serious bodily ills are indirectly traced to it. The new way dentists urge you to remove it.

The Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders

Glorious, white teeth that gleam and sparkle come when dingy film is removed this way.

THE misfortune of cloudy, unattractive teeth might be accepted if nature were to blame. But dull teeth and pale gums softened by disease are not natural conditions.

In a startling number of cases dental science now traces the chief cause of discolored teeth and serious tooth and gum disorders to a film that forms. When it is removed a marvelous change takes place. Teeth become dazzling white and are less subject to decay. Gums grow firmer and regain their rose-like color. By all means test its powers for 10 days free.

Film—its dangers

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dreaded coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—thus invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How new way removes film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now the world of science produces a special film-removing agent. First it curdles film. Then light brushing easily removes it.

Teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay is removed. The source of pyorrhea and bleeding gums is combated. And many of the ills that appear in later life are immeasurably lessened.

Try this way for 10 days—Free

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try. Do not delay.

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 113, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

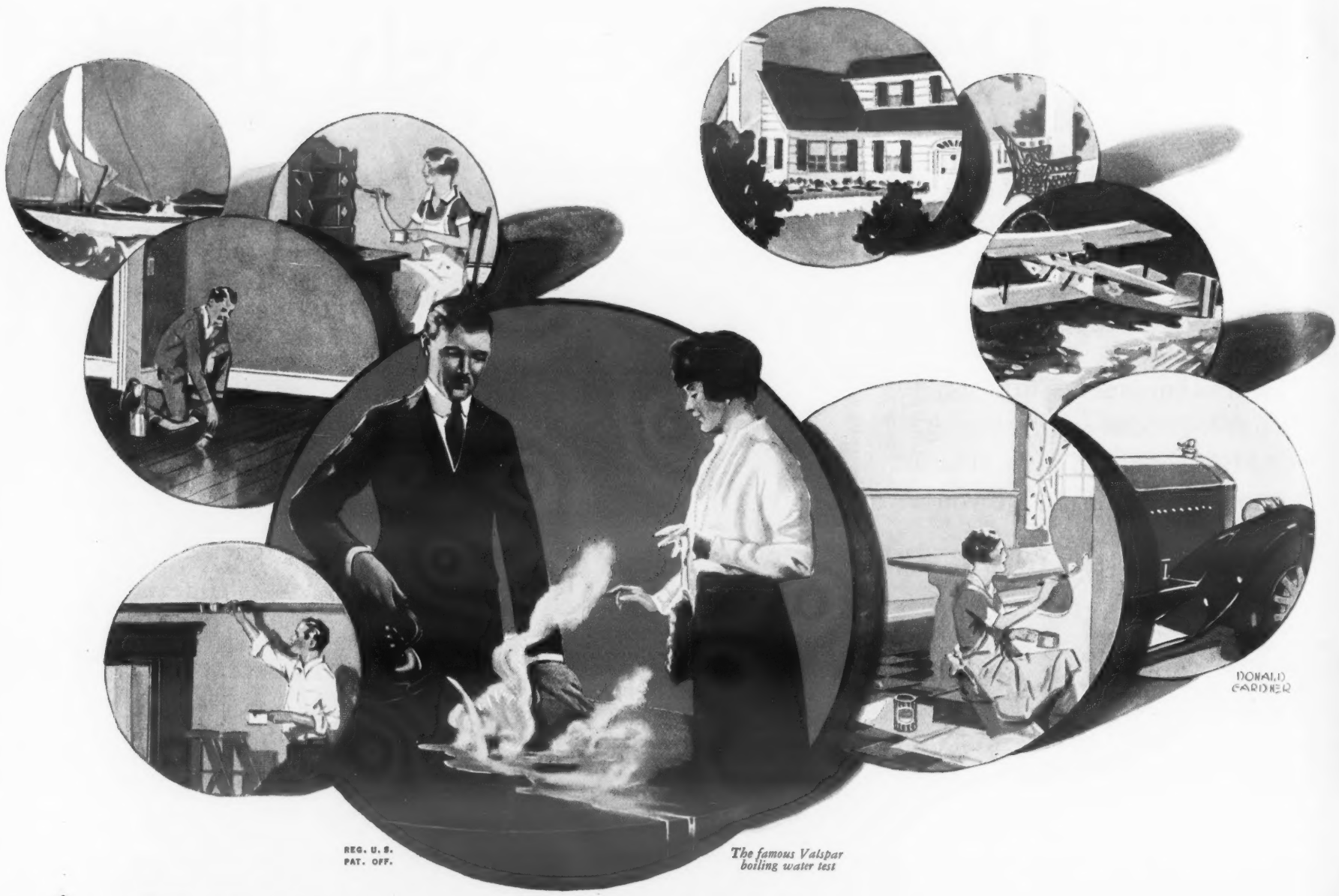
Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,

191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . . . **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av.. **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3090



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The famous Valspar boiling water test

A VALSPAR finish for *every purpose!*

A silver-winged plane swoops down from the clouds—a snorting creature of gray streaks along the beach at Daytona—a speed boat makes a new world's record . . .

All three are Valsparred!

Again and again Valspar keeps rendezvous with champions—with the Byrds and Lindberghs—with men whose adventures carry them to the climatic ends of the earth. But Valspar never fails under the test. Never slackens its resistance against weather, water or wear.

No less remarkable is Valspar service in the home. Valspar, "Clear and in Colors," is the "*buy-word*" for finishes with thousands of American housewives. Famed for its accident-proof qualities—its unbelievable versatility in rejuvenating shabby things.

It is a genuine pleasure to see how Valspar brings youth back to your floors, woodwork and furniture. And the unchanging quality of Valspar finishes is creating more and more lasting friends every day in every year.

You will find a Valspar suited to *your* particular needs. Or, if in doubt, ask your dealer for the proper Valspar finish for the surface you have in mind.

REGULAR VALSPAR. Valspar, "Clear and in Colors," gives the maximum protection, outdoors or in, against water, wear and weather.

Enamel Colors: Black, White, Ivory, Medium Green, Deep Green, Yellow, Gray, Brown, Medium Blue, Deep Blue, Light Blue, Light Red, Deep Red, Vermilion, Gold, Aluminum, Bronze.

Stain Colors: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry, Moss Green.

4-HOUR VALSPAR. Dries hard, ready for use, in four hours. Recommended for indoor use only. 4-Hour Valspar comes in Clear and in the following colors:

Enamel Colors: Chinese Red, Cardinal Red, Jonquil Yellow, Argentine Orange, India Ivory, Coral Sand, Tile Green, Nile Green, Palm Green, Jade Green, Holland Blue, Peacock Blue, Pearl Gray, Slate Gray, Terra Cotta, Tudor Brown, White, Black.

Stain Colors: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut.

VALSPAR LACQUER. For indoor or outdoor surfaces. Easy to apply and dries in 30 minutes or less. Especially suited for refinishing where exceptional drying speed is essential.

Colors: Chinese Red, Cardinal Red, Argentine Orange, Jonquil Yellow, Persian Lilac, Java Brown, Palm Green, Oriental Green, Nile Green, Italian Blue, Peacock Blue, Holland Blue, French Gray, India Ivory, Coral Sand, White, Black, Clear.

VALSPAR HOUSE PAINT. An unusually durable white paint for outside or inside use with that extra quality which the name Valspar signifies.

VALSPAR PORCH AND FLOOR PAINT. This tough, durable paint gives extraordinary protection to your floors, indoors or outdoors. Colors are: Dust Gray, Slate Gray, Moss Gray, Tile Red, Light Oak, Stone Brown, Deep Green, Sand.

VALSPAR FLAT WALL PAINT. An exceptional, long-wearing, ready prepared wall paint for interior use. In white only, which can be tinted, to suit any room color scheme.

This Coupon is Worth 20 to 60 cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY,
388 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each 40c sample can of Valspar specified at right. (Not over three samples of Valspar Finishes supplied per person at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name.....
Address.....
Your Name.....
Address.....
City.....

Print below the Valspar products and colors desired

Finish.....
Color.....
Finish.....
Color.....
Finish.....
Color.....

VALSPAR FINISHES

WATERPROOF — WEARPROOF — WEATHERPROOF

A Travel Ensemble Matches the Suitcase Lining

By CHRISTINE FERRY

WHEN you plan a European tour, a transcontinental railroad journey, a world cruise or even a trip by automobile, you will travel with greater comfort and peace of mind if your personal effects are wrapped in such a way as to protect them from the grime of travel and to enable you readily to locate fresh handkerchiefs, gloves or underthings or speedily to display the contents of your luggage when necessity in the form of customs officials demands it.

Smartness in luggage appointments, as in dress, is a matter of good judgment as well as of discriminating taste. Though there are the most delectable things in the way of quilted crêpe and satin cases to be found in specialty shops, the experienced traveler, who "packs light," realizes that such cases should be made of a material which will bulk as little as possible and not soil quickly; and unfortunately quilted linings and rich satin bindings increase weight and encroach upon the space which is so much at a premium when packing.

There is probably nothing on the market today which possesses so many commendable qualities for luggage cases as celanese moire. It is exceedingly light weight, does not wrinkle easily, comes in many delightful colors, is so attractive in itself as to need little if anything in the way of decoration, sheds the dust readily, and it is even claimed that some grades may be laundered without disturbing the moire effect. It is a thirty-six-inch material and is usually to be found in drapery departments.

Taffeta, especially in the two-toned effects, also makes most attractive cases; linen is often used; and glazed gingham is another good fabric, and though a bit heavier than silk is absolutely dirt and damp proof.

Whatever the material it should be selected with due regard for the color of the luggage both outside and in. Brown cases are very fitting for brown luggage and vivid shades of green and blue are smart with black.

Jade-green celanese moire was used for this collection of cases. Linings were omitted and the edges bound with black-taffeta seam binding, thus reducing bulk and weight to such a minimum that they might even be used for air travel.

Then they were marked in black with a monogram, modernistic in its simple lines, to be repeated in green on the outside of the black luggage. The marking was done with chain stitch in coarse loosely twisted embroidery silk. A large, long-eyed needle should be used, and the silk should be handled as little as possible.

The making of a cipher monogram is great fun. You will enjoy making your own. The principal thing to consider is the initial of your family name, as the style or shape of the marking and its frame depends somewhat upon whether it is a stem letter—as P or F or L—or a circular letter—as C or O.

The smaller monogram on these pieces was framed in a triangle measuring 2¼ inches across the top and 1¼ inches in height. The monogram was drawn ⅛ of an inch smaller on all sides and planned to conform to the shape of the triangle—the stem of the letter F coming directly in the center. The large triangular frame measured 4½ inches across the top and 2¾ inches in height. It is very important that measurements be exact and that the markings are carefully lined up with the outlines of the cases.

This collection of cases was planned for a suitcase 15½ by 30 inches, outside measurements—a size which will fit under a Pullman berth or can be carried in the overhead racks

(Continued on Page 176)

Women who sense

THOSE gifted creatures who *set* the style instead of following it, are drawn unerringly to the new creations in Arch Preserver Shoes.

For in them are found the advance style notes that will distinguish the smartly clad feet of Paris and New York at the height of the season.

Yet, with all their beauty of line, the famous Arch Preserver comfort features remain unchanged. This exquisite footwear, that outwardly seems to have been designed for eye appeal alone, is scientifically planned to preserve foot youth.

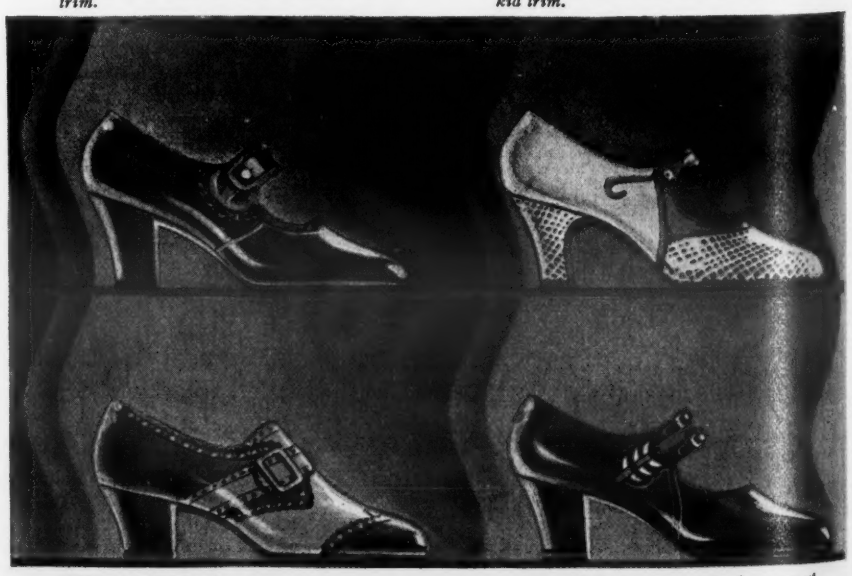
Although their heels are raised as high as the mode demands, there is no painful sagging of the foot. The arch is supported as definitely as if the foot were flat on the ground. The Arch Preserver arch bridge virtually brings the ground up under the instep, supporting it and preserving its curve of beauty—the chief charm of a shapely foot.

So, too, with the glove-like contour of vamp and toe. Fashion may dictate these details as she pleases, yet in these new Arch

Most models priced from $10 to $15

THE MANHATTAN—*Beige suède quarter, with marron glacé kid vamp and trim.*

THE JOAN—*Vamp of ivory genuine watersnake; Lido sand kid quarter; beige kid trim.*



THE SARATOGA—*Sports oxford of sunburn calf, with trotteur tan calf trim.*

THE ASTRAL—*Patent leather; smart two-strap buckle; dull kid trim.*

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

the coming Modes

Preserver Shoes the foot does not suffer a particle. All danger of strain is eliminated by the metatarsal support; all discomfort from crowding and pinching, by the flat inner sole.

Even the method of fitting the shoe helps to make it possible for any woman to wear the style she prefers with perfect foot freedom. The Arch Preserver Shoe is measured to your foot from heel to ball the same as if it were custom-made for your foot alone.

The style smartness that every fashion-wise woman demands plus the comfort that is indispensable in this age of breathless activity—that is the combination of qualities offered by the Arch Preserver Shoe. Is it surprising that the best dressed and most intelligent women in America are selecting it to complete their ensembles for every occasion?

Let us send you reproductions of the new Arch Preserver styles that have just come out of the Selby studios in Paris and New York and also the booklet telling the complete Arch Preserver story of smartness and comfort. Mail the coupon now.

THE ALPHA—*Beige kid gored-tongue pump. Almora kid trim and tongue.*

THE RAMADA—*French beige kid, with marron glacé kid trim.*

THE APEX—*Marron glacé kid, with brown genuine lizard underlays.*

THE CRESTWOOD—*Beige calf vamp and quarter; mocha bisque lizard calf trim and tongue.*

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. None genuine without it. Sold by 2000 dealers. All sizes. All widths. AAAA to E. Made for women, juniors and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

Supports where support is needed—bends where the foot bends

© 1929 The Selby Shoe Co.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
110 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Please send me, postpaid, your new booklet, No. L-10, "Style and Comfort in Every Step", and advance pictures of Paris Shoe Styles for Spring.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

"LE FERRONNIER"

a new

ORINOKA GLASS CURTAIN

inspired by the exquisite tracery of modern ironwork

GUARANTEE

These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace with new goods or refund the purchase price.

FROM the forge-studios of modern metal-workers came the inspiration for this new Orinoka glass curtain. We name it, "Le Ferronnier." It suggests the exquisite grille work so much in vogue today. The motif, authentically modern in itself, is reproduced in gleaming, lustrous threads on a sheer background, clear as crystal. The fabric may be had in a variety of soft, charming tints which will not fade. For, smart glass curtains need no longer be neutral in shade. They harmonize with the color scheme of the room.

This is but one of the new Orinoka light-weight casements, but its smartness and quality are characteristic of the whole line. Inspired by the new art and designed to conform to the new formality in decoration, they are wholly modern and sophisticated. Yet it is not necessary to have a modern room to use them.

"Le Ferronnier," No. 9627, is transparent, double-faced and does not lose its pattern when hung against the window.

It is an amazing thing that overdraperies and casements as outstanding in design and color and texture as these should be so very practical. *Yet Orinoka fabrics have proved their beauty is lasting,* and are guaranteed sun-and-tubfast. Ask to see the many new Orinoka drapery fabrics. At your windows they will add the touch that transforms and beautifies. Mail the coupon for our booklet of new Orinoka fabrics handsomely illustrated in color. It is full of practical suggestions for draping the windows in every room of your home. It is yours for the asking.

THE ORINOKA MILLS, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York

Please send me, without charge, the new 24-page Orinoka booklet, "Color, the Secret of Beautiful Homes."

Name_____ Street_____

1408

City_____ State_____

Orinoka

(Continued from Page 173)

of Continental trains. With the addition of a hatbox and an overnight bag this suitcase will accommodate all clothing necessary for several months of European travel and can always be carried as hand luggage.

The larger cases and many of the smaller ones were planned to fit exactly into the tray or bottom of the suitcase and at the same time were cut to advantage from 36-inch material, and accommodate the articles which they were to contain. Flaps were cut with angular or pointed corners because of the straight binding, and the style of the marking was planned to be in harmony. All seams were run together by hand on the right side and all cut edges turned once and run before binding, in order to strengthen them. Bias edges need to be handled very carefully to avoid stretching. The binding may be basted in place if you have no binding attachment on your sewing machine, or it can be put on by hand—a much longer operation. Ties were made of the same taffeta seam binding as used for the edges. If a good quality of taffeta is used it will wear nicely. Buttons and loops, snap fasteners or hooks and eyes might be used instead. The silk ties should be fastened to the bound edges as neatly and inconspicuously as possible.

SHOES, RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES. Shoes pack to better advantage if wrapped separately on trees. The wrapping may be an envelope pocket with flap, cut the length of the shoe, or an 18-inch square of material upon which the shoe can be placed diagonally, the corners turned in and wrapped snugly, ties long enough to wrap around the shoe being attached to one corner.

Envelope cases for silver or gold slippers should have removable bags of heavy black sateen, seamed on three sides and open at the top. Removable bags might also be provided for envelope cases made to carry rubbers and overshoes. Shoes must be measured and cases made accordingly.

HANDKERCHIEFS. For handkerchiefs cut a strip 6 by 16 inches and fold to make a 6-inch pocket and 4-inch flap, tapered to a point. This will hold an ample supply.

GLOVES. Cut a 12-inch square and fold to make a 4½-inch pocket and 3-inch flap, which should be tapered at the corners. This case will easily hold three pairs of regulation street gloves.

CORSETS OR CORSELETTE. Another envelope pocket which must be cut to suit individual requirements. This one was made from a piece measuring 16 by 18 inches folded to form a 6-inch pocket and 4-inch flap with cut corners like the glove case, the case measuring 18 inches in length.

BEADS. How to pack beads successfully was always a problem until I was inspired with the idea of this case, which has an inner pocket of white velveteen or Canton flannel stitched into compartments of various sizes, each long enough to hold a choker necklace.

For this pocket take a 12-inch strip of 36-inch material, fold selvage edges together and stitch compartments lengthwise, leaving selvage end open. Mark lines of compartments with pencil and ruler before stitching.

For the cover cut a strip 12 by 36 inches, bind one end, fold to make a pocket the size of the stitched case, leaving a short flap at one end, place over case, baste side edges of both together and bind. As the velveteen measures a scant 36 inches in width and seems to shrink or close up when stitched, you will find that the inner pocket finishes a few inches shorter than the outside, although cut to the same measurements, thus leaving a short end for a flap. This flap can be turned over the open end and the filled case laid flat, or folded lengthwise, as best suits individual needs. A small safety pin at the top of each compartment anchors each necklace securely in place.

LINGERIE. For lingerie or gown and negligee a double-pocket case can be made of a strip cut 13 by 36 inches and folded toward the center from each end to make two pockets with about an inch between. When filled the pockets may be folded together and tied, making a case which exactly fits the tray.

DRESSES. I have a pet way of packing dresses in small compass which carries them without a wrinkle. So for them I made a case of two strips measuring 13 by 27 inches, crossed and stitched at the center so as to make four arms of equal length with ties on each.

To pack a dress, take a section of newspaper—two, if necessary for length—and fold once lengthwise—13 inches, or just the width of the tray. Lay dress smoothly on bed, place paper lengthwise in center, carefully fold over sides and sleeves, then start at the neck and fold over and over toward bottom, smoothing out wrinkles as you go. Place in center of case, fold over the arms and tie. This case will hold one or more dresses and also fits nicely into the tray.

HOSIERY. A hosiery case which will hold a goodly supply has a 5-inch-square cardboard base covered on both sides. To this a 6-by-36-inch strip for sides is gathered and whipped along one edge and on the other to four 2½-by-5-inch cardboard pieces, placed end to end so that when attached they form an overlapping top. If the 36-inch strip is cut along the selvage it will facilitate making. The cardboards can be covered by whipping on all edges, or little pockets can be made the exact size by stitching on three sides and whipping only the open end.

LAUNDRY BAG. For soiled pieces a case was made to fit the bottom of the bag, seamed together on all four edges and a 9-inch slit made on the upper side through which the laundry can be inserted. By leaving a little opening at the center of one end, it is also possible to insert a small coat hanger into this case, bring the hook through the end and hang the case up in a closet. A strip long enough to make the sides of the hosiery case was cut along one selvage edge.

TRAY COVER. For the top of the tray is a cover just large enough on all edges to tuck in nicely. It is bound in black taffeta, with the monogram in the center, and makes a neat finish for the suitcase.

CUSHION. A little traveling cushion, 12 by 14 inches in size, was incased to match the other articles, using a strip of material about 15 by 36 inches. One end was first turned and stitched to form a 12-by-14-inch pocket or case for the cushion and left open at the ends. Then the free end of the strip was slanted about 6 inches from edge to edge, turned on the right side, reënforced with a strip of the seam binding stitched flat on the right side and then turned up on the case to form an outer pocket for time tables, and the like. To join the ends of the case the edges were turned in and basted and then seamed together with a piping of black seam binding between, the end through which the cushion was to be inserted being left free for that purpose and the piping stitched along the upper edge only. Before closing, a soft flat handle of double material, measuring about 1 by 6 inches, and stitched twice along the edges, was stitched to the top of the cover about an inch from the ends, which were turned under in points and stitched down also.

MATERIALS. Five yards of 36-inch material and five rolls of seam binding will be ample for all the articles enumerated, including several sets of cases for shoes and rubbers. About six skeins of embroidery silk will be needed for marking.

AGNES FOSTER WRIGHT

tells you how to achieve a colorful modern kitchen with Duco

MRS. Agnes Foster Wright, a decorator widely known for the color charm of her interiors, tells you in her own words how she created this delightful kitchen:

"There is no room in the house which has a more direct effect upon a woman's happiness and good spirits than the kitchen. And certainly no room which offers more interesting possibilities to the woman who knows what can be done with Duco and a little ingenuity to create charming interiors . . .

"For this kitchen I chose three of the many lovely Duco colors available and used them with, I think, a quite unusual and interesting result. For the kitchen cabinet, the wainscoting, and the corner cupboard I chose Nile Green and Navy Blue, using the Blue for the trimming and the shelves of the corner cupboard. The table I painted solid Nile Green. In the sunny breakfast nook I painted the benches and the table with the same Navy Blue.

"Then I was ready for my touches of contrasting color. The wall covering was a cheerful greenish yellow with tiny green dots, harmonizing beautifully with my green and blue. So I painted the chairs and stool with Duco Mandarin Red, and repeated this gay note in the checked gingham that made the window curtains and tie-on pads for the chairs.

"After I have completed a planned-out color scheme with Duco I always discover several extra small objects that can be effectively colored. In the kitchen it was especially easy—Mandarin Red for the bird cage, the flower vase, the handle of the broom . . .

"Any woman who begins to use Duco in her home will discover for herself the joy of it—the smooth ease with which it flows on, the convenient rapidity with which it dries. And with a little practice she will quickly develop a color sense that will prove invaluable in beautifying her home."

• • •

The subject of home decoration is of such vital importance to every woman that the makers of Duco have prepared a book containing the expert advice of Mrs. Wright and other authorities. "Modern Color Schemes for the Home" offers you illustrated color schemes for every room in the house, with practical instructions for carrying them out. You will also find schemes suggested by leading architects for painting the outside of your home.

Send ten cents in stamps today and "Modern Color Schemes for the Home" will be mailed you at once. You will find it a source of interest and practical help.

DUPONT DUCO REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Dept. LH-1, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me a copy of your book by famous decorators and architects, "Modern Color Schemes for the Home." I enclose 10c to cover cost of handling.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Duco for general household use may be purchased from all good paint and hardware dealers. Duco for industrial application is obtainable from du Pont factories.

DRIES QUICKLY
...EASY TO USE

DUCO... *made only by du Pont*

MANUFACTURERS OF DU PONT PAINTS, VARNISHES AND ENAMELS

Designed for the woman who motors.... The charm of Chrysler artistry and the dependability of Dodge Brothers craftsmanship find full expression in the *new* Dodge Brothers Six. Its enchanting beauty bespeaks the meticulous care with which it was conceived. The fine attention to detail and refinements, both inside and out, reflects that superb dignity and unerring taste which women of discrimination inevitably seek. It is in every sense a woman's car—perfectly attuned to feminine needs, yet masterful in its ability to perform.

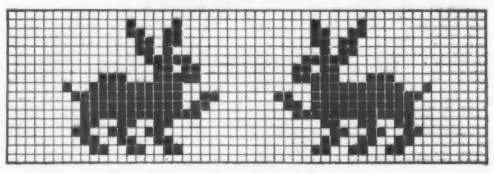
• • • • • • • $945 to $1065 F. O. B. DETROIT • • • • • • •

NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

Drawing By Dorothy Christy

Peter Rabbit Plays an Ensemble Part

Designed by MERLE MUNN



WHY not make an "ensemble" for baby too? Here are the directions for his favorite book friends recalled on an enchanting nursery four-piece table set with bibs to match. Try making some of these funny little table doilies and see how appetizingly you can make mouthfuls of bread and butter and apple sauce disappear to the tune of "One for Flopsy, one for Mopsy, one for Cottontail, and one for Peter."

The doilies are crocheted in white pearl cotton with amusing little rabbit figures, either worked in the crocheting or cross-stitched upon the doilies afterward. The same figures are carried out in blue filet crochet insertion on a linen bib, and a simple crocheted stitch makes a fine edge.

MATERIAL: Four doilies (8½ by 11½ inches); 11 balls white pearl cotton (60 yards each), size 5; 2 balls blue; steel hooks, Nos. 3 and 4. *Gauge:* 10 rounds equal 2 inches across and 18 sts. equal 2 inches.

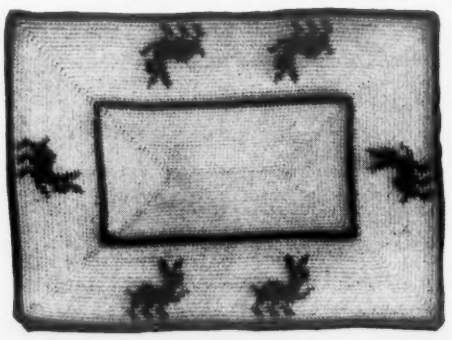
With white and No. 3 hook ch. 29, skip 1 st. from hook and s. c. 27 sts. on chain, 3 sts. in end st., 27 sts. on opposite side of chain and 3 sts. in 2d end st. Next round work 3 sts. in each st. on each side of center sts. on ends (8 sts. increased in a round).

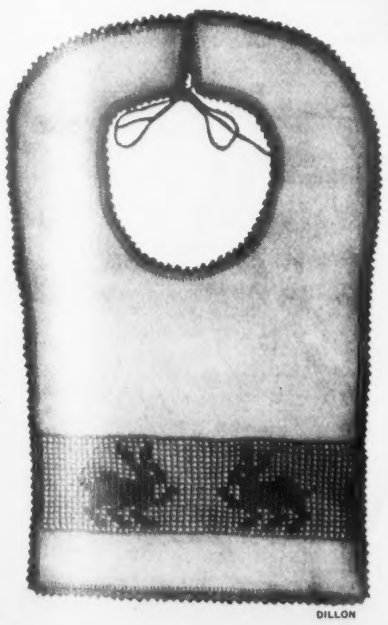
Continue to work thus, increasing as before, until there are 18 rounds from center. Work 2 rounds blue, 4 rounds white; there should be 246 sts. Begin rabbit figures, using No. 4 hook and only one figure of the bib pattern; repeat it around doily, working all figures in the same direction.

FIRST ROUND: 22 wh., * 1 bl., 4 wh., 1 bl., * 17 wh., 3 corner sts., 17 wh., repeat between * s, 26 wh., repeat * s, 17 wh., 3 corner sts., 22 wh., repeat * s, 17 wh., 3 corner sts., 17 wh., repeat * s, 26 wh., repeat * s, end 17 wh. and 3 corner sts. Finish figures according to chart. Work 1 round all white. With No. 3 hook work 2 rounds blue, fasten off. The doily should then be pressed on the wrong side with damp cloth and hot iron.

MATERIALS: 2 spools crochet cotton, size 30, in blue; steel hook No. 11; ⅜ yard linen.

TO CROCHET THE INSERTION: Ch. 55, work 17 sp. on chain (d. c. in 7th st. from hook, * ch. 2, skip 2 sts. on chain, d. c. in next st.; repeat from *). Ch. 5 to turn, repeat this row 5 times.





DILLON

NEXT ROW: 8 sp., 1 bl. (4. d. c. in succession), 8 sp. Continue figures according to chart, working on the width. Work 6 rows of sps. on 2d end of insertion. Press carefully with damp cloth and hot iron.

TO MAKE BIB: Cut linen ¾ inch wider than length of insertion, and 16 inches from lower edge to back of neck. Cut out neckline. Sew insertion 1¾ inches from lower edge. Machine-hemstitch side on a line with end of insertion; also hemstitch lower edge and around neck.

EDGE: S. c. 2 sts. in first hole of hemstitching, 1 s. c. in next hole; repeat around making extra s. c. in holes on outer curve and less s. c. on curve around inside of neck. Then work * 1 d. c., ch. 3, fasten in first st. of chain for picot, 1 d. c. in same st. as first d. c.; skip 2 st. of last row and repeat from *.

TIES FOR BACK OF NECK: Attach double thread at edge of one side of the back of the neck; make an 8 inch chain of s. c. Repeat for the tie on opposite side.

THE new National Bellas Hess Spring and Summer Style Book is now ready—and besides being the finest and most beautiful Style Book we have ever prepared, it brings to you this surprising and welcome piece of news! You no longer pay a single penny for postage on anything you order from this book. We pay all postage charges. Think of the saving that means to you! Send for your copy today. Use the handy coupon below and mail it at once. When your Style Book arrives and you begin going through its 300 pages you will think you are viewing a New York style show. The latest and most distinctive creations of clever New York designers have been assembled in this National Bellas Hess Collection of women's and children's Dresses, Coats, Millinery, Shoes, etc. You will like the smart clothes for men and boys. Dainty underthings for women and girls and exquisite little clothes for baby. Pretty curtains and draperies to freshen up the home—and wonderful values in the practical and necessary bed linens, table linens and towels. All kinds of new and beautiful yard materials to fashion dainty summer dresses. All at prices that give you very worthwhile cash savings. Your money will go further and you will be delighted with your purchases as well as with your savings. That we guarantee. *Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied with everything you buy from National Bellas Hess.* And remember we pay the postage on every purchase you make from us.

Again we urge you to send for this splendid big Style Book now. Use the coupon below which is for your own convenience. It brings the book to you absolutely free. Join the ranks of the six million people who are buying the quick, satisfactory and economical National Bellas Hess way.

Clip and Mail This Coupon *which brings you FREE our huge 2-pound Book of Sale Bargains*

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS CO., Inc.

218 West 24th Street, New York City — 618 Hardesty Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

(If you live east of the Mississippi River mail this coupon to our New York headquarters—if you live west of the Mississippi River mail to our Kansas City store.) Kindly send me my free copy of your huge, two-pound, Spring and Summer Style Book of New York's Latest Fashions.

Name .....

Address .....

P. O. ..... *State* .....

Are you giving your family the advantage of beautiful music?

An Interpretation of Paderewski's "Minuet," painted for the Steinway Collection by Pierre Brissaud

THIS is, as someone has pointed out, an accomplished age. People are better educated, better informed, than they used to be. With every year there is greater public interest in the fine arts—painting, drama, music. A knowledge of the better things of life is expected among cultivated people.

If this knowledge rises to the level of an accomplishment it is a tremendous asset. To be able not only to discuss music intelligently, but to perform it with credit—to have the power to bring enjoyment to oneself and others—that is something which many a man would give much to possess. And in an incalculable number of cases he might have possessed it, given a proper chance.

The ability to learn to play the piano is possessed by everyone in some degree. Some are endowed with it to an extraordinary extent. Others fall short of virtuosity, but display sound talent, none the less. In either case, as those who know will testify, the pleasure and satisfaction which can be drawn from this instrument is almost limitless.

That is why so many parents today are giving their children every opportunity to study the piano. They are providing the best instruction, and genuine Steinways to play upon. For they know the importance of a lovely tone and absolute accuracy of pitch in musical education. And they value these qualities no less highly for their own enjoyment.

This widespread preference for the Steinway among the musically informed is simply a reflection of the choice of the greatest pianists of the past 75 years. Virtually every musician of note, from Wagner to Paderewski, has chosen the Steinway both for personal and concert use. In the fullest sense, it is "The Instrument of the Immortals."

Yet the Steinway is primarily a piano for the home, and particularly for the home of limited income. For this great instrument is built to endure. It will last a lifetime. For 30, 40, or even 50 years and more it will serve you well. And you can have it in your home *now*—and two years in which to pay!

There are many sizes and models of the Steinway piano, each at a different price. But there is only one quality of Steinway, and that is the best. . . . You can have your Steinway *now* and pay for it at your leisure. There is a Steinway dealer near you. Select your instrument tomorrow.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a 10% cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

The Steinway Ebonized Baby Grand—
$1375 (*plus transportation*)

Prices: $875 *and up—plus transportation*
10% down *balance in two years*

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Illusion

(Continued from Page 29)

Her vital energy, he said, had become exhausted and it was necessary to replenish it; life was bi-polar; the human body a battery, "charged and rendered diseaseless, fatigueless and successful by an inpouring of cosmic vitality through the medulla oblongata." By concentration, unison and sympathy, one could establish communion with the great cosmic reservoir, and he assisted in the tapping of this reservoir by gentle strokings of Mrs. Schmittlap's forehead and solar plexus, during which he instructed her to close her eyes and breathe deeply and in perfect rhythm with him, thus making herself a channel or conduit for the vital fluid.

Mrs. Schmittlap always came away with a fresh sense of spiritual values, as well as of restored confidence and well-being. She no longer suffered from sleeplessness. She abounded in cosmic energy. In short she was a made-over woman.

But she could not help worrying about Eric! He seemed all shot to pieces about something. He hardly ever came to the house and, when he did, he usually seemed to have been drinking. He was apt to get that way when he had some girl on the string. Moreover he had taken to gambling again, which was very foolish, considering that he had no card sense whatever. She dreaded the outburst from Jake which would certainly follow the disclosure that he was in debt. She was sure he owed Count Fortuny a lot of money.

THE count was another of those agreeable persons who had simply appeared. Somebody, she did not remember who, had brought him to dinner or a party and he was now a family friend. He was a tall, dark man with a stiff black pompadour and a chin so blue from shaving as to suggest an exciting masculinity. Mrs. Schmittlap felt that he gave a touch of distinction to her evenings such as even Prince Eberhardt did not supply. He was always ready to make a fourth at bridge. Carlee had distrusted him from the first. He was too dexterous. And his memory was uncanny. He seemed to know exactly where every card in the pack was at any given moment. Usually he won, although Carlee knew that it was practically impossible to "crook" at bridge.

A group of twenty or so, of whom to be sure Carlee was one, practically lived in the Schmittlap card room, where, besides playing bridge, they ate, drank, dozed on the lounges, carried on business by telephone, wrote letters and had their nails manicured. The manicure had been Mrs. Schmittlap's idea and was a huge success. She came every day from five until seven and manicured whoever was "dummy."

HAD it been hinted to Mrs. Schmittlap that her house was in effect nothing less than a high-class gambling establishment she would have been outraged. Yet the sums that changed hands nightly in her card room rivaled in amount the play in London at the time of Charles James Fox. It was nothing unusual for a loser to sign his name to a check for five thousand dollars. Now that the season was almost over and there were no more late parties they played almost every evening. Carlee's winnings there and at the Bridge Club had been substantial. Sometimes he played with Hilda, sometimes against her, but so far as possible he varied his partners, always avoiding when he could, however, the table at which Count Fortuny sat.

He saw little of Fel now, for he was never at the flat in the evening and often did not even come home to dress. Sometimes they did not meet for days. When they did she was polite but noncommunicative. She made it clear by her manner that what she did was her business and not his and that she had no more time for him than he had for her. His conscience accused him of neglecting her, but the ardor of his pursuit of Hilda gave him no time to listen to it.

SPRING was breaking, the circus had come to town, and, in consequence, Jernigan's after its winter of hibernation had become a hive of activity. Every morning Ike Castleton, Lucy Lunt, the "Aerial Atwoods," the Risleys, together with several newly arrived "strong-jaw," tumbling, equestrienne and animal acts, arose betimes and hied themselves eagerly to the New Madison Square Garden where they remained until midnight, and on the various floors of the lodging house, at every hour of the day, resounded mysterious thumpings and poundings, the jingle of sentimental ballads, the snoring of trombones and the barking of trained dogs. Everybody was getting ready to go on the road—that is, everybody except the regular vaudevillians and Hans Schluderbach who, having once been a Clown of Clowns, could not bring himself to take a minor part, which was all that he could get.

"He's through!" Lou Marx told Felicity with a shake of his cocky green Fedora.

No one would have known from Hans' demeanor, however, that he was in any wise discouraged.

It was not poverty, or even the fear of it, that had eaten into the soul of Hans Schluderbach, but the loss of his public upon which he had fondly imagined he could count for life. He had been, in his day, a great clown, possessed in an unusual degree of the ability to unite tragedy and comedy behind the same mask. He could make his audience gulp while it grinned. His was an art akin to that of Charlie Chaplin.

Yet the spark—like all sparks—died. Why, no one could tell. "They don't laugh at me no more!" was all he said. Was it sorrow, loneliness or mere age?

Only Hans himself, with the possible exception of Mother Fay, knew that his great tragedy lay in his adoration of a girl less than half his age. During those two seasons with Jernigan's he had fallen hopelessly in love with Fel.

HE HAD known from the first that his love was futile. He was well over fifty and she only nineteen; he was without education, but she, from his point of view, was a young lady of culture; he was only a clown and she was the daughter of the boss. This would have been enough to discourage a less diffident wooer, even without the knowledge that her heart belonged wholly to Carlee of which fact she made no concealment.

Since he had nothing else to do, and it helped her, Hans became a voluntary assistant to Fel in running Jernigan's, overseeing the three mulatto wenches who did the cleaning, and keeping his eye on the lodgers. It was necessary that someone should be on hand to answer questions, prevent sneak thieves from entering, and lodgers from moving away without settling their bills, and Hans spent much of his time downstairs in the sitting room with Spider, acting as a sort of *concierge*, a function formerly performed by

(Continued on Page 183)

Why not a

SPRING TONIC

for your skin?

. . . A tonic quite unique . . . that beautifies while it benefits. *"Frostilla for the skin"* is a phrase exchanged with happy conviction by countless thousands of women. For Frostilla is a skin tonic that actually refreshes and rejuvenates dry or chapped skin.

Frostilla should be applied to face, shoulders, elbows, upper arms, hands and legs.

In fact, all parts of the body that have been subjected to cold and exposure will welcome the beneficent effects of this soothing, fragrant lotion.

Remember that Frostilla swiftly brings new youth and life to *tired* skin. It is famous for *youthifying*—and for restoring to silken smoothness faces reddened or roughened by wind and weather. A few drops only, do a thorough job—*with never an after-trace of stickiness.*

If you're fastidious in choosing the appointments of your dressing table—or like a touch of color in your bathroom—you'll appreciate the new Frostilla bottle. It is modern, colorful and in good taste. Ask your favorite sales clerk to show it to you . . .

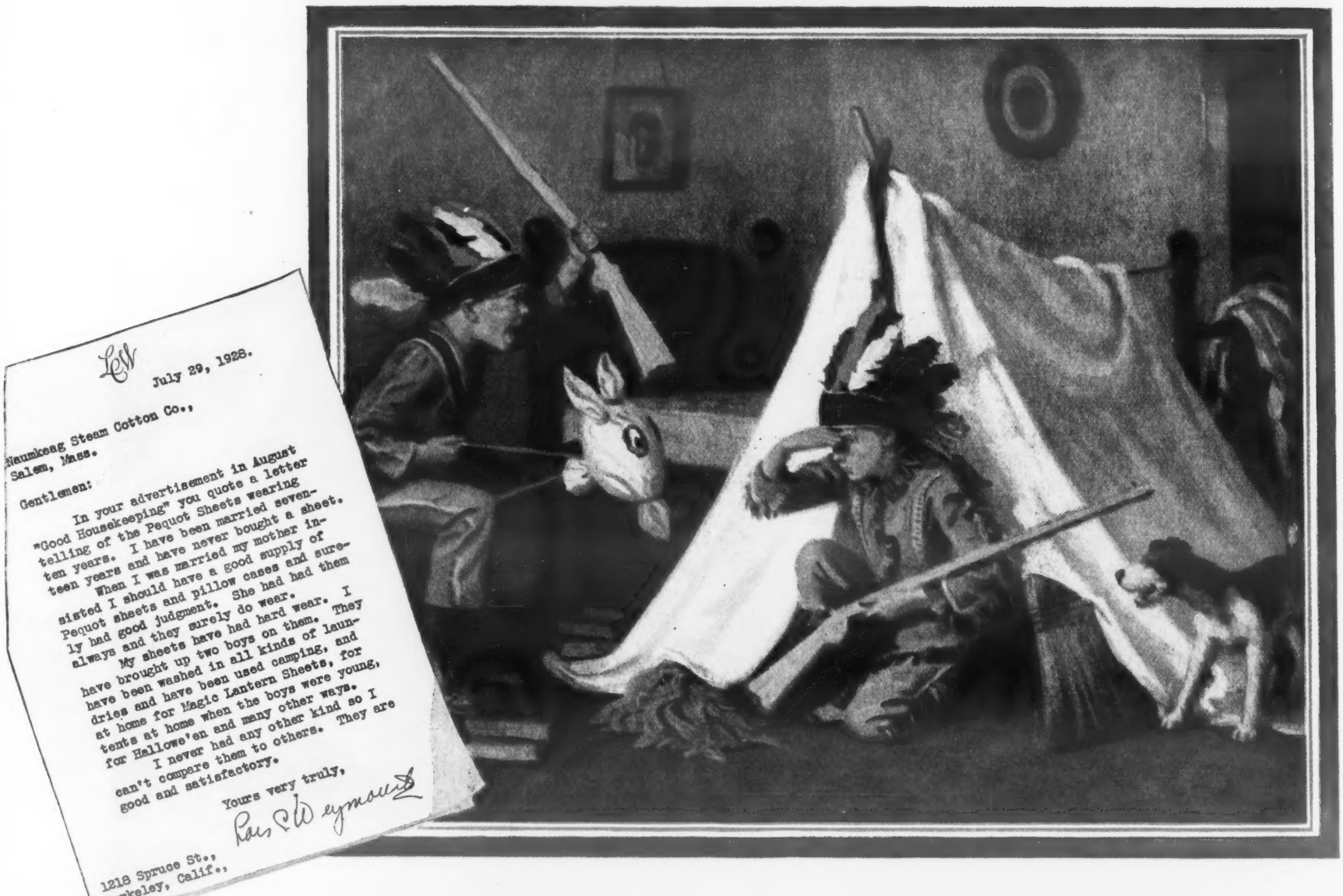
In beautiful, blue-labelled boudoir bottles, Frostilla is 50c and $1, at drug and department stores in the U. S. and Canada. *Or write for an attractive, useful sample FREE on request.* Dept. 439, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City.)

FROSTILLA

for

exposed and irritated skin

© 1929 The Frostilla Co.


July 29, 1928.
Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co.,
Salem, Mass.
Gentlemen:
In your advertisement in August "Good Housekeeping" you quote a letter telling of the Pequot Sheets wearing ten years. I have been married seventeen years and have never bought a sheet.
When I was married my mother insisted I should have a good supply of Pequot sheets and pillow cases and surely had good judgment. She had had them always and they surely do wear. My sheets have had hard wear. I have brought up two boys on them. They have been washed in all kinds of laundries and have been used camping, and at home for Magic Lantern Sheets, for tents at home when the boys were young, for Hallowe'en and many other ways.
I never had any other kind so I can't compare them to others. They are good and satisfactory.
Yours very truly,
1218 Spruce St.,
Berkeley, Calif.,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I have been married 17 years, and I have never bought a sheet!"

In this one short letter is crowded a world of experience with sheets. Mrs. Weymouth's sheets just wouldn't wear out—in spite of laundries, years and the ingenuity of two active boys!

Seventeen years' wear is really too much to expect of *any* sheet. But just accompany us in a swift glance through other letters that women have written to us. They *all* speak of extraordinary service! Here are a few instances:

"My present supply has been in constant use nearly eight years," "I have used Pequot for 30 years," "they withstand hard laundering," "they give such satisfactory wear—16 Pequot sheets have lasted our family of two for fifteen years."

No wonder women choose Pequot sheets and pillow cases! They *wear longer*. In addition, women appreciate the daily comfort and beauty of Pequot. The following phrases from their letters are typical expressions:

"I really enjoy embroidering my initial in the stout, well-woven hems," "they keep their freshness," "wear well, launder well, look well."

Numberless friendly comments like these explain why *Pequot is today the most popular brand of sheets and pillow cases in America.*

Now—*Pequot Sheets in Color!*

In addition to the famous snowy-white, Pequot sheets and pillow cases are now available in soft, lovely colors, harmonizing with blankets, spreads and draperies! Peach, blue, pink, green, maize, orchid and rose—all exquisite, all *guaranteed fast.*

There are two Pequot color modes. The first offers sheets and pillow cases of purest white, with 4-inch hems in color. This is a conservative and charming adaptation of the new vogue for color. The second Pequot mode lavishly provides sheets and pillow cases in full color—the entire fabric one exquisite tint. In either style: seven lovely colors!

Pequot sheets in color are hemstitched, the threads being carefully drawn by hand to preserve the full strength of the fabric. All Pequot sheets and pillow cases, whether white or colored, are made in a *single high grade*, and this one grade only. The shield label is your protection in buying.

What has been your *experience with Pequot sheets?*

Perhaps, like Mrs. Weymouth, you have had extraordinary service from your Pequot sheets. *Won't you tell us about it?* Other women may benefit from your experience.

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, Salem, Mass. Parker, Wilder & Co., New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco, Selling Agents.

Good Night Sweet Dreams

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PEQUOT
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

THE MOST POPULAR SHEETS IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 181)

the boss. He was clever at managing so that Fel should not suspect how many services he performed. Now that his career was over, his only happiness lay in being near her.

He knew the temptations of a theatrical career, particularly to a girl as temperamental and, at the same time, as innocent as Fel, who thought nothing of making a complete change in the wings in full view of the electricians and stage hands. It had been all right so long as the boss was there to watch out for her, but now that Carlee was away most of the time, and had his head in the clouds the rest of it, there ought to be someone on hand to protect her from shady fellows like Doc Pederson and cabaret lizards like young Schmittlap.

He decided to "wise-up" Fel. He would select an appropriate time and place, throw it up to her, and brace her generally about all these tea-joint sheiks and sugar daddies like this Schmittlap person. As usually happens he could not have put his foot in it more deftly if he had been her own father.

HE HAD waited downstairs in the sitting room at Jernigan's one morning until two-thirty for the purpose. Then a taxi drew up and through the window he saw Eric Schmittlap bidding her good night.

"Hey, Fel!" he called as she came down the passage. "Come on in and have a glass of schnapps with old Hans. You're home early! Been hoofing it?"

Fell paused in the doorway and leaned against the jamb. She looked tired and dejected. "Hello, comic!" she said languidly. "Yes, we were up at Richman's. It's a good show."

"Don't you want to sit down a while?"

She eyed him suspiciously. "What's on your mind?" And, as he feigned surprise, "Go ahead! Spill the dirt, comic."

He felt that he had bungled his act already. "All right, Fel. I've just been wondering if this juvenile lead of yours was a real party. Whether the new partner mightn't walk out on you, and leave you flat!"

Fel's eyes were smoldering. "You've got him pegged all wrong, comic. Eric is a nice boy—one of the nicest I've ever met!"

"Well," he stammered. "I didn't want to see you fall for no cabaret Romeo."

Fel jumped to her feet. "You better routine your dialogue, Hans Schluderbach! You talk as if I was a burlesque broad that let every man who took me out get a half nelson and strangle hold on me! This Eric boy has hardly made a pass at me! I almost wish he would! I wouldn't mind stepping out of this life for good. What is there in it for me, running a ham boarding house? Do you suppose I like it?" She laughed. "Like it! Like it!"

Hans was frightened. "Listen, little honey!" he coaxed. "I was just clowning! I didn't mean nothing! But anyone can see that the boy is smoked up about you."

FELICITY blazed at him. "Lay off him, comic! An' quit riding me! That's out! Save it for an encore!"

Grabbing up her wrap she ran up the stairs. Hans looked at himself in the cracked mirror, then clumped up four flights to the top of the house. His room was down the hall from Fel's and as he passed her door he could hear her sobbing inside.

"Mr. Tharp is here, miss."

Stanwyck made his announcement as Hilda was in the act of pinning on the bunch of purple orchids which had preceded Carlee by only a few minutes.

"How do I look, Agnes?" she asked.

"Oh, just lovely, miss!" answered her maid.

Hilda selected a handkerchief so fragile that it might have served for the cover of a fairy haycock. "If my mother asks where I am tell her I've gone to the circus with Mr. Tharp. I'll be home for tea."

Carlee had given Hilda her first real thrill. His pale, mobile face, with its touch of wistfulness, the depth of his black eyes, his gallantry, at times mounting to a gay audacity and at others sinking to a tender diffidence which gave her the sense of power over him which she so enjoyed, and the fact that, although as she supposed he must be well-born, he was enshrouded with a mystery which she believed she could penetrate at will but did not at the moment choose to dispel, fascinated her. In short, he personified Romance.

Carlee was waiting for her in the hall.

"I've never seen you so lovely!" He stood there gazing at her, apparently forgetful that he was barring her way.

"Well," she smiled. "If you have studied my costume sufficiently, shall we go?"

They left their taxi before reaching the Garden to avoid the traffic and joined the crowd hurrying along in order not to miss the opening parade.

ONCE at the entrance Carlee and Hilda were held fast in the surging mob of people and she took his arm. He pressed it to his side, but it was not only her contact that made his heart beat so wildly. Every drop in his veins was answering the call of the circus. It was like coming home after a long absence. There was not a single detail of gesture or arrangement with which he was not perfectly familiar.

"Buy your programs now!" How often as a boy he had uttered the same cry in that same nasal inflection inherited through decades of circusdom. He had earned many an honest dime as a vender of peanuts, candy-meat, whips, canes, pop corn, and colored programs. It was all a thousand times more real to him than the life he had been leading.

For an instant he had a curious sensation of antipathy, almost of hatred, for everything the girl beside him symbolized. This was life!

An usher conducted them to their box on a level with the sawdust. The performance was about to begin. The rings had been made ready and the flunkies who had been arranging platforms, slack wires and nets had hurried away to the pad room to slip on the costumes in which they "doubled" for the parade. Ike Castleton, beautiful in flapping sombrero and white-fringed buckskin suit, galloped around the arena upon his gray charger and drew up in the middle ring. Doffing his hat he saluted the audience: "La-dies a-nd gen-til-men! Kind-ly give me your at-ten-shun! The great-est show on earth ——"

"I FEEL as if I were about five years old!" said Hilda, as they looked up at the kings, queens and crusaders, the Greeks, Romans, Goths and Saracens, the jolting ladies of no era or nationality in their inevitable pink tights, the elephants and camels carrying veiled beauties of the harem in dangerously swaying palanquins and the rumbling gilt wagons with their mysteriously barred windows. "I can remember when they were absolutely real—all more real than anything else in the world!"

"Perhaps they are just as real now!" he replied.

The parade had passed and the freaks were bringing up the rear—the dog-faced man, the "What-is-it?", the bearded woman, the staggering cowboy giant, the toddling midgets.

"I hate to watch them!" Hilda declared. "They're too pathetic! Just look at that pretty little dwarf! What a sweet face she has!"

Lucy Lunt, who, since she had difficulty in keeping up with the others, was walking by herself at the end of the procession, looked up at that moment and a smile of recognition illumined her small features.

"Hello, Carlee!" she called out to him in her clear high voice with a wave of her tiny hand.

"Hello, Lucy!" he answered.

Hilda turned with raised eyebrows.

"You seem to know everybody!" she exclaimed. "Or everybody seems to know you! How did you meet that poor little freak?"

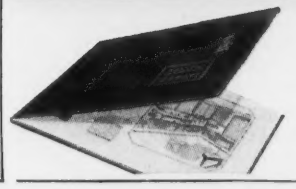
SCRANTON
Drapery FABRICS

CURTAINS *for a* GEORGIAN ROOM

GLASS curtains with very simple designs, or no design at all, are best suited to this unassuming Georgian living room. Such curtains in pairs, panels and nets are available in a wide range of prices at all stores carrying Scranton Drapery Fabrics.

Ask to see the new Scranton Drapery Style Book from which this picture was taken. 77 illustrations show suitable curtains for a great many different windows. These curtains have been selected by Hope Harvey, decorator, writer, and editor of this book.

Leading stores will gladly show you both the book and the suggested curtain without obligation. Or, mail coupon and 10c for booklet showing all the material in the large Style Book.



SCRANTON LACE COMPANY
Dept. 101, Scranton, Pa.
Enclosed is 10c for Drapery Style Booklet.

Name.....

Street.....

City *State*

Could You Meet An Emergency Threatening Your Dog's Life?

Write for your copy of this authoritative 104 page textbook. It tells all about dogs—care, feeding, diseases, treatments, etc.

MAILED FREE!

CHOW-CHOW

This breed originated in northern China centuries ago. A true "one man" dog resembling the Eskimo Dog. His color is solid—red, smoke-blue or black, as a rule. The only breed with a black tongue.

ESSENTIAL NEEDS FOR EVERY DOG

GLOVER'S Imperial Medicines are needed by almost all dogs. Each of these is the finest of its kind. Each combines perfect safety with highest efficacy. To use any of lower quality is not fair to the animal who will always give *his* best for you.

Keep him free from fleas; skin clean and coat gleaming. Treat him for dangerous intestinal worms. Keep him regular with Glover's Laxative Pills and toned up with Glover's Condition Pills. Use Glover's Cresol Disinfectant as a positive germicide in his bath, on his feeding pans, kennel and bedding.

VETERINARY WELFARE SERVICE...FREE

Write fully to our veterinarian for advice in any matter concerning dogs, cats, birds or farm livestock.

GLOVER'S FLEA AND INSECT POWDER
GLOVER'S KENNEL FLEA SOAP
GLOVER'S Imperial CRESOL DISINFECTANT
GLOVER'S LAXATIVE PILLS FOR DOGS
GLOVER'S ROUND WORM CAPSULES
GLOVER'S CONDITION PILLS FOR DOGS

Just a few of the many

GLOVER'S
Imperial
MEDICINES FOR DOGS
Sold by Drug Stores, Pet Shops, Kennels and Sporting Goods Stores

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. J, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York

"Oh, I know lots of circus people," he answered automatically. "In fact I'm writing a play about the circus. I get my material first-hand."

"You must read it to me!" she said. "Perhaps I've an entirely wrong idea about circus people."

What was her idea of circus people? All that afternoon from the moment that the clowns had come tumbling in, squealing, he had debated with himself whether this were not the time to tell her everything. He realized that his explanation about Lucy Lunt had been more than evasion. It was not even a half-truth! He had made it impulsively, under the impression that the middle of a circus parade was no time to tell her the story of his life, and that he was justified in seeking a more propitious occasion, a more romantic setting. And then that casual disclosure of her condescending attitude toward circus people had upset all his previously conceived ideas. He could not tell her now!

Across the arena Felicity was sitting with Gus Bloomberg in another box. The shrewd little eyes of the booking agent had already spotted Carlee and Hilda.

"Who's the blond babe in gray with the boy friend?" Fate was playing directly into his hands!

"Who d'you mean?" Fel knew well enough. "Where?"

"Over there! Just the other side of the cat act."

FEL'S eye searched the row of boxes behind the big cage. Nothing in her voice betrayed her feelings as she answered:

"That's Hilda Schmittlap. You know—the girl at whose house I did the monologue."

"She's a swell little mamma, all right!"

"She's a knockout on looks," admitted Fel, although the acid of jealousy was eating into her heart. "If she had to, she could walk into any revue on Broadway and grab down three hundred a week."

"Looks as if Carlee was plenty smoked up about her," rambled Gus. "Listen here, Fel!" Gus removed his cigar while still retaining his bowler hat to cover his bald spot, and cleared his throat.

She had already guessed what was coming. In many ways she was fond of Gus. He would doubtless make an excellent husband, even if he was not above holding out on one's salary, but his fat white neck, bristly hair and pale watery eyes were repulsive to her.

"Now me and you have knowed each other a long time, Fel. You know I'm on the level and you know how stuck on you I am. I've got more'n a hundred grand put away in my grouch bag, an' if you think we could do a happy married act together I could give you a swell set-up. How does it hit you?"

Fel was really touched by Bloomberg's offer.

"Thanks a lot, Gus!" she answered gently, and he knew there was no hope for him. "I can't change my routine." She reached over, took his hand and shook it. "Thanks just the same!"

"All righty!" he said. "I'll take it standing."

He directed his attention to the "bull line" over which a clown was somersaulting with loud shrieks of simulated terror.

"THAT humpty's got it all over Hans!" he declared. "I don't blame him for not wanting to come back. Listen here, Fel! Do you remember 'The Great Magus.' If you're willing to hook up with him I can get him thirty weeks on the Metro."

"What sort of work?"

"Illusion, magic, mind-reading, a little hoofing—same as yours and Carlee's. You'd be just the girl for him. He wants a big illusion to close, and I thought, if you'd consider it, maybe you could work the bullet-catching act."

"But that's Carlee's."

"No more than it's yours. And he ain't using it. Say, Fel! This is your chance to go back on the Big Time, if you want it. What's the use your hanging around doing nothing? I can get you good money."

Fel was tempted. Here was an opportunity to go on with her work, earn some money, and at the same time show Carlee that she could get along without him.

"What sort of a guy is this Magus?"

"Oh, he's all right. I never heard no complaints about him."

"How soon have you got to know?"

"In a couple of days. What d'you say? Suppose I bring him around and let him talk to you?"

"Put it in writing and I'll think it over," she answered. "Then if I like Magus you can sign me up."

ZELDA PAXTON had had an inspiration as a result of Carlee's afternoon with Hilda.

"What's the matter with giving a circus at Moneysunk?" she proposed at tea. "For a housewarming it would be absolutely original. It would give people something to come for. They're tired to death of just walking around and listening to gypsy bands and Hawaiians. What do you think, Mr. Schmittlap?"

"It sounds all right to me!" replied Jake. "If we are going to have a housewarming let's have a good one. I don't believe a circus could cost much more than the blowout we gave for Diane. Even if it did, it wouldn't matter. I'm all for it."

"It's a grand idea!" agreed Hilda. "They can set the tent right up on the polo field, with all their wagons, and side shows, and everything!"

"We could have supper on the lawn after the performance," interjected her stepmother, now thoroughly converted. "We can have a tunnel made of awnings so that the guests will be under cover, and if it was a warm night they could leave their wraps at the house, and the footmen could be dressed as clowns."

"No need to dress 'em!" remarked Jake. "They look it already!"

"And we can have peanuts and root beer and pop corn!" cried Hilda. "And the regular circus posters and programs. We must get some real freaks. I saw a lovely little midget this afternoon."

"What's the matter with a bunch of elephants and letting people ride around on 'em?" inquired Jake, whose cordial reception of Zelda's scheme was due to a business crisis of which none of his family as yet had knowledge. Although work had been under way over a year, Schmittlap Towers was still a mere hole in the ground. Not a column was in place. He had bought the land—an entire block near the Grand Central Station—for ten million dollars, easily raising the money by means of land-trust certificates. The hundred-story structure itself was to be paid for out of the proceeds of forty million dollars' worth of leasehold bonds distributed throughout the country to banks and small investors on the strength of the Schmittlap name, the money being held by a trustee and payable as the building went up. The remaining five millions was to be met by rent anticipations on the part of the lessees and the deferring of all professional fees. The only cash actually put up by the promoter for the erection of what was to be the tallest occupied structure in the world was the $250,000 check handed to the vendor in exchange for his signature on the contract of purchase for the land. And in return for that check, which was later repaid, Jake Schmittlap had received fifty millions of Towers stock. No wonder he was called a wizard.

THE four months' delay, due to the unexpected difficulties in removing the warehouses and other structures upon the land before the excavation could be begun, had jeopardized the leases on the building when completed. But now a much greater danger threatened Jacob Schmittlap's pet enterprise. He had been assured that the excavators would reach solid rock at a depth of forty feet. They did reach rock, but it was not solid. On the contrary it was soft and percolated with water. At a cost of an additional million the

(Continued on Page 187)

Jack Tar Togs

EXCEPTIONAL in every way—in styling, in wearing qualities, in value—are the Jack Tar Feature Numbers for Spring—(2 of 36 illustrated). Inspired by foreign designs—but carried out in strikingly novel fabrics with touches of American originality.

Leading stores from coast to coast are featuring these numbers as super-values for smartly garbed youngsters—both for boys and girls. They will be as pleasing to mother as to the style-wise young folks who wear them! See them in your town!

Ask the Jack Tar dealer for folder of Jack Tar Feature Styles.

The **STROUSE-BAER CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.**

"I Wouldn't Have Believed

So Great a Change Possible in a Child

if it hadn't happened to my own"

"My girl had always been sickly since she was 5 weeks old. She was pale, nervous and decidedly underweight for her age. We did all we could to make her well but could not get anything to help. At last a doctor advised us to do away with all medicine and use Ovaltine instead. We could see results almost immediately—she seemed like a different child. Color came back to her cheeks, nervousness and restlessness decreased wonderfully and she has added 5 pounds in weight even through the hot summer months. *I wouldn't have believed so great a change possible in a child if it hadn't happened to my own.* She has changed into another child in this short time."

MRS. LESLIE STEINMETZ, *Allentown, Pa.*

FREE
UNCLE WIGGILY MUG

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander, given FREE with 3-day trial package.

Accept 3-Day Supply . . . A Swiss Discovery That May Make Your Child Over . . . Not a Medicine, But the Most Enticingly Delightful Food-Drink Known

This mother's experience is typical of hundreds of others. You may find just as remarkable a one with your own child.

Swiss Scientists—world-leaders in child development—have thrown many new lights on the underweight or nervous child. One of their findings is embodied in an utterly New-Type of food-drink, called Ovaltine.

New to America, it has become virtually a national beverage throughout scientific Europe. Its use has spread over 54 different nations. Over 20,000 doctors are advising it.

Weight increases of a pound or more a week are common. Nervousness lessens almost from the time its use is started. Largely on expert advice, mothers are flocking to it.

To try before purchasing a larger supply, note coupon for 3-day supply at right.

What It Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with "chocolate" and "malt" drinks common in this country.

First developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss Food Scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements (such as lime, iron and phosphorus) foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

"Results Were Remarkable"

"Our daughter, Carol, was a very nervous child, had frequent attacks of indigestion and was considerably underweight. Then we began giving her 2 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a glass of warm whole milk 3 times a day. Results were remarkable and overjoyed us. In a short time Carol had gained 13 pounds in weight."

MRS. ALBERT M. FOSS, *Pauls Valley, Okla.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of *all* starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeals, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day test. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals—to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you.

*(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY
and Uncle Wiggily Mug FREE

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. H-20
180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine and the Uncle Wiggily Mug FREE:

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(One package to a person) C

OVALTINE
THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK

Why 47 years ago LISTERINE checked Sore Throat *—and why it still does*

MEN and women of the early 80's, no less than those of today, were justified in their faith in Listerine as a first aid in checking sore throat and other simple infections.

For Listerine, then as now, was a safe antiseptic, yet an extremely powerful one. It has never been necessary to change the Listerine formula to meet new and difficult requirements imposed by modern discoveries in therapy.

Repeated tests, in laboratories of national repute, show full-strength Listerine to be so powerful that it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. These germs are used by the U. S. Government to test the power of antiseptics.

Recognizing Listerine's germicidal action, you can understand why it is effective against winter ailments. The moment it enters the mouth it attacks bacteria that lodge there and cause sore throat, colds, grippe, and influenza.

For your own protection, gargle with Listerine, full strength, night and morning during bad weather—and between times after exposure to crowds, bad air or sudden changes of temperature. By so doing you may spare yourself a painful, costly and even dangerous siege of illness. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It is safe in action—healing in effect. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Escape colds this way

Millions of colds start when germs, transferred from the hands to food, enter the mouth. Therefore, before every meal, rinse your hands with Listerine. This effectually destroys disease germs. They are killed before they can enter the body. This simple act may save you a nasty siege with a cold. And it is especially important for mothers to remember.

"GREAT!" men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!

(Continued from Page 184)

excavations were continued by means of pneumatic caissons to a further depth of eighty-six feet, at which level solid rock was at last struck. This involved another six months' delay. Moreover, once under the Subway level, it was found that the rock ledges had faulted right up to the Subway itself. He had had to choose between cutting down his building heights or filing an enormous bond with the city to cover prospective damage. He chose the latter and went on excavating. Then an utterly unforeseen and awful thing happened that threatened forever to destroy the fame of Schmittlap. The adjoining bank building "let down on him"—that is to say, it sagged two inches at the bottom and thirteen at the top, so that all its elevators, lights and plumbing were thrown entirely out of gear.

THE owners of the building brought suit. Schmittlap filed another bond and went doggedly on. The famous Towers was now a year behind schedule and had there been anything to attach would have been plastered with liens. The banks would not advance further money on the land trust certificates since the realty was "adversely occupied" by the building which had been thrown out of plumb. The trustee of the proceeds of the leasehold bonds had no obligation to turn over any of the funds in his hands until the structure was in actual process of erection. None of the contractors had been paid and the steel columns, beams and girders for the first four stories lay piled in the excavation itself or on the neighboring streets. Schmittlap Towers was *de facto* bankrupt. Work came to a standstill. And the pretty question arose as to whether the five millions needed to set it going again should be advanced by Mr. Jacob Schmittlap, the well-known financier, who had lent his name to the enterprise in return for fifty millions of stock but had as yet put not a cent into it himself, or whether Schmittlap Towers should go into a voluntary receivership, be put up at auction, and be bid in by its promoter, who would thus get it practically for nothing.

HE HAD originally inclined toward the former course. He did not like the idea of a receivership connected with the name of Schmittlap. But further reflection led him to go slow. His fifty millions in stock was now worthless. If he could get the building for nothing what was the use of throwing away five millions simply to prevent the appointment of a receiver? He vacillated.

But while he vacillated the rumor spread that his own fortune was involved in the Towers and that he was ruined. Schmittlap Incorporated went down twenty points on the Exchange. This, besides being a severe blow to his pride, hurt his credit with the banks. For reasons wholly different from those affecting his wife, Zelda's ambitious circus scheme struck him most favorably.

"H'm! Might be just the thing!" he thought, as Zelda developed her plan in greater detail. "It'll at least serve notice on everybody that I'm still solvent. And it's a lot better than coughing up five millions!"

Thus it is seen how closely connected a circus may be with credit.

Woodlea, the chef-d'œuvre of a famous New York architect, is an Elizabethan mansion of many wings, surrounded by lawns and gardens sloping to the waters of Long Island Sound. The land—a thousand acres or so—had been originally acquired by a movie millionaire who began life as a dealer in rags and bottles. Fortunately for Jake Schmittlap, although unfortunately for the ex-junk dealer, the latter had "gone bust" before he could transport to America the Scottish castle, including ivy, which he had purchased to insure the atmosphere of antiquity befitting his lineage. Jake had bought him out for a million flat; the house had cost half a million; the landscaping another; and the garage, swimming pool, indoor tennis court, boat house and electric light plant had brought the total up to nearly three millions. Since the house was situated upon a peninsula three miles from the railroad station, privacy was guaranteed and no spot better adapted to Miss Paxton's purposes could have been found, for on the other side of the garden lay the tennis courts and just beyond them the polo field with a small grand stand.

"It's simply ideal!" she declared at a meeting of the general staff.

"Sounds all right to me!" said Jake. "The polo field is just the place for the big tent, and tennis courts will be fine for the bar and the menagerie. When will they put 'em up?"

"THEY'LL truck down Friday night and have all the tents up an hour after sunrise. I thought it would be nice if we had a small herd of elephants on the front lawn with a searchlight so people could see them as they came up the drive."

"Swell!" declared Eric. "Are the guests going to wear costumes?"

"No, I didn't think it would be safe to have a costume party," explained Zelda, "because I was afraid people would get mixed up and no one would know who was part of the show and who wasn't."

"You mean you couldn't tell one freak from another!" he grinned. "I'll say you couldn't! Do you suppose the spectators will have more fun watching the freaks, or the freaks watching the spectators?"

"Eric!" expostulated his mother. "Eric!" she repeated. "You shouldn't talk that way about people. They might hear of it somehow. One has to be a little careful. I'm sure you wouldn't want to be called a freak."

"I've been called worse things than that!" he laughed. "Anyhow I didn't call anybody a freak. Come to think of it, though, I've seen many an old geezer at our house who looked like a dog-faced boy. And as for Circassian beauties I know dozens of 'em! I never go to a party I don't see wild men and fat ladies and bearded women —— They're all just a lot of 'what-is-its!'"

"I DO wish you'd try to keep Eric from playing any more tonight, Mr. Tharp," whispered Mrs. Schmittlap as they adjourned to the buffet that evening. "He ought to go to bed straight off. Try to get him to go home. He lives only just around the corner."

Eric, who was rather drunk, had been losing heavily, and so also, strangely enough, had Count Fortuny, his partner. Hilda had gone away over Sunday.

"I'll do the best I can to make him!" Carlee readily agreed.

For nearly ten days he had been wondering whether it might not be possible, by a little discreet pressure, to induce the boy to see less of Fel. She had already been out with Eric three nights that week. It would be a delicate matter, yet under proper circumstances he felt that he could appeal to his better nature to leave the girl alone. This might give him his chance.

During March only—

$79.50

buys this all-porcelain

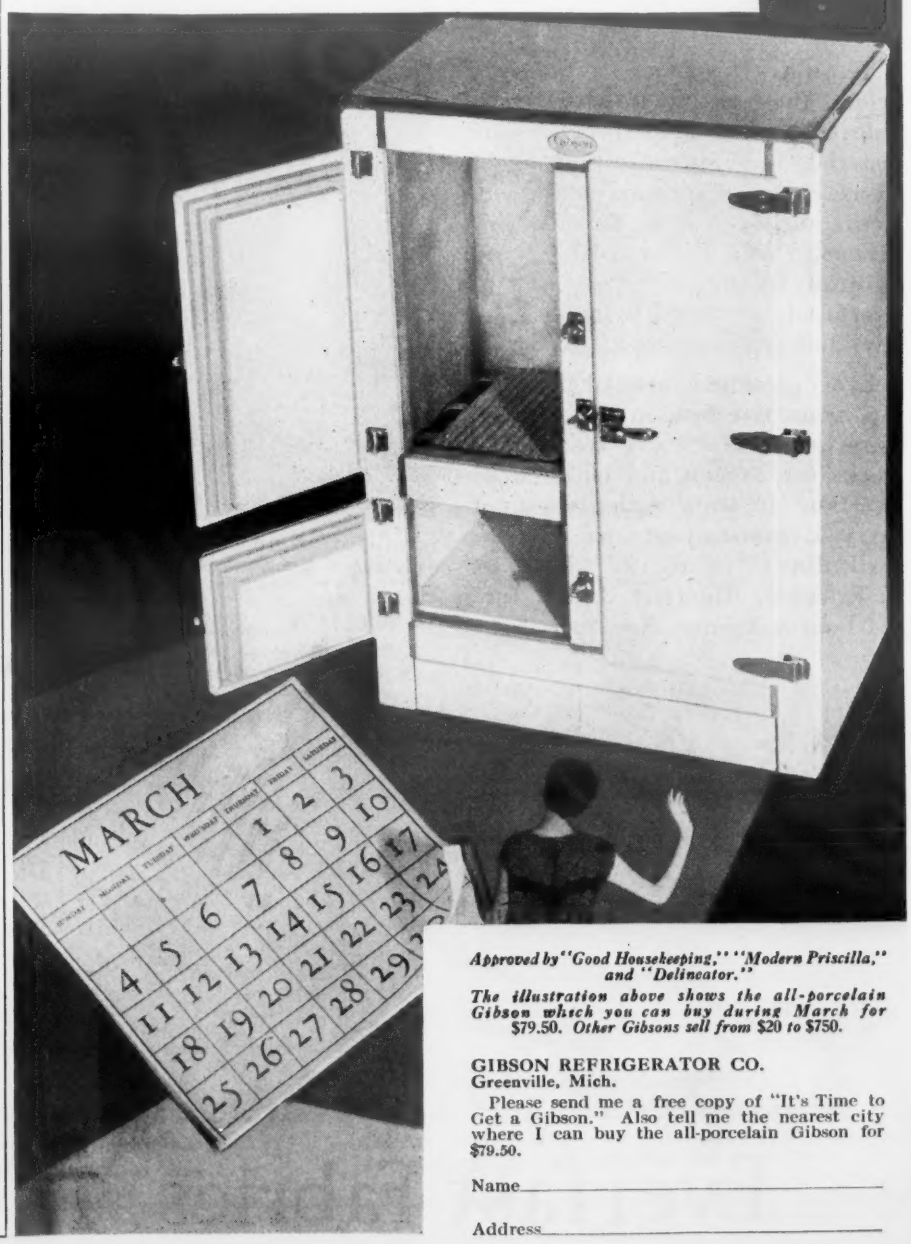
Gibson

NEVER before such a bargain as this! Think of it—a corkboard insulated Gibson—all-porcelain *outside* as well as *inside* for the unheard-of price, $79.50. Every Gibson dealer in America makes this offer, but remember—*this special price is for March only.* So act now. Put this snow-white all-porcelain Gibson in place of your old worn-out ice-box. Not only will you save money when you buy, but the Gibson will save your food and ice for years.

This all-porcelain Gibson gives your food the utmost in protection — It is insulated with that superb heat-resisting material—corkboard. It has the most efficient trap ever made . . . one-piece aluminum—unbreakable, non-rusting, non-corroding, exclusive to the Gibson. When you close the doors they lock air-tight automatically. The seamless porcelain interior has rounded corners. Always easy to clean inside and outside. The flat metal shelves, exclusive to Gibson, never rust and you can slide small dishes across them without their tipping and spilling.

Manufacturers of electrical refrigerating units approve the corkboard insulated Gibson—This specially priced Gibson comes equipped for quick and easy installation of electrical appliances. See also the new line of Gibsons built expressly for electrical or gas refrigeration. A compartment at the base can be used to house your unit or for dry vegetables. Also beautiful models—oak-finished ash cabinets and snow-white enameled all-steel refrigerators. All prices. Send the coupon for a free copy of "It's Time to Get a Gibson." Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Mich.

Gibson
REFRIGERATOR



Approved by "Good Housekeeping," "Modern Priscilla," and "Delineator."

The illustration above shows the all-porcelain Gibson which you can buy during March for $79.50. Other Gibsons sell from $20 to $750.

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR CO.
Greenville, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of "It's Time to Get a Gibson." Also tell me the nearest city where I can buy the all-porcelain Gibson for $79.50.

Name_____

Address_____

The whole smart world makes spring frocks *of cotton or linen*– in fashion's most sophisticated line

A FROCK without line cannot hope to be smart. A fabric not suited to its seasons is not fashionable. . . . With the new spring season the whole world emerges from winter coats, to think of lighter things. And among the first thoughts of suitable spring materials comes that of cotton and linen.

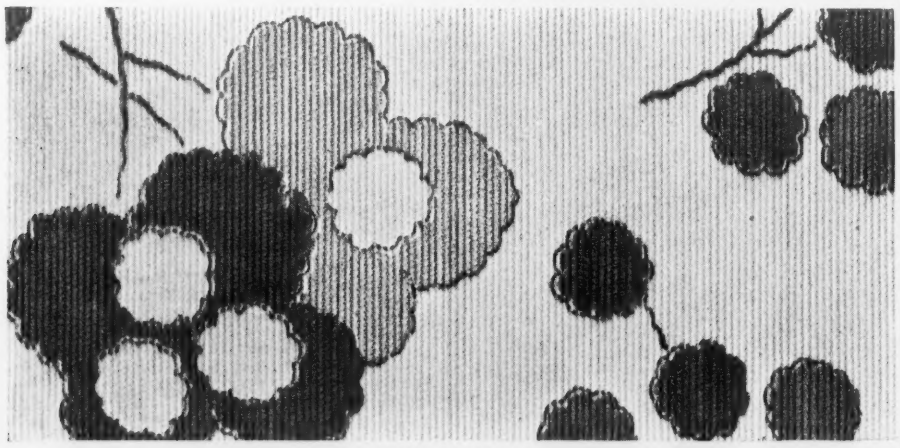
Everfast cottons and linens are important fabrics this spring. They are exquisite materials, seen often at Palm Beach during the season. These fine textured fabrics will drape, plait, ruffle — anything expected of them by the mode. The designs are many, bright and unusual.

Though there are charming prints, the plain colored Everfast Fabrics are also important. The materials most used are lightweight Everfast Piques, printed and plain, Printed Linens, Handkerchief Linens, Printed Gabardines, and Printed Eponge. Every yard of Everfast is protected by the nationally-known, money-back guarantee.

Every genuine Everfast Fabric has the name Everfast on the selvage. Some stores also carry ready-made frocks for women and children of Everfast. If your dealer does not carry Everfast, write us and we shall direct you to one who does. N. Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York.

PIQUE ENSEMBLE

Sleeveless frock of white Everfast Pique. Scalloped front closing. Red buttons and belt. Unlined jacket of red Everfast Pique—new finger-tip length. Below, one of the new printed Everfast Piques taken from our large and varied line.



THE GENUINE
Everfast Fabrics
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Eric did not oppose Carlee's suggestion to quit, and the party broke up. It was a mild May night and the men lingered on the steps discussing their hands before separating.

"Why not have a few more rubbers?" said Eric. "I'd like my revenge."

"We'll give it to you tomorrow night," answered Carlee. "It's time to go to bed."

"At only half-past one! Come on over to my dump. We'll have a nightcap and a little game of poker. There are six of us!"

He thrust his arm through Carlee's and without waiting for a reply started along the street. Fortuny and the rest followed.

"I'll be glad to see your apartment, but let's cut out the poker," said Carlee.

Eric opened the door and threw on the lights of the sitting room. Heavy cerise curtains concealed the windows, a divan piled high with silk cushions filled one side of the room, a desk stood in the center, a round card table between the windows. The mantelpiece and walls were covered with signed photographs of young women.

CARLEE, in search of a cigarette, unexpectedly came upon a photograph of Felicity standing by itself upon the desk. The sight of her fresh, lovely face in such garish surroundings shocked and affronted him. Thank heaven the picture was unsigned!

"What shall we play for?" asked Eric, as the others, carefully carrying their glasses, seated themselves about the table. "Come along, Tharp."

"I don't play poker," answered Carlee, too disconcerted by the discovery of Fel's photograph to think of anything else. "I'll just look on for a while."

"Let's make it hundred-dollar limit," said Eric. "I've got to recoup. Something tells me this is going to be my lucky night!"

The game began, the first few hands running low. Then, on Fortuny's deal, Eric opened and all came in; four one-card draws, the dealer drawing to a pair. The first two dropped. Eric refused to bet, the man next him put in a blue, Fortuny raised and his opponent called. He had filled a small straight. Fortuny with an ace full up won a hundred and forty-odd dollars.

"That was *ben trovato*, as we say in Italy!" he declared. "I held two aces—and drew another!"

Presently Eric had a short run of luck. Then the deal again fell to Fortuny. Each took three cards except the count, who with a shrug dealt himself four. There were six hundred dollars in the pot. Someone bet a hundred and there were two raises before it became Fortuny's turn to bet. Twelve hundred dollars! Then to everybody's chagrin Fortuny raised—on his four-card draw. Called, he modestly exposed a king full.

"GOOD old Ben Trovato again!" ejaculated Eric. He got up and crossed to the sideboard. So did the others with the exception of Fortuny, who did not leave the card table. Carlee caught Eric's arm.

"I wouldn't play any more if I were you!" he urged. "Luck is against you."

"Bunk! One good hand and I'll win back everything."

"Then, if you're bound to play," Carlee whispered, "the next time the deal is with Fortuny—if you have any sort of a hand—bet before the draw!"

Eric squinted at him. "What the devil ——" he began. Then a flash of comprehension passed over his face. "I'm on!" he muttered.

Carlee had seen enough to convince him that the count was "crooking." Since Eric had furnished the cards Fortuny could not be supplementing his hands from a duplicate pack, if he was using the same pack, there was only one thing he could do, namely, "cull" what cards he wanted, such as aces, while dealing or shuffling; hide them; and later substitute them for the cards dealt to himself upon the draw. There were various ways of doing this, but the most likely was by using a "bug," a small metal spring, like that used to secure a fountain pen in a vest pocket, attached by a thumb tack to the underside of the table. He could easily steal the aces while riffling the cards, hide them under the spring—thus relieving himself from danger of discovery in case of search—and slip them among the other cards dealt to him on the draw as he pulled the latter towards him across the edge of the table. But if he should thus add three aces to his hand he would have eight cards instead of five, and would somehow have to get rid of three superfluous cards before the show-down. This he could do, having palmed them, by placing them upon the top of what was left of the pack on the pretext of moving it from one place to another upon the table. This method could be made use of only when it was his turn to shuffle or deal, when having purloined what cards he wanted he would first pinion them beneath the table, sweep them into his hand along with the others on the final draw, and almost immediately attempt to "skin the hand" or dispose of the cards for which the stolen aces or kings were to be substituted.

The best moment to expose him would be either before the draw, by disclosing the cards in the "bug" under the table, or after the draw by preventing him from getting rid of the extra cards then in his hand.

ERIC'S luck had deserted him again and he had lost several thousand dollars in yellow chips most of which were stacked in front of the count. It was now after three o'clock, and by agreement this was to be the last round. The man who had been dealing shuffled the cards and passed them to Fortuny who, apparently not wholly satisfied with the other's thoroughness, riffled them a few times, gave them an extra shuffle, and then slowly dealt the five hands. As usual on the last round everybody came in. The man on the left bet a yellow, the man beside him stayed, Eric raised, the next player raised Eric, and he in turn was raised by the dealer, Fortuny. There was now twelve hundred dollars in the pot. The first two stayed without raising, Eric raised again, the next man dropped, and Fortuny raised—two thousand dollars!

The first two now laid down their hands. It was too fast a game for them before the draw.

"I'll give you both a chance to make some money," said Eric pushing in two more blue chips with a wink at Carlee.

The last man dropped and again Fortuny raised. With twenty-four hundred dollars upon the table Eric nevertheless appeared to hesitate.

"*Couraggio!*" exclaimed Fortuny. "I have only a pair of aces."

"In that case I'll give you another boost," replied Eric. "Let's have some action."

"My aces are still good," nodded the count as he flipped two additional yellows toward the center of the table. "Shall we take off the limit?"

CARLEE had left his seat and walked around the table to Fortuny's side. The count held his cards pinched in his left hand; his right rested on the green baize near the pack.

"No," said Eric. "I'll do my real betting after the draw. I want to see how many cards you take."

"As I have just told you I have only a pair. I shall take three," replied Fortuny. "How many do you wish?"

"None," said Eric shortly.

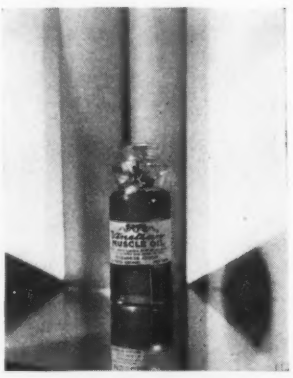
"The count will need 'old Ben Trovato' this time," announced Carlee, moving a shade closer to Fortuny in order to make the situation as difficult for the latter as possible, and compel him either to expose himself or abandon his attempt.

But the count had no intention of allowing twenty-eight hundred dollars to escape his grasp.

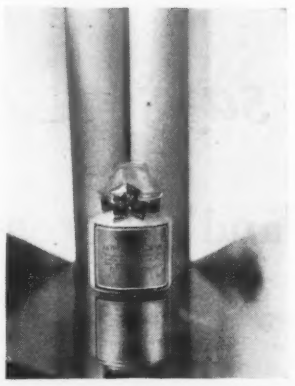
(Continued on Page 191)

THERE IS BEAUTY IN THE NAME

Elizabeth Arden



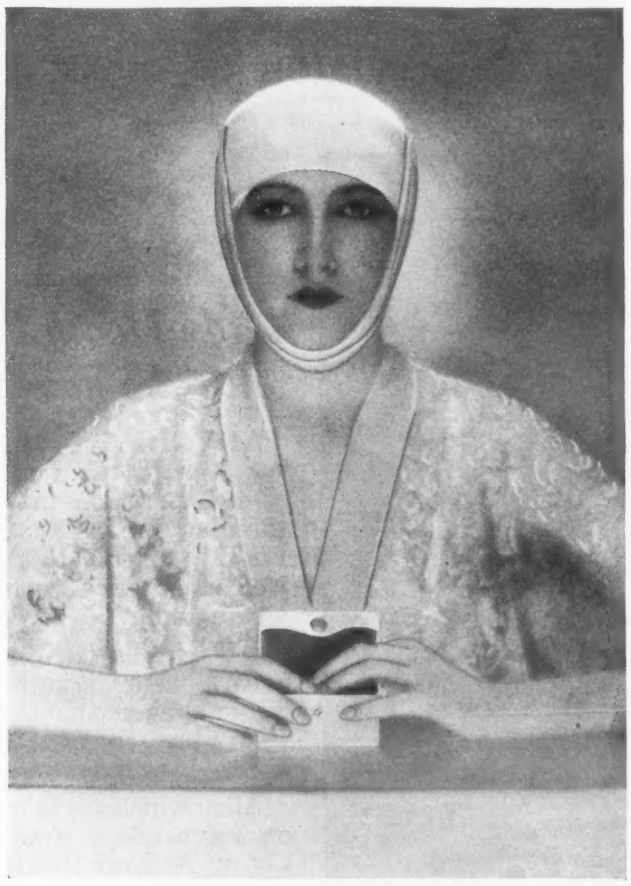
MUSCLE OIL



ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM

ILLUSION POWDER

CLEANSING CREAM



SPECIAL ASTRINGENT

And there is beauty in Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations which she has created for cleansing, toning and nourishing every type of skin

ARDENA SKIN TONIC

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smartest shops in all cities of the world

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD
Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines and hollows. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.

ILLUSION POWDER
A pure, vaguely scented powder, made for those who demand the extreme of quality. Tints: Illusion shade, Rachel, Mat Foncé (a flattering shade for the average skin), Ocre (a sunburn shade), White, Minerva (a warm, natural color), Banana (warmer and deeper than Rachel), and Poudre de Lilas (a mauve shade for evening). $3.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM
Fills out fine lines and wrinkles, leaves the skin smooth and firm. Excellent for an afternoon treatment at home. $2, $3.50.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT
For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4.

VENETIAN PORE CREAM
Greaseless astringent cream, contracts open pores, corrects their inactivity. Smooth over coarse pores at bedtime. $1, $2.50.

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION
Use with an eye-cup, morning and night, to cleanse and tone the eyes. $1, $2.50.

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE CREAM
Fills out lines and wrinkles around the eyes. Leave a little on the skin around the eyes overnight. $1.50.

Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book, "YOUR MASTERPIECE—YOURSELF," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix **LONDON: 25 Old Bond Street** **BERLIN W: Lennéstr. 5**

CHICAGO: 70 E. Walton Place
PALM BEACH: 2 Via Parigi
PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th Street
SAN FRANCISCO: 522 Powell Street
CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries
WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Avenue
ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
MADRID: 71 Calle Alcalá
DETROIT: Book Building
LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street
ROME: Via Condotti 65
BOSTON: 24 Newbury Street
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

"Flatters with its dashing gleam . . " says LADY HEATH

England's Foremost Woman Aviator

Famous flyer and hunter of big game . . . Lady Heath is renowned for her beauty and great daring.

Lady Heath keeps her capable hands lovely with the new Cutex Liquid Polish . . .

LADY HEATH, now touring America to recount for us some experiences of her very enthralling life, is that delightful English combination of sportswoman and society woman everywhere admired—fearless, charming, beautiful.

Rivaling the daring of the world's most courageous men, she has flown from Cape Town to London and hunted big game all over the globe.

All of which might be very hard on her hands if it were not for Cutex. As Lady Heath said to us, "One learns ways to clean up the hands in a jiffy.

"I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle, and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and once a week I apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish—which doesn't stain, you know.

"After a hard day, I simply wash my hands with soap and water, and immediately they look quite spiffy. Really I'm quite devoted to that new Cutex Liquid Polish. It gives a dashing gleam that is very flattering to my conception of myself."

digging in the soil. No occupation could be harder on the hands.

"So each evening I spend a few minutes with my Cutex Set—the Cuticle Remover, the Nail White to whiten the tips, and the Cuticle Oil to soften the cuticle. And I never fail once a week to apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish. It gives the delicate lustre that flatters the tiredest hands."

Although Lady Heath takes entire care of her own De Haviland Moth Plane, her hands excite admiration and envy! A Cutex Kit keeps her nails particularly lovely.

"Tending flowers.. Potting Plants . . . Cutex protects my nails,"

says prominent woman florist

Miss Bond loves flowers and caring for them, so she does everything herself in this charming corner shop on Madison Avenue.

"All day," Miss Bond said to us, "my hands are wet. My fingers are constantly

Do these 3 simple things

You can make your hands look prettier than most people's . . . this way.

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle, bringing out half moons.

Second—the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed for a week.

Third—apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around the cuticle and under the tip to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35c each. Polish and Remover together 50c. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish flatters your nails.

"My work never spoils my manicure," *says famous silhouette artist*

Busily at work in her light-flooded studio Martha Bensley Bruere said, "All day I work with bright papers and instruments. Some of the paper must be dipped in dye, some in gold and silver, which means that my hands must be washed again and again. In spite of that, I manage to keep my nails looking well manicured by using Cutex Liquid Polish once a week."

Special Introductory Offer—12¢

I enclose 12c for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 9J3
114 West 17th Street, New York.

_____

_____

(Continued from Page 188)

"I'll be honest!" he said, smiling at the circle of tense faces. "I'll keep my promise and take three cards."

Selecting two from his left hand he laid them on the edge of the table in front of him and tossed the other three toward the center. Then with great precision he dealt himself three others upon the top of the pair which he had retained. Replacing the pack on the table with his right hand he drew the cards toward him over the edge of the table, utilizing both hands for the purpose, and assembled them. Although Carlee had not been able to observe the entire maneuver he was sure that the count had slipped three additional cards from beneath the table into his hand. If that were so, and he should at that moment challenge the count's honesty, the latter would be found to hold eight instead of the five cards to which he was entitled. But, in that case, he might in the ensuing excitement manage to throw them all into the discard, thus rendering proof of the charge difficult. It would be wiser perhaps to wait a few seconds and see how the count proposed to rid himself of the three incriminating cards.

Fortuny looked at his hand and cleared his throat.

"WELL," he laughed. "What will you bet that I did not fill?" As the eyes of the group turned expectantly toward Eric, Carlee saw the count casually extend his left hand toward the pack as if to move it out of the way. The moment had come.

"'Ben Trovato!'" he exclaimed, seizing Fortuny's wrist firmly in his right hand and snatching the pack from the table. "This man has been holding out! He has eight cards!"

Fortuny had half risen in an effort to jerk free his hand, but at Carlee's words he sank back and attempted to thrust his right hand beneath the table. In this he was intercepted, however, by the man on his right, and now sat there pinioned, like a thief on a cross, with outstretched hands. It had all happened in less than ten seconds. With a forced laugh Fortuny let the cards drop—three from the palm of one hand, five from the other, four of which were aces. He did not seem in the least ruffled.

"Let go my hands, please," he asked quietly. "You see, I filled."

"Look out!" warned Eric. "He may have a gun!"

"Nonsense!" answered the count. "I merely intended to give you gentlemen a demonstration of how easy it is to hold aces. I should not have kept any of your money!"

Carlee frisked him for a possible weapon, then released him.

"You might complete your demonstration by showing these gentlemen your 'bug,'" he suggested as the count edged toward the door. "It might interest them to see how a card sharp works."

"YOU can do that yourself!" retorted Fortuny. "You can go on with the lesson. I warn you! He knows more tricks than I do. Look out for him. Impostor!"

Before they were aware of it he was gone.

"Whew!" ejaculated Eric. "We ought to have had him arrested? But I suppose he's a mile away by this time! How on earth did you get wise to him? Anyhow you saved me a lot of money, Tharp. What's all this talk about 'bugs' and 'hold-outs'?"

Carlee ran his fingers under the table in front of where the count had sat, found the tiny spring, and explained his reasons for suspecting that Fortuny was cheating. As Eric watched him a suspicion, not engendered solely by Fortuny's words, came into his mind. Tharp was extraordinarily adept with the cards; and he almost always won! If one could be a grifter—why not another? What did he really know about the fellow?

"He'd have got away with it if it hadn't been for Tharp!" declared the man who had grabbed the count's right wrist. "I'm sure none of us had the slightest idea of what he was doing. It just shows how careful one ought to be with whom one plays cards! Well, I guess it's a good time to quit."

Carlee lingered after the others had gone.

"You certainly were marvelous!" said Eric. "That rascal must have made a big clean-up in the last three months! He's been playing at our house right along."

"How did you meet him?"

"NO IDEA! I don't suppose he's even a real count. By the way, I owe you quite a lot of money, too, don't I? Seven hundred, isn't it?"

"That's all right," answered Carlee. "Forget it!"

"Forget it! Why should I? I may not be able to settle with you right off, but you shall have every cent of it. Besides, I owe you a debt of gratitude for saving me from Fortuny. I'm eternally grateful! I wish I could do something to show it."

Carlee, who had been strolling about the room, stopped and looked at him. He had been vaguely waiting for some such opening.

"Do you really feel that way?"

"I certainly do! Anything you ask! I'd have been in a hole if you hadn't shown up that fellow—nearly five thousand dollars!"

Carlee came over and sat down in the armchair opposite Eric. He had remained perfectly cool throughout the incident with Fortuny, but now that the crisis was over his nerves were jumping and he found it difficult to control his excitement.

"Well," he said slowly, "if you honestly would like to do me a favor —— I see you've got Miss Jernigan's picture over there on your desk."

Eric shot a quick glance at him. "Well, what if I have?" he inquired with a wrinkle in his forehead. "She's a friend of mine."

Carlee's mouth was dry. "It's hard for me to explain. I hope you won't misunderstand, but I—I wish you wouldn't go out with her quite so much."

Eric scowled. "Not go out with her! Why not?"

"You offered to do anything I asked."

"But I didn't mean that sort of thing. My relations to Miss Jernigan are my own private affair. They're no business of yours? What's your interest in her, may I ask?"

"THAT'S simple enough," said Carlee. "My interest in her grows out of my friendship for her father. I've known a good many circus people first and last and he was one of them—a very fine old fellow. I've seen more or less of her ever since she was a kid and since her father's death I've sort of kept an eye on her on his account. She's a friend of mine and a nice girl. I think a lot of her, that's all!"

Eric eyed him surlily. "What you say is all right enough," he retorted, "but it's no reason that I can see for your butting in on my acquaintance with her. I think a lot of her too. Just as much as you do, and maybe more."

"All the same," rejoined Carlee, "it won't do her any good to have her picture around with a lot of chorus girls, particularly when you're being sued by one of them for breach of promise!"

"You have got a nerve!" Eric ejaculated. He turned around suddenly. "How do you suppose you'd feel about it if I should ask you to lay off my sister?" It was an unexpected thrust.

"If you had any good reason for your request I'd respect it," answered Carlee.

"But what good reason have you got for asking me to do the same thing about Fel Jernigan?"

"It isn't the same thing at all! If you want to know the truth and will keep it to yourself—I want to marry your sister."

Eric burst out laughing. "Hilda? That's a good one! Well, suppose I want to marry Fel Jernigan!"

"Do you?"

She still *looked* exquisite ~ *but...!*

You never know when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you . . .

NEVER had she taken more pains with her toilette—the evening promised many things.

But before it was half over Peter's interest in her seemed to wane. Other people's, too! It had happened before and she could never understand why.

The truth is that there is never any way of telling when a temporary deodorant may go back on you. Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, gives you continuous protection—its regular use frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor.

Why Odorono gives you continuous protection

Used regularly, Odorono keeps the underarm always dry and fresh by checking perspiration in a safe way.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry and smooth with two applications a week, used the last thing at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow time to dry thoroughly before putting on night garments.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for especially sensitive skins and for hurried use. Use daily or every other day, night or morning. Pat on freely after skin is bathed. Allow plenty of time to dry completely before any clothing touches the skin.

Medical science has found that perspiration is 99% water. Its chief function is to regulate body temperature. It does not rid the body of poison. *Checking perspiration in small areas has no effect on health.* Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

A physician's prescription

A physician made Odorono 19 years ago for his own use. That is why you always feel safe in using Odorono.

The regular use of Odorono gives you absolute, safe protection from the possibility of unpleasant odor and damp, sticky discomfort. No longer need you worry about ruining your frocks with perspiration odor or ugly spreading stains.

Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins, and the delightful Creme Odorono are on sale at toilet goods counters everywhere. Odorono 35¢ and 60¢. Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.

Send 10¢ and the coupon below for the Odorono sample kit.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: **Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono.**
Dept. A-3, The Odorono Company, 947 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

_____

_____

New Spring Styles

Why not be well dressed on all occasions? You can now have your choice of stylish up-to-date clothes *without* sacrifice to yourself by taking advantage of Elmer Richards' liberal six-months-to-pay plan.

Don't wait—Send now!

Get your copy of this new spring style book now and find out how you can have stylish, up-to-date clothes and yet pay only a small amount each month. Also remember Elmer Richards Company, established over 20 years, *guarantees satisfaction.*

Style Book *free*

Send now for this new book of reliable and authoritative style information. Many pages and beautiful color illustrations. Full detailed descriptions, showing up-to-the-minute and coming styles. And so easy to get. The surprising values in quality apparel for all the family will amaze you. All items listed are guaranteed and will be sent for your approval. You'll know what Fashion decrees for this spring wear after looking through this beautiful book.

Send *for your copy*-Now

Just Out! Elmer Richards Company's new style book is just off the press. There is only a limited number of copies for distribution to other than our old customers. Send for your *free* copy *now* before it is too late. Mail coupon below today!

Book will be sent, with typical Elmer Richards' prompt service, the same day coupon is received.

ELMER RICHARDS CO.
Established over 20 years

West 35th St., Dept. 2523 Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new Style Book, showing the latest New York styles in women's, men's and children's clothing and full details of your 6-months-to-pay plan, absolutely *free.*

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... *State*.....

"'My intentions are honorable,' as the saying is."

Carlee's request had produced precisely the opposite effect upon Eric from that which he had intended. His protective attitude towards Fel would naturally be open to misinterpretation unless their relationship were fully explained. Yet he felt that at the moment he could not afford to have that relationship explained more fully. Eric would almost certainly tell Hilda, and for the time being, he wished to maintain his character as an unknown knight with whom a princess had fallen in love for himself alone. Certainly this was not the time. And, after all, he could trust Fel absolutely. She knew how to take care of herself.

AS CARLEE walked back through the deserted streets to Ninth Avenue the significance of Eric's words dawned upon him for the first time. In speaking to the boy about Fel his intentions had been of the best, yet when they had been misinterpreted he had not had the courage—should it not rather be called the decency? he asked himself—to make the proper explanation. As things now stood it was clear that Eric not only had no intention of honoring his request to leave the girl alone, but was prepared to hold the possibility of his telling Hilda about it as a threat against further interference. He was ashamed of himself, in spite of the too easy excuse that he could not at that precise moment afford to jeopardize his position with Hilda. That was what his adventure into this new world had done to him! When, if ever, would he be able to come clean?

A good night's sleep would help a lot. But he found difficulty in going to sleep, and his dreams were troubled. Daylight brought him no tranquillity. He did not awake until after eleven and it was rather a relief to him to find that Fel had already gone out. Yet as he lit his cigarette after drawing off the coffee from the percolator he was conscious of missing her. He was so used to her being there! It wasn't the same when she was away.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!"

Gus Bloomberg with his perennial cigar breezed in followed by a heavily built man with a large shaggy head and coarse features. Carlee particularly noticed his hands, the fingers of which were short, thick and covered with hairs.

"Mornin'! Fel in? Meet Mr. Magus."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Magus," nodded Carlee. "Fel's out. I don't know where she's gone. Sit down?"

Carlee had recognized Gus' companion as a pompous small-time performer almost as famous for his conceit as for his lack of ability.

"Mr. Magus is thinking of signing up Fel," explained Gus. "Do you think she's went out for long?"

"I DON'T know anything about it. But look here, Gus!" said Carlee authoritatively, "if you're here to book Fel in any new magic act there's no use your waiting."

Gus gazed glassily at him. "Is that so!" he commented, regarding his cigar.

"Yes, that's so! You're wasting your time going after Fel."

Mr. Magus who was reading Variety raised it a couple of inches to further obstruct Carlee's view of his face.

"Who is this feller?" he inquired of nobody in particular. "He seems to know a lot about everything."

"I know there's no use trying to get Miss Jernigan back in vaudeville at present."

"Is that so!" repeated Gus. "Well, how about this?" He handed Carlee a telegram dated the night before:

TERMS O. K. BRING MAGUS AROUND ANY TIME. F. JERNIGAN.

IT WAS a smashing blow and left Carlee groggy. Sparring vainly for time he tossed the yellow paper on the table whence it floated to the floor.

"That's all right! She can't walk out on me—The Mysterious Romeros."

"She ain't walking out on you!" retorted Gus. "You're the one that's walking out on her! Didn't I offer you forty weeks just the other day and didn't you turn it down cold?"

"All right then!" snapped Carlee. "Talking cold turkey I won't let her!"

"He won't let her!" murmured Mr. Magus without lowering the paper. "Is he her guardeen?"

"It's no matter what I am. She won't sign up with you, Magus. That's flat."

At that moment Fel herself came in and the two visitors arose. "Morning! Glad to meet you, Mr. Magus! Did I hear you saying something nice about me, Carlee?"

"I was just saying that I didn't think you would care to work with Mr. Magus."

"He said he wouldn't let you," commented the magician. "If that goes, so do we!"

A touch of pink leaped into the girl's cheeks, an angry flash into her eyes. "Mr. Tharp has nothing to say about it. If I'm satisfied after talking with Mr. Magus I'll sign up." She looked significantly at Carlee. "If Mr. Tharp isn't going out perhaps we'd better go where we can talk privately."

Furious, Carlee picked up his hat. So this was the finish! Well, it was her own fault. He wasn't splitting the act. If she was going to be so unreasonable as all that—when all he wanted was a lay off—she must be crazy to hook up with a ham magic like this Magus! He felt it to be a direct slap at himself.

For an instant her eyes met his, in silent appeal.

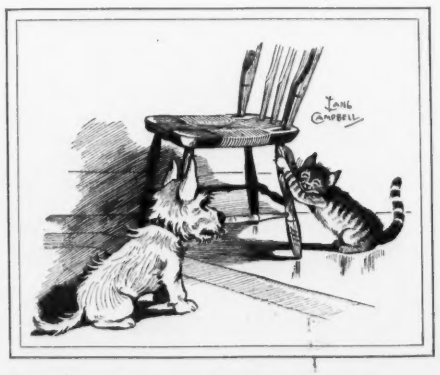
"That's all right," he said putting on his hat. "I'm going out. So long, Gus!"

The door slammed behind him.

Mr. Magus grinned at Fel and winked.

"If he never came back it would be too soon, eh? Well now, girlie, let's get down to business."

AMID the disintegration of metropolitan social life following the War the end of a decade found one common meeting place for all classes—the night club. The cabaret can be anything from the "speak easy" in the brownstone Fifties with its semi-darkness, Hawaiian guitarists and half a dozen furtive couples surreptitiously discussing each others *libido*, to the tawdry glories of "The Congo" or "The Canebreak" where you will be greeted by an insinuating hostess who has just slipped out of her costume in some Broadway success into a rakish evening gown, a suave *maître d'hôtel* will guide you with a confidential air to your appointed place, black-faced comedians will sing you "blues," and little girls just above the age of consent, clad in a handful of beads, will dance like Salome for your lordly delectation, while an arrogant orchestra leader with a dissolute smile keeps time by bending his knees to the braying of the trombone and the almost human squawking of the "baby



"YOU'LL BE SCRATCHING THAT CHAIR ALL UP." "DON'T BE SO IGNORANT! I'M PUTTING AN ANTIQUE FINISH ON IT!"

The toilet, too, can *sparkle*

FRIENDS coming for the week-end . . . or an evening of bridge . . . clean towels in the bathroom . . . fresh soap. . . . Oh! Almost in a moment Sani-Flush can make that stained toilet sparkle!

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, following directions on the can, then flush. Stains and marks disappear. Foul odors are banished, for Sani-Flush reaches the hidden trap.

Sani-Flush leaves the toilet sparkling. It is harmless to plumbing connections. Use it frequently.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

Sani-Flush
Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener

Remington Shears 7" Straight Pattern **$1.70**

These Shears Clip and Cut—Don't "Chew"

They cut evenly and cleanly. They will not raggle the daintiest lace. They cut light and heavy fabrics easily, and are made of the finest steel, uniformly hardened. Remington Shears retain their keen, sharp edge, because they are hollow-ground.

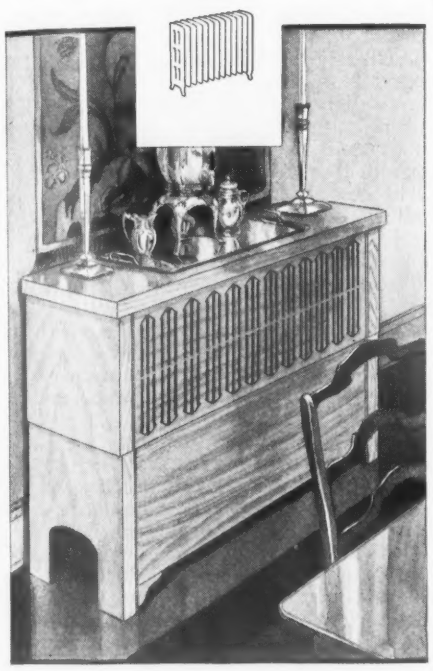
Buy Remington Shears wherever good cutlery is sold. If your dealer hasn't them in stock, send us his name and $1.70 for the popular 7-inch straight pattern.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Remington

© 1929 R. A. Co. 2206

for every radiator a *MULLINS ENCLOSURE*



A MULLINS ENCLOSURE CHANGES THIS DINING ROOM RADIATOR INTO A SERVING TABLE

No one ever admired the appearance of a radiator—now no one fails to admire the beauty of a Mullins Enclosure. It improves the appearance of any room. It makes every home smarter, more attractive, more comfortable . . . changing *radiators* into *furniture*.

And the change is so simple! A Mullins Enclosure fits right over your radiator, without moving or altering a thing!

But it must be a Mullins Enclosure!

Only in Mullins Enclosures will you find the stately design, superb finish and the convenience of immediate installation. Mullins Enclosures are built of heavy gauge furniture steel that can't sag, warp or buckle. They are made in 270 standard sizes, carried always in stock. Due to tremendous production, prices have been materially reduced! Write for booklet and names of local dealers.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP.
SALEM, OHIO
Manufacturers of Mullins Automobile Body Stampings and Mullins Metal Boats

Each Mullins Enclosure is equipped with a humidifier for keeping the air moist and healthful!

(Right) Farewell to smudged walls and draperies around radiators, after you have Mullins Enclosures!

MULLINS
RADIATOR ENCLOSURES and SHIELDS

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP., Salem, Ohio
I'd like to have your new catalog of Mullins Radiator Enclosures and the names of local dealers.
Name.....
Address.....
L.39

sax." You need have no fear that you will demean yourself by vulgar associations, for even if some of your near-by companions are obviously the lowest of mankind there will be others who are socially immaculate.

The life of the New York night club is the flower of American democracy. Its proprietor is no respecter of person. A hundred dollars or so is all that is needed to give anyone the entrée, and so long as the money lasts all men—and women—are equal.

On one of the shorter side streets between Seventh Avenue and Broadway, less than a hundred feet from where two uniformed policemen stand directing traffic, palpitates the great electric sign of The Congo, the *dernier cri* in night clubs. Ladies and gentlemen from Park Avenue can go there with complete assurance that it is "protected" and that they will not suffer the temporary humiliation of being removed therefrom in patrol wagons. The Congo is absolutely safe. As winks its sign, so winks the law.

CARLEE and Hilda, having climbed two flights of stairs, checked their outer garments with the *vestiaire* and entered what was in effect an African jungle. The room was already crowded, only one table—which Carlee had previously reserved—being unoccupied.

"This is the one place in New York where you see absolutely everybody!" said Hilda as Carlee ordered their scrambled eggs and sausages. "High and low—but mostly low, I guess. I suppose we all came originally from the jungle and might as well go back to it!"

"Isn't that Zelda Paxton?" asked Carlee. "I seem to recognize her."

"It certainly is! She's with Count Zabern." She waved to her. "Aren't we going to dance?"

"You bet!"

Hilda at once arose and Carlee put his arms about her.

"I love to dance with you!" she said, lifting her eyes to his face.

"We'd make a good team of hoofers!"

"How funnily you talk sometimes."

"Do I? That's what they call them on Broadway."

"You spend a lot of your time there, don't you?" she remarked. "You know a lot of that kind of people."

"Yes, a lot. I like them."

"I don't think I'd care for them much. The ones I've seen are rather tiresome."

For a moment he wondered if there was anything behind what she said. He pressed her closely to him, gripping her hand in his, and it seemed to him as if she returned his pressure, clinging so tightly that their bodies moved as one.

"Makes you feel junglish, doesn't it?" she whispered. "Let's have a drink of something."

Carlee led Hilda back to their table and ordered a bottle of champagne.

AT THAT instant he became aware of the presence of Fel and Eric Schmittlap on the other side of the room. The sight of his stepsister in such a place and in such company embittered him. He did not stop to ask himself how it was that he could take Hilda there with such complacency and at the same time suffer such chagrin at Fel's presence. If he thought about it at all it was merely to assume that the rich were used to places of this sort, which fortunately for them perhaps the poor could not afford. At all events he knew perfectly well that Fel had never been to one until she had met Eric Schmittlap.

His distress at finding her there was increased by the obvious fact that young Schmittlap was very drunk. Eric sat pitched forward with his elbows upon the table, his chin in his hands, a cigarette hanging from one side of his mouth. His face was flushed, his eyes bleary, the hair above his forehead disarranged. On any other occasion he would have gone across the room and rescued Fel, but he could not now afford a scene. Hilda's glance had followed his.

"A pleasant-looking sight, isn't he!" she said disgustedly. "I hope he won't see us and try to make himself agreeable."

Unfortunately it became apparent that Eric had seen them; not only had seen them but that for some reason their presence aroused his extreme ire, for he was talking angrily to Fel and gesticulating in their direction so that he attracted the attention of those at the neighboring tables. The orchestra had paused and in the comparative silence of the intermission Eric's voice could be heard raised in angry expostulation. He and Fel appeared to be having a violent quarrel. Several times he tried to get up and each time she pulled him back.

"LEMME go!" he now cried, staggering to his feet and nearly upsetting the table. Before Fel could stop him or Carlee realize what was happening Eric had slouched across the floor and stood swaying before them. In his fist was clutched a wad of yellow bills.

"Here!" he screamed. "Take your damn money!" He hurled the bills on the table in front of Carlee, knocking over the champagne bottle as he did so. "Seven hundred dollars! Thought I couldn't pay you, did you? Well, there it is. And you can go to hell!"

Carlee had risen to his feet. It was clear that Eric was meditating some further and even more dramatic onslaught, perhaps involving Fel, who, having extricated herself from the table, was hurrying across the room.

"Listen, Tharp!" shouted the drunken youth. "You think you can interfere with my affairs! You think you can have your cake and eat it! Well, you can't! You——"

Fel seized him by the arm. Her expression was desperate. She had looked at neither Carlee nor Hilda.

"Hush, Eric!" she said loud enough for them both to hear. "Keep still! I'll go anywhere you want."

Eric stopped short in the middle of his tirade.

"Oh, you will, will you!" he leered. "Well, that's different!"

The orchestra had begun again else the episode would have occasioned more notice. Eric allowed Fel to lead him back to his table. From time to time he looked back over his shoulder. There was a triumphant look in his bloodshot eyes.

CARLEE was stunned by Fel's words. His natural impulse had been to defy Eric, explain everything to Hilda, and take Fel home, but he had not acted soon enough upon his instinct and already it was too late. Her purpose had been clear to him. She was prepared to make any sacrifice to guard his secret and to protect him from exposure. Eric had no doubt been hounding her to go to his rooms and she was prepared to do even that—for his sake. A trouper! He would try to get Hilda to go home and then hurry back. If they had already gone by that time he would go to Eric's apartment. What a mess!

"It's my fault for taking you to such a place!" he said at length.

"Nonsense! I come here all the time. But I don't think I shall enjoy it while Eric is here. Why not go along?"

"I'm ready."

"Where to, miss?"

"Home!" she answered without looking at Carlee. The doorman helped Hilda in and tucked the box cloth robe about her. Carlee got in beside her and sank back. The car moved along. He heard the quick intake of her breath. Next instant her arms were around his neck, her lips pressed against his. He turned and took her in his arms.

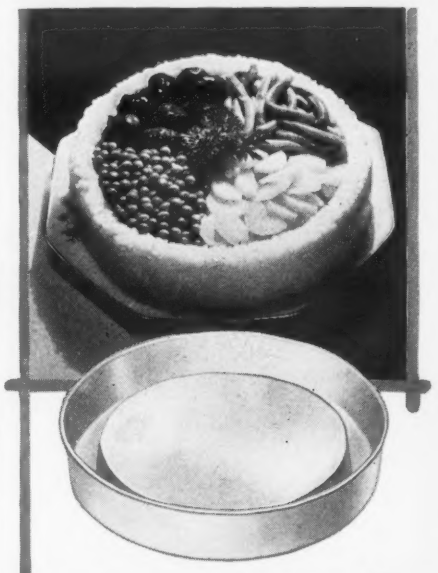
"Hilda! Sweetheart!"

"Carlee! My darling!"

He buried his face in her neck and hair, kissing her eyes, her temples, her mouth again and again.

They were rolling swiftly down one of the side streets toward Fifth Avenue. Yet, although his caresses were far from perfunctory, he found that he could not

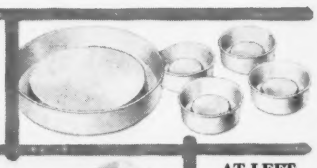
Your Favorite Recipes in the MODERN MANNER



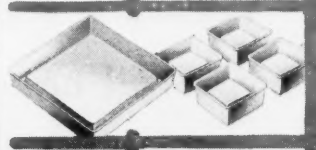
EFFECTS that are delightfully different—cakes, entrees, salads, desserts from your own favorite recipes but baked or molded in new shaped pans—Mary Ann Shell Pans. For example, the illustrated Rice Ring with Vegetables prepared as an entree in the 8-inch Round Family Size Mary Ann Shell Pans, is colorful and effective.

The variety of delectable food combinations seems almost endless. Imagine a square cake turned out of a Mary Ann Shell Pan and its deep open well filled with peaches and cream!

For Mary Ann Shell Pans are made in several sizes, square and round, including sets of smaller pans for individual portions. All are made of neoloy, a rust-resisting metal having exceptional heat-transmission properties for quick baking.



AT RIGHT 8 inch, Round Family Size, *also* Round Bridge Set, Mary Ann Shell Pans.



AT LEFT 8 inch, Square Family Size, *also* Square Bridge Set, Mary Ann Shell Pans.

THIS RECIPE BOOK is enclosed in every carton of Mary Ann Shell Pans. It contains many illustrated and fully described recipes for surprise dishes that will delight your family or guests.

Your Department or House Furnishing store undoubtedly sells Mary Ann Shell Pans, or you can order them direct from us by using the coupon below. Merely send us money order or stamps for the correct amount.

DEALERS who are not now carrying Mary Ann Shell Pans will do well to write for merchandising plan.

MARY ANN
PATENT NO. 1388364
Shell PANS
for Cakes Entrees Salads and Desserts

Address this coupon to EDWARD KATZINGER CO. 1949 North Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Check items you wish, send money order or stamps and we will mail to you, prepaid, the Mary Ann Shell Pans.

- ☐ Round Family Size, 8 inches, 75c
- ☐ Square Family Size, 8 inches, 75c
- ☐ Round Bridge Set, per set of 4, diameter 3 inches, $1.00
- ☐ Square Bridge Set, per set of 4, 3 inches square, $1.00
- ☐ Hostess Size, 10 inches, 90c
- ☐ Measuring Cups, ¼, ⅓, ½ and 1 Cup, per set, $1.00

Name.....
Address.....
L. H. J. 3

abandon himself unreservedly to her. His thoughts were still in the jungle with Fel. But if his love-making were somewhat detached and automatic it was none the less pleasurable. He had won her at last, his incomparable Hilda!

"Oh, Carlee!" she panted. "Why not get our things and motor down to Money Sunk?"

"I'd like to, Hilda! But honest I can't! It seems ungrateful, but much as I love you I've got to leave you—as soon as you get home."

"Why, Carlee!"

"I've got something I must do. It can't be put off even for a minute."

She drew away and looked into his eyes. Hers were intense and far-seeing.

"Do you like her more than me?" she asked.

"I love you with all my heart!" he answered, infolding her again in his arms.

"This is your chance!"

"I know, dear! But I can't take it. Anyhow it wouldn't be fair to you. If anyone should find out that we'd been driving around Long Island all night together it would be bad for your reputation."

They had reached the Schmittlap house and Pete was holding open the door. Hilda put her hand on his wrist.

"Please come!"

"I can't—really! I'm sorry! Sometime I'll explain everything—soon!"

"All right. Do you want Pete to take you home?"

"No, I'm only going a step."

"To Eric's?"

He nodded.

"That is all. Good night, Pete!"

"Good night, miss!"

Carlee followed Hilda into the hall and thence into the library. She closed the door without looking at him. Then dropping her wrap she threw herself on the divan among the cushions and catching his hand pulled him down beside her.

"It isn't too late!" she cajoled him.

Her persistence both amazed and frightened him. Every second might be a fatal one for Fel. He couldn't dawdle there another instant. He wrenched himself free.

"Don't let me go, Carlee!" she warned him again, and there was a strange fatality in her tone.

He fled from the room and down the steps into the moonlight of Fifth Avenue. Would he be in time? If Eric and Fel had left The Congo when he and Hilda had done so they could have reached the flat already. But the windows of the brownstone house were dark when he reached it. He pressed the bell and could hear its staccato vibration echoing in the basement. Mr. Schmittlap, the janitor said, was not at home.

As he stood in the shadow of the neighboring steps letting the night wind dry the perspiration on his brow he realized the full intensity of his relief. He sat down on the steps and lit a cigarette, intending to await their arrival. He was fully prepared now to chuck everything for Fel. Half an hour passed. Where had they gone?

A taxi whirred by and at his hail stopped with a sudden shriek of pain. "To The Congo." But when he arrived they were not there. Mr. Schmittlap and the young lady had gone three-quarters of an hour ago, the head waiter said. His memory stirred by a dollar bill, the doorman recalled that Mr. Schmittlap had taken a taxi and that there had been some discussion with his companion as to its destination—13 West 53d Street, he thought. Unless he spent the night on Eric's steps there was nothing further he could do!

He decided to try Jernigan's on the bare chance that she had managed to escape and go home. "Wait!" he ordered the driver as they came to a stop and he leaped out and opened the area gate. A man in a tall hat was sitting huddled beneath Doc Pedersen's sign on the top steps.

"Ha! So it's you, is it!" came Eric's voice from above. "I thought it would be! You'll find your girl upstairs—waiting for you! You're welcome to her!"

(To be Concluded)

The Golden Pound

(Continued from Page 17)

"No," said Hetty Smith, the scholarly one, voicing their blankness, "I don't. What's that got to do with us—tramps chewing soap?"

"Why," cried Bradda, flattered rather than otherwise at their failure to follow the quickness of her mind. "Why, we've got soap, haven't we, five pieces and just the right size? All we've got to do is to go out on the main road where rich people in cars go whizzing by, try to spot a rich-looking car in the distance, a Rolls if we can, chew soap, foam, and out the people will get and give us money. Can you *imagine* anything jollier?"

It appeared that the others could; or at all events were trying in silence to see if they could.

"Well?" cried Bradda, not this time flattered and sharply therefore challenging their hesitation. "Well?"

"I wouldn't think," ventured mild Lucy, "that chewing soap was very jolly, Bradda. Not *very*," she added hastily, observing in Bradda's face the wrath that was about to descend on her and striving frantically to disarm it.

She did not disarm it. "Now look here," said Bradda, swift and masterful in decision, "there's only one thing to be said to you and that is—do you want to be left out of the jolly fun or don't you?"

"No," faltered Lucy, very much wishing that she might be but not daring to say so.

"Who's going to chew the soap?" inquired Elspeth McGee with Scottish caution.

"We all are, of course."

"Don't you think," objected Elspeth with more Scottish caution, "that it will look rather funny to motorists, five of us all rolling in a row foaming?"

"Or it might frighten them," furthered Constance, the stoutish one, "to see all five in a foaming fit, and they might whiz on and leave us."

"*I* think, Bradda, dear," said Hetty, the rather scholarly one, speaking with the calculated precision of one intent on using all her wisdom to get out of the jolly fun to hand, "I think it would be wiser for only *one* to foam. I do agree that five all foaming together might look rather odd, or might look as if there was a mad dog about the place and make motorists rush on. Yes, I do think one only, dear, and the rest of us hidden. No one could possibly pass a girl rolling and foaming all by herself; *especially*," she added with the eager emphasis of one happening upon a bright and saving thought, "*especially* if the girl was small and delicate-looking like little Lucy."

For this there was general and most hearty acclaim, from all except the sweet little Lucy herself.

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Lucy. "Oh, please, I do beg ——"

"Now, look here," cried Bradda. "I agree with Hetty entirely and that's what we'll do. And as for you, Lucy, I ask you again, and mind I shan't ask you a third time: Do you want to share in the jolly fun or don't you?"

"Yes," joined the cowardly others, now warmly enamored of the plan—"yes, do you or don't you?"

"I do, I do," cried the unfortunate Lucy; "but I don't want *all* the jolly fun, not the *whole* of it."

(Continued on Page 197)

Absorb Cold Cream this way don't rub it in

or you will bring on sallowness, acne, other skin troubles

WHEN you next start to remove cold cream consider: are you absorbing it, lifting it—plus dirt and make-up—*off your skin* or actually rubbing it *further into the pores?*

Unless you use an absorbent tissue, you are permitting cold cream to menace your skin beauty. Towels are not made to absorb cream, oil or dirt. Greasy old cloths carry germs, spread infection.

Do you know the price you may pay because you don't know how to remove cold cream? Every skin disturbance, from blackheads to acne, from sallowness to enlarged pores, comes because of incorrect cleansing methods. Do you rid your pores of the day's grimy, poisonous accumulations or do you rub cold cream and dirt further into your already abused skin?

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are fine, hygienically clean tissues made just for the purpose of removing cold cream. They are used once, then discarded—like paper. Using three sheets for a treatment, they cost only a few cents a day—and the results are what you hope for: a clear, smooth, radiant skin—healthily cleansed, free of dirt, germs and oil.

Try Kleenex Cleansing Tissues just as soon as possible. After one box, your dressing table will never be without them.

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

L-3

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Kitchens-in-the-air

Up where the swallow flies... up where the air is clean and blue... up on the top floors of the Thousand Window Bakeries... that's where Sunshine Biscuits are baked.

Our bakeries were happily planned so that the Sunshine ovens would do their glorious work far above the dirt and dust of traffic.

Sunshine Bakers are forever taking the most delightful things-to-eat from these ovens, and tucking them away into packages with the oven-bloom still fresh upon them.

Are they finding their way through to your table?

It only requires that you say "Sunshine" to your grocer... and be very definite about it, because it means top-floor ovens, masterly baking, glorious recipes... all the things that we have spent so many years in building.

For instance . . . for sheer taste delight, say Sunshine Clover Leaves . . . for a delicate, easily-digested cookie for Baby, say Sunshine Arrowroot . . . etc., etc., oh, so many delightful "etcs."

These TWO should *never* be missing from your pantry

Hydrox...the famous cookie-sandwich

Very popular socially. Two tempting chocolate cookies are united by a rare, sweet cream. Say *Sunshine* Hydrox and you won't get imitations.

Krispy . . . a fine, flaky salted cracker

Sunshine Krispy Crackers are called on all through the day . . . a fine-tasting salted table cracker or a healthful food for children between meals.

Sunshine
..well worth saying whenever you want
CRACKERS
COOKIES
CAKES

Use it with soap
La France
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Loosens dirt without rubbing
Blues and cleans in one operation
COPYRIGHT 1924 LA FR
La France For Washing
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE IN U.S.A.
Preserved by the New
Ruined by the Old Method

Free...

test package

ENOUGH FOR A LARGE WASHING

saves half your washday work

[USE IT WITH SOAP]

Prove at our expense that La France does your rubbing and bluing

THIS *is not a boastful claim, but a* fact *which over a million women have already proved for themselves!*

• • •

La France is a marvelous cleansing agent which you use with soap. It is saving half the washday work of over a million women. Let us give you a test package (enough for a large washing) *free.*

La France dissolves grease and dirt, and preserves the clothes. No rubbing. *It blues your clothes at the same time.* All you have to do is rinse out the dirt which La France has loosened. Your washing is *done*—in half the usual time. You have saved many times the cost of La France by sparing your clothes the wear of rubbing.

Dissolve in a saucepan of boiling water 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of La France and a cup of soap—chipped bar soap, flakes, powder. Add this to your water, then put in the clothes. Soak as usual or scald in a boiler if you prefer. (If you use a washing machine, run it *half the usual time.*) You don't need a washboard! You don't need bluing! Just rinse through two fresh, warm waters—and your washing is done. La France has soaked out the dirt and blued your clothes perfectly.

La France will not harm the frailest fabric or the daintiest color. It is so safe that it is used for the laundering of priceless Museum fabrics! And of course La France won't harm your hands—on the contrary, it tends to soften and whiten the skin!

Mail the coupon for the test package of La France (enough for a large washing) which we will send you free. Wash your clothes with La France in the way described. You will save half your washday work. This test costs you nothing. It will free you from countless hours of drudgery in the days to come. Don't delay! Send the coupon for free test package now!

FREE · · *test package* · · ENOUGH FOR A LARGE WASHING

SATINA FOR EASY IRONING!

Make your ironing easier, too! Add Satina to hot starch. It prevents irons from sticking, gives an exquisite gloss and finish to table linens and garments, and keeps clothes clean longer. Your grocer sells both La France and Satina.

© 1929, P. Co Inc.

L.H.J.—3-29

LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO.
123 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free, a test package of La France—enough for a large washing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Grocer's Name_____

Fill in completely—Print name and address

(Continued from Page 194)

"Well, you won't have the whole of it," pronounced Bradda. "If you don't get enough money at the first go, though—mind you, I don't think a Rolls-Roycer possibly could shoot out less than a pound—it will be someone else's turn, and so on till it comes back to your jolly turn again."

Lucy shuddered.

Shuddering yet, wanly she trailed after the excited others as immediately after breakfast next day the campaign was launched. A straight run of highroad more than half a mile in length offered itself as ideal for the enterprise, and positions were allotted by Bradda with horrid cunning. At one end of the half-mile were Lucy with one of the shreds of stolen soap and Constance and Elspeth; the part of these two being to see, firmly, that the soap was taken at the critical moment and then to remain hidden in support. At the other end were Bradda and Hetty: Hetty, the scholarly one, who prided herself on knowing all makes of cars, to spot a Rolls as it came toward their corner; Bradda, with white handkerchief, to signal that the soap must immediately be administered.

PLACING ourselves at the Bradda-Hetty extremity of this vile trap for kindly motorists, we observe the two separated by about the fifty yards which on the one hand gave Hetty a clear view of oncoming cars and on the other gave Bradda unobstructed signaling range to the Constance-Elspeth-Lucy extremity. We note with them and we hear, as Bradda with growing intolerance heard, such cars as did come into view announced by Hetty in loud bawls of "Lorry!" or, for undistinguished looking cars, any one of which she would herself have been delighted to ride in, the horrid barbarism, "Dud!"

"Oh, this is perfectly sickening!" exclaimed Bradda to herself as after full two hours of waiting again "Dud!" was the cry, and a light type of car thus vulgarly stigmatized by Hetty again went speeding by. "Perfectly loathsome!" continued the bad-tempered, reckless girl; "and the heat!" cried she, dashing her hand at the flies which swarmed about her.

"Daimler!" at that moment came an excited bawl from Hetty; and Bradda, who had thrown herself upon the grassy roadside, leaped delightedly to her feet. "Daimler! That will do. They cost at least a thou!" her eager thoughts rushed, and frantically she waved her handkerchief.

By went a superb Daimler, chauffeur driven, lordly occupied; up came Hetty agog with glee. "Hurrah!" cried Hetty; "Hurrah!" echoed Bradda; and then holding their breath and straining their eyes they watched the fast receding car and watched to see it stop.

It did not stop. It passed the distant end full speed and disappeared.

"Oh, what have they done?" cried Bradda, and with Hetty carried her wrath at fast run toward the others. "What happened? Why didn't they stop?"

THE three interrogated had the appearance of being occupied in looking for something—and were. "We've lost the soap!" called Elspeth.

"Fools!" roared Bradda; and "Utter, utter fools!" were the politest words she had to offer as, having heard that the soap had mysteriously disappeared the very minute the Daimler was signaled, the next ten minutes were spent by the five in groping round on hands and knees among the grass.

"No wonder you couldn't find it," she then suddenly remarked with nasty bitterness; "there it is on the heel of your shoe, Constance!"

"Good gracious!" cried Constance, twisting from her knees to seated position and staring blankly at the trodden shred of soap. "Good gracious, I must have stepped on it as we rushed forward when you waved."

"Pick it off," said Bradda with awful calm; and, when the horrid mess was scraped away, "This time, Lucy, perhaps you'll kindly keep the soap in your hand and not flop it about for Constance to hoof on. Come on, Hetty."

"Oh, please," cried Lucy—"oh, please, have I got to put that soap in my mouth now, Bradda?"

"How are you going to foam if you don't put it in your mouth?"

"But look at it, Bradda."

"I AM looking at it. What's the matter with it? It's a little bit spotted here and there; that's nothing. And it's flatter and that makes it all the easier to work about in your mouth and foam with. Come on, Hetty!"

The two resumed their first post and this time fortune seemed to smile. Hardly were they in position when "Rolls!" bawled Hetty; and joyously the signal was flashed; and eagerly was followed the stately glide of the Rolls toward where Lucy foamed.

"It's stopping!" cried Hetty batedly.

"It's gone," said Bradda murderously.

Dark were the heavens now with gathering storm; as dark with evil passion Bradda's face. "Now what's happened?"

Elspeth McGee came forth to greet and tell them. "She's spoiled it all," said Elspeth gloomily.

"How?"

"She's been sick."

"Sick!"

"She swallowed it."

"Swallowed it!"

"She'd scarcely put it in her mouth when she gave one of those loathsome gulps of hers and down it went and up it all came. She's still at it. Conny's holding her head."

FOR four of them this second disastrous end to Bradda's wildcat schemes was end complete. For headstrong Bradda, no. "I've told you," said Bradda, "that you shall see a golden pound, and see a golden pound you shall; and our name is down in the Pound Day list—'Five Girls of Whitecroft School: A Sovereign'—and nice fools we shall look if we don't produce it. What I'm going to do, though it means losing the four bob each we should have had if you had all helped me instead of hindering me, what I'm going to do is ——"

Well, this is what she did and what happened after she had done it.

Dear Uncle: As I find I cannot get twenty shillings without having the Golden Pound from your bank first, and as lending money cannot be so much like getting a stone out of blood as Father says giving money is with you, because you get it Back, please lend me a Golden Pound from your Bank by return of post and I will send you twenty shillings by return of post as it will arrive on the very day of the Pound Day if you send it by return so that it will not hurt you to get twenty shillings back so soon.

from,
Your affectionate Niece.

Dear Niece: As lending money is not so much like getting a stone out of blood because you get it Back, and as you will send me twenty shillings by return, and as it will not hurt me to get it Back so soon, I lend you herewith a Golden Pound from my bank,

from,
Your affectionate Uncle.

One enc.

The two P.M. delivery brought this letter, registered; and Bradda, who had been waiting down the drive for it, trembling

Summer Snow-peaks! . . . no words can overtell the lure of the High Sierra . . .

High Sierra glaciers and snow-pockets fascinate Southern California's summer vacationists

[Written by an Easterner who came to Southern California in 1927]

BLIZZARD-SWEPT and ice-locked, and resisting close approach, the High Sierra assume even more awesome magnificence in winter. Above ten thousand feet, from October until May, conditions resemble the Arctic.

Just after I came to Southern California I had my thrills crossing the Sierra via Tioga Pass one July day, driving through snow-pockets and fishing icy trout-abounding waters. I longed to experience the Sierra's winter moods.

So, with some eastern visitors I have been basking in the mellow winter sunshine of the little Owens Valley town of Lone Pine, watching great snow-swirls batter themselves against the shivery gray granite walls of Mt. Whitney. The contrast between the valley's sunny comfort and the mad battle on that loftiest of United States peaks (14,501 ft.) is astounding. I wish you could see it.

Glaciers and snow-pockets are usually little affected by the warmer sun, particularly above the ten thousand foot level. The photograph above was made last July. So, when you come out this summer, a few hours' drive from Los Angeles will put you into the heart of thousands of square miles of scenery so faithfully expressed in the photograph.

To my never-ending delight I find islands rivalling Capri rising out of the blue Pacific; for 270 miles—from Santa Barbara to San Diego—extends an American Riviera. Golden-fruited orange groves are on every side as you motor to the Old Spanish Missions. Beaches are broad and safe. You will quickly agree with me that there is no end to the new things to see and do here! It keeps you young! And, there never was a finer place for "intelligent loafing."

I like to be part of a great city, too—like to feel its throbbing pulse. Los Angeles, with its Hollywood—in the very heart of this scenic wonderland—is the Pacific coast metropolis! Gay hotels, cafés, fine theatres, "Symphonies under the Stars" in Hollywood Bowl—everything! Night life, you too will find, lacks nothing. Los Angeles County's wealth ranks high. Its oil fields alone are rated at a billion dollars. Agricultural products annually approximate $95,000,000!

Hawaii is reached over the southern route from Los Angeles.

The new, authentic book "Southern California Through the Camera" pictures what I've seen here winter and summer—*surprises that await you!* Send for it.

Southern California

A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 3-J, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

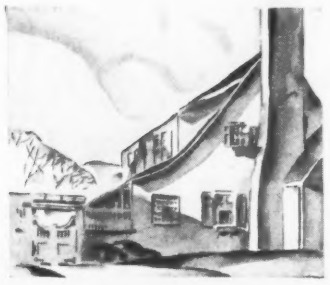
Please send me your free book "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

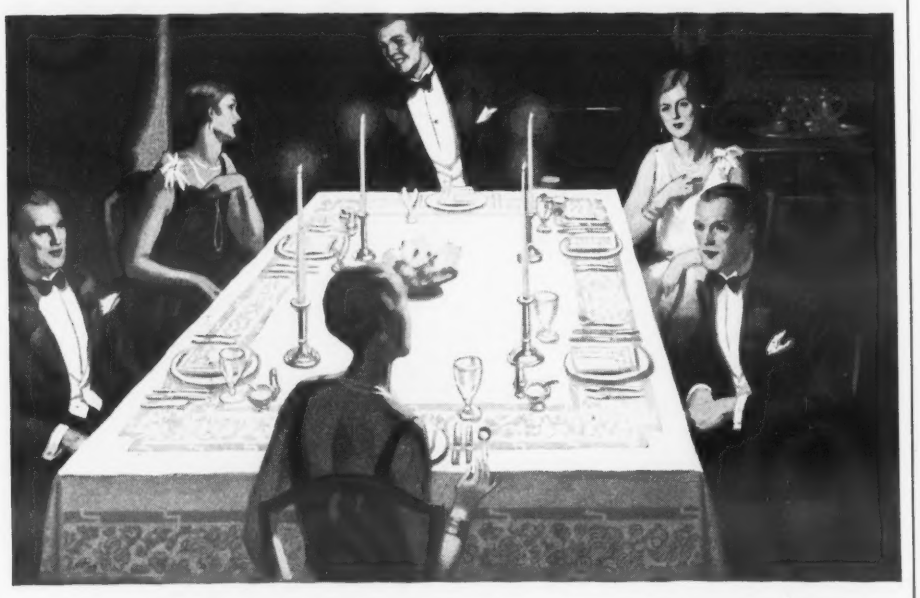
Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



Modern Youth seeks the SPIRIT OF TODAY



YOUTH—with its innate instinct for seeking new pleasures—has discovered the joy of decorating the table. As a background for silver, china, and choice crystal, younger housewives everywhere are choosing the new linen damask tablecloths and napkins of Irish or Scottish weave. The simplicity of the single underlying lustrous tone of color with its shadow-woven damask design is completely in the spirit of today. The new Irish and Scottish cloths in many delightful designs, in snowy white and in many lovely shades of color, are now on view at your favorite shop. You will find them moderately priced.

LOVELY LINEN
DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS
impressively correct

THE SPIRIT OF TODAY IS VIVIDLY PRESENT IN THE NEW IRISH AND SCOTTISH WEAVES

between fear and hope, came whooping to the others, waving it above her head. "He's sent it! He's sent it! Hurry into your Sunday frocks, all of us, and we shall just be in time for the Pound Day opening!

"No," she declared, springing about in highly indecorous excitement, "I won't let you see it until you are all dressed. You never have seen a Golden Pound, and I can tell you it's a beauty, and it will be jolly fine to remember in years to come that you all had your Sunday frocks on when you did see one!"

(Stupid girl!)

"You shall see the letter, though," she allowed; and with vain pomp drew it from its registered envelope and displayed it. "He's still trying to act the funny goat," she explained as, clustered together, they read it; "but it's not half bad of him even if he does play the funny goat, is it?"

"JOLLY fine of him!" they all agreed, all but Elspeth McGee, the Scottish one. "What does 'One enc.' mean?" inquired Elspeth, with Scottish suspicion.

"Well, I don't quite know," said Bradda. "I wondered over that myself. What do you think it means, Hetty?"

Hetty, the scholarly one, stared upon the mysterious symbol and puckered her brows over it. "I can't think. Perhaps it's a misprint for Unc.—one unc., one uncle. Have you got two uncles in this bank, Bradda?"

Bradda shook her head. "Only one. It certainly is funny. He's never said it before."

"If you ask me," said Elspeth, her Scottish wariness intensifying, "I believe there's a catch in it somewhere."

"Catch!" fired Bradda. "What catch can there be? There's the golden pound all right."

"Where?" demanded Elspeth with dour—I think they call it—bluntness.

Bradda, though bad, was English, and ill could her proud English spirit brook this nasty implication. "There!" she cried, displaying the gleaming sovereign on her outstretched palm.

I pass over the cries of wonder and delight that greeted it, and confine myself to Elspeth, from whom came no such cries. "How do you know," asked Elspeth, clinging with Scottish tenacity to her glum misgivings—"how do you know that it's a proper golden pound? How do you know that it isn't a sham one and that 'enc.'—'one enc.'—isn't their name in the bank for a sham one?"

BRADDA, momentarily shaken, paled. A happy recollection came then to her support, and putting the sovereign between her teeth she bit it hard. "How do I know?" she then cried defiantly. "I know because I remember my uncle telling me that, in the days when they used golden pounds before the war, bus conductors and people like that always bit them when they were given one because that is the absolute test of a true golden pound if it's so hard you can't bite a mark on it. Bite that!" she cried triumphantly. "All of you!" and held the sovereign toward them.

Elspeth bit first—bit till her Scottish freckled face was crimson and then examined the sovereign with eyes screwed to microscopic vision.

"Yes, it seems hard enough," she then admitted.

"Seems! You try, Hetty."

Hetty tried. They all tried. By the time insignificant Lucy was trying, the genuineness of the golden pound was triumphantly affirmed and Bradda was engaged with Hetty in conceited discussion of what she should wear to go up to receive the prize from the vicar.

"Yes," she cried, breaking at last from this delicious discussion. "You're right. I will wear the scarf. Come on; we simply must tear through dressing. Who's got the pound?"

There was not, as manifestly there should have been, immediate response by someone to this question.

"Lucy," she called sharply, "you had it last."

"Elspeth took it," said Lucy.

"Elspeth, have you got it?"

A VERY strange look was upon Elspeth's face, a stricken look; and her attitude was strange. One hand was at her lips, the other, spread out flat, upon the lower part of her chest.

Bradda's qualm qualmed. "Elspeth! Have you got it?"

"Yes, I've got it," said Elspeth.

"Well, where is it?" demanded Bradda.

"I put it," said Elspeth, speaking very slowly and heavily, as might speak one who, having a bad wound, feared lest much speech should cause it to burst—"I put it in my back teeth. I ——"

"In your back teeth! What on earth did you put it in your back teeth for?"

"I wanted to see if it really was real. You can't bite as hard with your front teeth, and I thought that perhaps bus conductors and those used their back teeth, so I used mine."

She stopped and stood as one who apprehends a deathly pang.

"Well?" cried Bradda. "Well?"

"Well, I bit by mistake on a bad back tooth I've got and it made me jump and something happened and ——"

"Do you mean to say," cried Bradda, her qualm quickening itself into a hideous possibility—"do you mean to say that you've swallowed my golden pound?"

With Scottish dourness Elspeth nodded.

"Right down?"

"Right down," said Elspeth, and with a sympathetic movement of the hand upon her lower chest betrayed the depths to which the golden pound had plunged. "Do you think I shall die, Bradda?"

Bradda threw up her arms with a most terrible gesture of despair. "Oh, I hope you do! I hope you do!" she cried, and burst into tears, and wildly rushed away.

THE wretched child, victim of her national canniness, did not die. If I had been inventing this story I should have made her die. Unfortunately, taking my stories as they come to me, I must be bound by facts—and I give them.

Dear Uncle: I am truly sorry I cannot send you the twenty shillings for the Golden Pound from your bank as one of the girls who had mumps most unfortunately swallowed it through biting it like the bus conductors as you told me that day we had ices at Buszard's but most unfortunately with her back teeth and all of us who had mumps will send you our pocket money for four weeks which will make twenty shillings which is all we can do as we are far from rich so I hope your bank will not mind. from,

Your affectionate Niece.

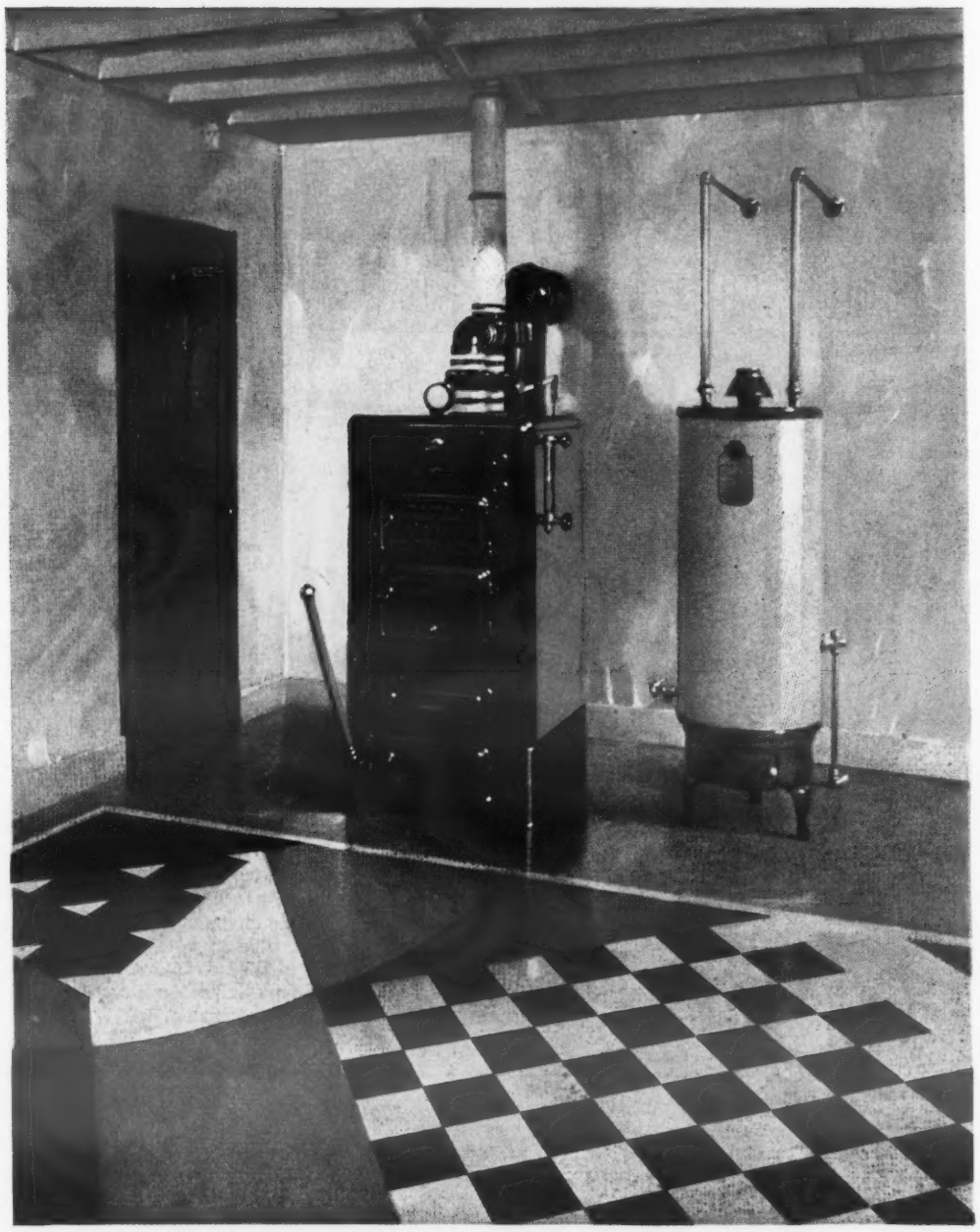
P.S. What is an enc. as it was that that made her swallow it?

Dear Niece: I am truly glad to tell you that the bank says that all the girls who had mumps need not send their pocket money as the bank does not press for payment for a Golden Pound if a girl who has had mumps swallows it through biting it like the bus conductors but with her back teeth as the bank considers one of its Golden Pounds thus swallowed to be in the nature of a Locked-up Security which I will explain to you if you and the other girls with mumps will come and have more ices with me at Buszard's on your way through town when going home, from,

Your affectionate Uncle.

P.S. As you did not know what an enc. was, and as it was that that made her swallow it, I enclose another enc. recommending you to change and divide it among you before the girl with back teeth tries it again.

One enc.



The Red Flash Boiler in a clean modern cellar . . . an efficient and beautiful Corto Radiator in every room . . . these insure a uniform temperature of 70° and give an extra room in the well arranged modern house.

Friend of warmth . . . Enemy of cold . . . Guardian of health . . . Custodian of economy . . . American Radiator Heating . . . Priceless to possess . . . Economical to install.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

40 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK
AND ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

My Name Is_____

My Address Is_____

City_____ State_____

CHECK HERE

I am interested in receiving . . . . .

☐ *particulars* of your convenient payment plan by which my home may be heated for less than $75 a room.

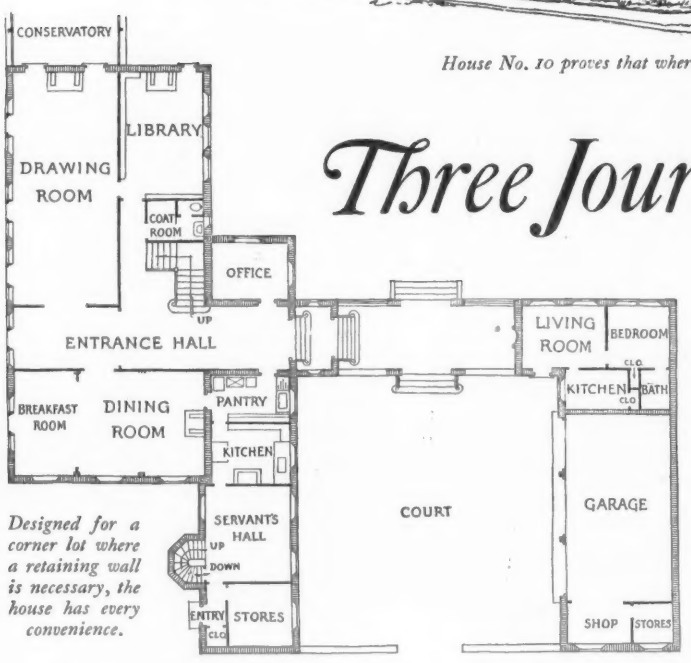
☐ *particulars* of the Building and Loan Association financing plan.

° ° PLEASE SEND TO ME AN ILLUSTRATED COPY OF . . . "HEAT AND THE SPAN OF LIFE" ° °

House No. 10 proves that where there is common-sense placement, even a mansion can be built on a small lot.

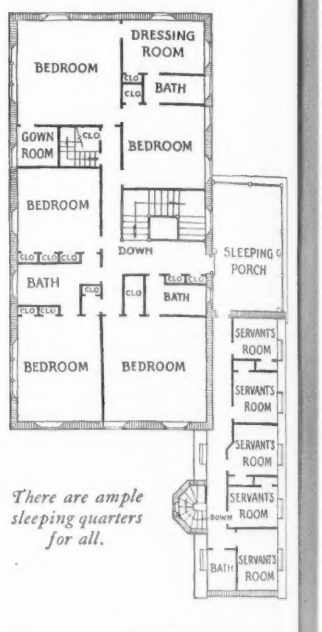
Three Journal Garden Homes

Designed by ERNEST FLAGG



Designed for a corner lot where a retaining wall is necessary, the house has every convenience.

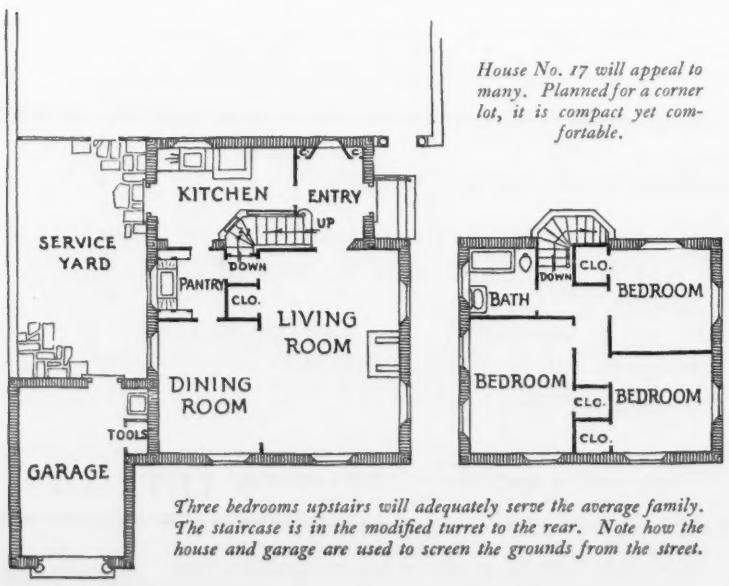
YOUR copy of the JOURNAL'S big 72-page booklet, New Garden Homes, by Ernest Flagg, is now ready. It describes in complete detail the JOURNAL'S new ideas on common-sense placement of houses on small building lots; gives complete floor plans, perspectives, standard construction details, working plans and cost estimates of all of these houses as specially designed by Mr. Flagg, which have been appearing in the JOURNAL since September. Of interest to home builders who desire something new, and in keeping with the changing needs of the times. Each house is planned for a different type of family, a different exposure or building lot—thus giving a wide range of suggestions to builders. Send 25 cents now for your copy to The Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



There are ample sleeping quarters for all.

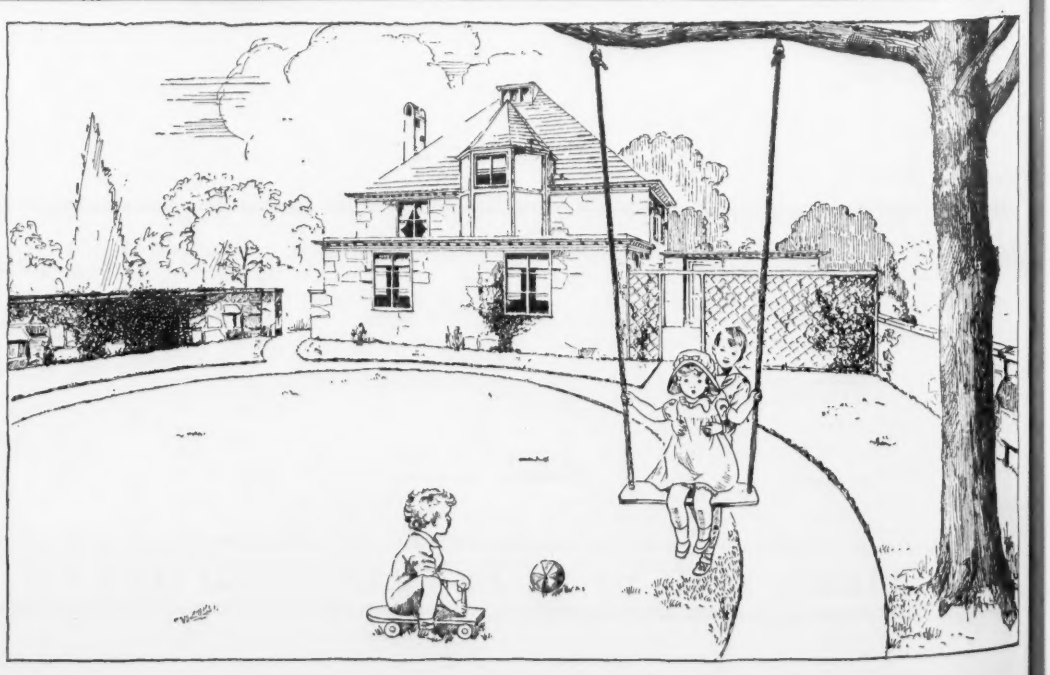
House No. 5 is placed to one side of the lot. For the small family, yet has ample servants' quarters, if desired.

House No. 5 (above) applies the entrance-court idea to the more modest house. The house fronts the court, the garden being to the rear. For a lot 50 by 150 feet.



House No. 17 will appeal to many. Planned for a corner lot, it is compact yet comfortable.

Three bedrooms upstairs will adequately serve the average family. The staircase is in the modified turret to the rear. Note how the house and garage are used to screen the grounds from the street.



"Corns Disappear Naturally When You Remove the Cause"

This dainty pad gives you instant relief - absorbs the corn - enables you to keep rid of it permanently

GET this fact firmly fixed in your mind: It is impossible to permanently rid yourself of corns until you *first remove the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes.

That is why so many people are afflicted with corns all their lives. They overlook the fact that a corn can never be finally cured until the *cause is corrected.*

To get permanent relief you must use the method that does this—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—the only safe, sure, natural corn treatment known to science.

Zino-pads end the worst corn pain in a fraction of a minute. They do this by cushioning the corn or tender spot and by *lifting off the pressure of the shoe.*

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are therefore a *corrective* for corns—not a "cure". *Nature does the healing.* By this method a corn can never come back. If new or tight shoes make the spot tender again, apply a Zino-pad immediately, and all danger of another corn will be avoided.

You run no risk of injuring the toes from acid burn, as with harsh liquids and plasters. Zino-pads won't harm the tenderest skin. They are soothing and healing. That is why doctors recommend these thin, dainty, protective pads.

You get the same quick, grateful relief in treating Callouses and Bunions with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They are made in special sizes and shapes for these conditions.

Zino-pads are sold by drug, shoe and department stores everywhere. Buy a box today—35c.

Mail coupon for free sample and a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's booklet "The Feet and Their Care". Retail Shops: 21 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago; 503 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; 62 W. 14th St., New York City; 112 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

For Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots

Put one on—the pain is gone!

This is the modern, scientific way of getting quick relief. The method is new, unique. It took many years of clinical research and experimenting to perfect it. Now you take no risk—and the relief to corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots is permanent.

For Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Bunions stop pain at once, protect the swollen joint from rubbing and pressing of the shoe. Soothing, healing, positively safe and sure.

For Callouses and Burning Soles

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses immediately relieve pain and remove the friction and pressure of the shoe. Also instantly effective in relieving burning soles.

For Corns and Tender Toes

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns instantly relieve pain by removing the cause—friction and pressure of the shoes. Thin, protective, healing, safe, sure. Easy to apply.

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET COUPON

The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns ☐ Callouses ☐ Bunions ☐ (indicate size wanted), and a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*..... L.H.J. 3-9

381 Lucky Women will get $5,000 from O-Cedar

$1,000 *First Prize*

$500 *Second Prize* $250 *Third Prize*

378 *other cash awards starting at* $100

DID you ever notice how many people win contests of this sort who have never tried anything like it before? In this great O-Cedar contest there are surprisingly few rules. Simply take five minutes now; sit down and write a letter telling us "Why Every Housewife Should Use O-Cedar Polish Mops and O-Cedar Polish." Use pencil, pen, or typewriter. No "fine" writing is necessary. No need to be "clever."

We want to know what housewives think about O-Cedar. How and when they use O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish. What they save in time and energy. How easily these mops are cleaned and washed, and how they are renewed with O-Cedar Polish. Anything which may help other housewives to new hours of leisure and to cleaner and more beautiful homes. Tell us your own experience—or ask your friends who use O-Cedar Mops and Polish. But remember, you do not have to buy any O-Cedar Product to enter this contest.

Read the several O-Cedar pointers listed below. They'll help you. But better still, see O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish at hardware, grocery, department, drug and other stores. Then write your prize letter without delay. O-Cedar Corporation, Dept. E-3, Chicago, Ill.

© 1929

O-Cedar facts to help you win

O-Cedar Polish Mops dust and clean as they polish. Patented triangular shape makes corners easy to clean. New improved construction practically unbreakable. Mops are interchangeable, washable, renewable.

New O-Cedar Slip-on Mop pad instantly removable for cleaning and washing. O-Cedar Polish is best for renewing any polish mop. Unequaled for furniture. *Apply on damp cloth.*

Observe these easy rules!

Contest closes May 31st. Midnight of that date is the latest post-mark acceptable. Address Contest Editor, Dept. E-3, O-Cedar Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

Unnecessary to buy O-Cedar Products to enter contest.

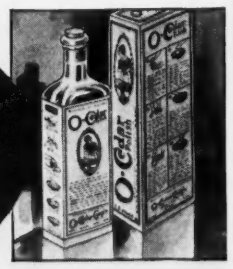
Put name and address at top of each sheet. Write only on one side of sheet.

In case of tie for any award, full amount will be given to each of tying contestants.

Winners will be announced at earliest possible date—but prize money will be mailed winners as soon as judges make decisions.

Judges are Katharine H. Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute; Della T. Lutes, Housekeeping Editor of *Modern Priscilla*, and Cora F. Sanders, Associate Editor of *Woman's World*. Their decisions will be final.

O-Cedar Polish Mops



Easy to have beautiful floors with O-Cedar Polish Mops. 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50.

O-Cedar Polish "cleans as it polishes." 4-oz. bottle, 30c; 12-oz. bottle, 60c.

We Create Our Dream Home

(Continued from Page 30)

But there were two compensations: One, the ease with which the stairway can be climbed. It really doesn't seem like any effort at all to walk upstairs—the steps, landings and every part of the stairway are just right. The other compensation was a new idea and also a saving in money. The spindles in the old banister were so pretty and graceful and strong that I had table tops put on them and made them into radiator tables for the sun porch, dining room and breakfast room. These tops, being of heavy birch, do not warp from the heat of the radiator.

Now we were ready for the porch. The architect said to us: "Since you have had to spoil the quaint little old house, why not make it a Dutch Colonial type with a Colonial stoop in front?" We did make a Colonial door, with leaded-glass windows on either side and a fanlight above, but I didn't like the idea of the little stoop. I wanted the remodeled house consistent and in good taste.

A Backdoorless House

THE second floor, of course, should never have been—strictly speaking. But having gone this far in our remodeling plans, the old attic presented itself as a serious problem. It was just one large room, broken up into difficult spaces by the stairway, which came up in the center, and the four long, narrow, dark dormers. The furnace flue came up right in front of one of the windows and shut off the light from it. After almost wrecking our own brains and the brains of the two architects, we decided to build up all four walls and make an upstairs. We rather liked the idea of a sleeping porch to come under the big elm, anyway, with a bedroom and guest room adjoining, and the irregular attic space gave us a good excuse to build the walls up straight and make the extra rooms. We did this, making a sleeping porch, three bedrooms, a bathroom and a wide hall. The hall extends from the stairway to the roof of the front porch, giving light to the stairway and making a cozy little nook between two of the bedrooms. The flues were made to come in a storage room and closet, out of sight and out of the way. The upstairs bathroom, between the sleeping porch and one of the bedrooms, is gray-and-white tile.

And so the little house was a new house and very much different; yet it had still the simplicity and charm that it had in the beginning. Throughout the remodeling we tried to keep the original personality, the little girl growing up.

And now to go back to the kitchen, which is really my pride. I have always wondered why a house, even a really pretty one, had to have such an obviously backdoorish entrance. And why this essential workshop, just because it is so essential and so much used, should be unattractive. My house was not going to be like that, I had decided. We made four entrances to our house, but none is typically a back door and it would be hard to find the kitchen door unless you are familiar with the place.

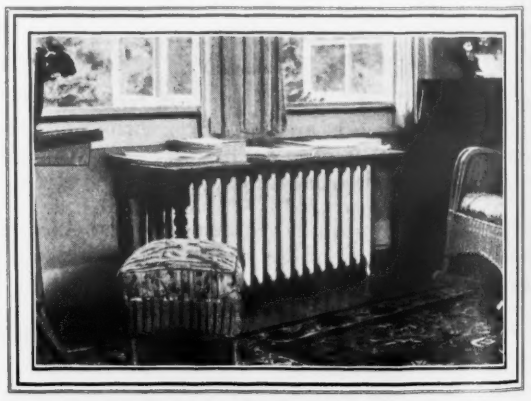
Like a Lovely Woman

THE old windows in the kitchen were too high to look through comfortably. We lowered them four inches so that I might work and yet have it seem like being out with the birds and flowers.

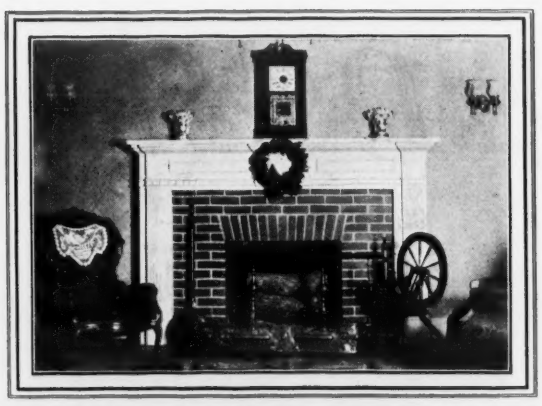
We built window boxes for the little back porch adjoining the kitchen and put in swinging windows.

The breakfast room joins this porch on the east wall. And so into the east wall we built a space to set the refrigerator. On the breakfast-room side of this wall, above the refrigerator, is a little Colonial cabinet for breakfast dishes. And next to it a narrow cooling closet.

Our yard was so big in the beginning that I was afraid we would be ready to die with old age before we could have the shrubbery planted and grown up round it as we wished. We wanted the house and the planting to look as though they had grown up together. So we went to the woods and dug up redbud, dogwood, willow trees, coralberry and golden elder, and set them where we wanted quick growth. This saved expense and every one of them lived. Then we bought several evergreens and some spiræa and hydrangea bushes and planted them to hide the foundation. We wanted a different outlook from each window, and so we planted our shrubbery and flowers accordingly, having blooms from March until November. Around our sun room we planted evergreen and barberry bushes so that they would be pretty through the winter.



The spindles in the old banister with tops put on them were made into radiator tables.

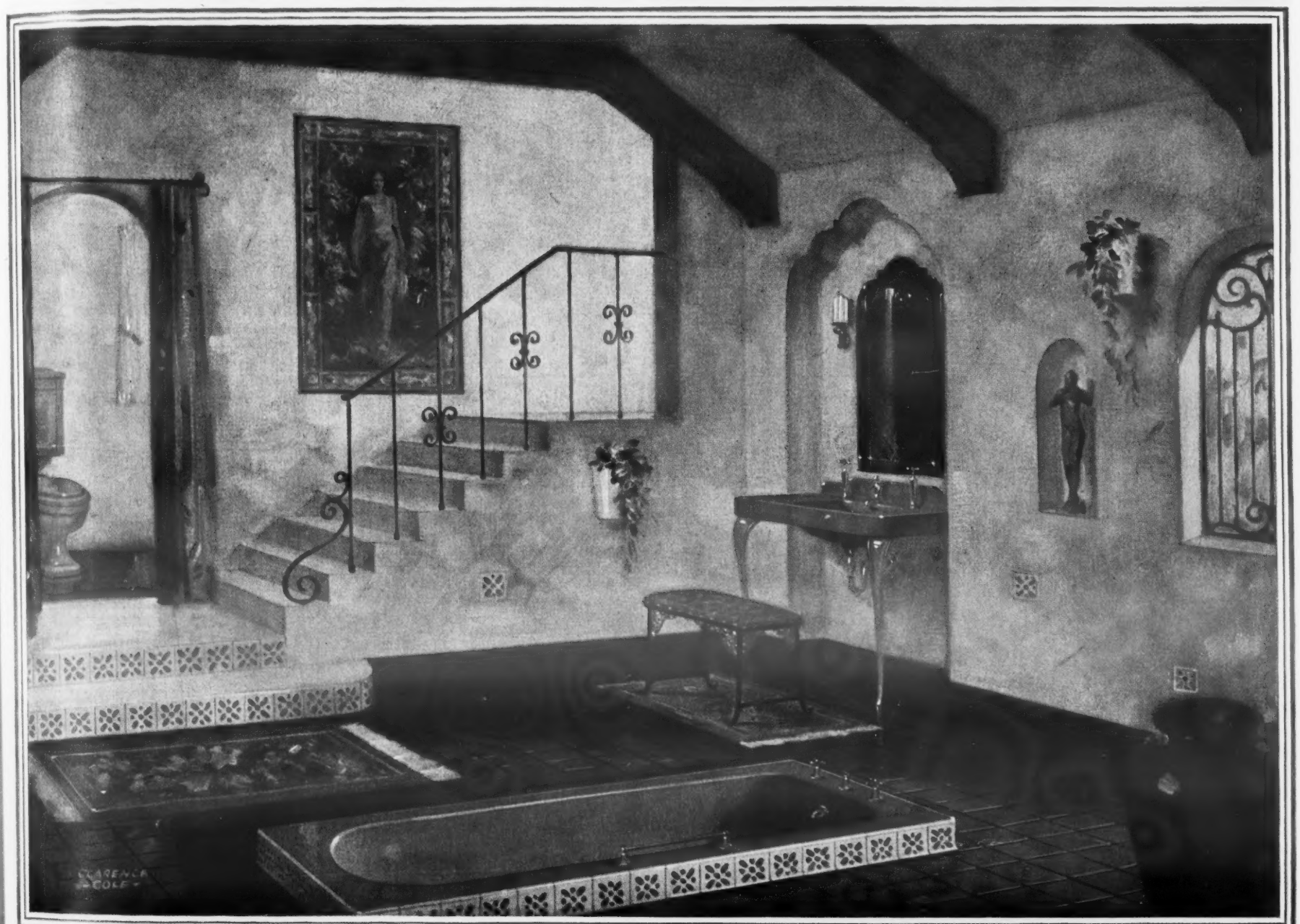


The fireplace is one of the favorite spots in the whole house.

In five years the shrubbery was all that I had hoped for. The kitchen was more than I had hoped for, and the backdoorless house of my dreams had come true. I like it even better than the quaint little old house I used to want to live in. It is now like a little girl grown up into a lovely woman, different and more dignified, and yet with the same charm and winsome manner that made her lovable as a little girl. And so I feel certain that the little house forgave me for making it over. Secretly, it was sort of glad, I think.

A reproduction from the book

"Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration"



"There are no period styles in bathrooms to copy. We must originate the architecture, the equipment, the decorative treatment of this modern American room." Thus, in the new book "Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration" the problem of the bathroom is stated for the first time.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

This book is an astonishing revelation of what can be accomplished by dealing with the bathroom as a *new* interior. Setting aside tradition it advances new ideas for the architecture and decoration of the bathroom—ideas that at once broaden the usefulness of the bathroom and make it a worthy part, architecturally, of the home.

These new ideas are given practical application in a whole series of new bathroom interiors that are contemporary in design, in furnishing, in decorative treatment. Each bathroom, an original design, has been portrayed in an oil painting by an eminent American artist. In the book reproductions of these paintings are supplemented by charts of the colors that make up the color composition. The compositions are varied and beautiful in their color harmonies. Words are not used to describe colors. The color itself—for plumbing fixtures, walls, ceiling, floor, floor covering and draperies—is illustrated. Thus the book becomes an authoritative guide to the correct use of color in bathroom decoration.

The distinctively designed plumbing fixtures are pictured in the new and exclusive colors: St. Porchaire Brown, Clair de Lune Blue, Ming Green, Orchid of Vincennes, Ivoire de Medici, Royal Copenhagen Blue, Meissen White, Ionian Black, Rose du Barry and T'ang Red.

"Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration" will be issued about March 15th. If you are interested in this, the first authoritative treatment of the bathroom as a subject of interior decoration, it is suggested that you write immediately for a copy of the book, giving the name of your architect, contractor, or interior decorator.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. PITTSBURGH

Vegetables for baby

Specially Prepared, Strained and Ready-to-Serve

OF vital importance to mothers of young children are these new strained vegetable products. With *absolute safety* they meet the daily problem of baby's vegetable feedings. And they save the many, many tedious hours spent in cleaning, cooking and straining vegetables for baby. With Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products the wholesome vegetable supplement to the milk diet becomes as accurate and simple as A-B-C.

Approved by Leading Authorities

Steam pressure cooked and sealed—sterilized at high temperature—Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products retain most of the valuable mineral salts and vitamin elements lost when vegetables are cooked at home in open vessels. Particularly they conserve the important Vitamin 'C' in which milk is so deficient. All have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping's Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health; the Institutes of The Delineator, Modern Priscilla, Child Life, and Junior Home; and leading pediatric authorities. Gerber's Strained Vegetable Soup is based on a famous professional formula.

A Balanced Diet Rich In Vitamins

Gerber's Products are conveniently and economically packed for two full-size feedings. Vegetable Soup—Strained Spinach—Carrots—Peas—and Prunes afford the variety required for a balanced vegetable feeding schedule—rich in tooth, bone and body building vitamins. With the normal baby, feedings should begin at from 6 to 8 months. Consult your Doctor for the best feeding schedule for the individual problem of your own baby.

Special Introductory Offer

You must try Gerber's Products yourself to appreciate how good and how convenient they are. The entire Gerber line will be available at leading grocers'—25¢ for the 10¾ Ounce can of Soup—15¢ for the 4½ Ounce cans of Strained Vegetables. If your grocer is not yet able to supply you—send us today the attached special offer coupon. For your grocer's name and $1.00, we will send postpaid our introductory package containing 2 cans of Soup—and 1 can each of Strained Spinach, Carrots, Prunes, and Peas—enough for a week's supply. Clip and mail the coupon today!

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES

Samples for physicians or hospitals on request.

A WEEK'S SUPPLY

SEND COUPON

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.
Dept. J-1—Please send me
☐ Special Introductory Package ($1.00 Attached)
☐ Explanatory Leaflet

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

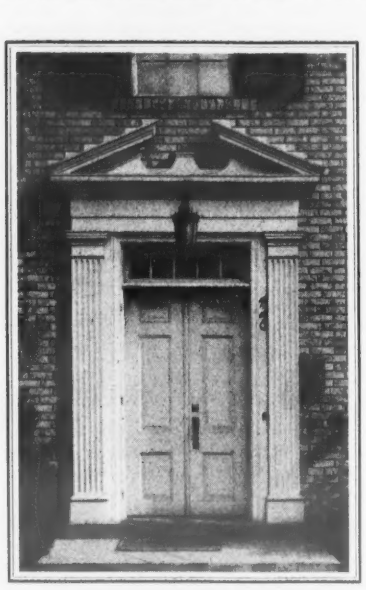
*My grocer is*_____

New Entrances for Old Houses

By DAVID DEWITT

HOW often, nowadays, does your well-bred hostess greet you with her nose shining and her complexion untinted? Rarely. Yet how frequently the countenances of our homes themselves—our own front doors, which take such prominent parts in our hospitalities—greet arriving guests with an ungroomed appearance! This in spite of the fact that the alteration of an entrance façade is almost as simple as the dressing-table transformation of its mistress.

It is a trait of good architecture to concentrate the ornamental beauty of a front



Classic simplicity in a doorway is never amiss.

façade upon the doorway. Yet countless houses are there whose doorways are the most hideous parts of their entire exposures. One becomes too used to the appearance of one's own door. If the entranceway to one's home has been as-is for years, one is likely never really to see it.

In fairness to arriving guests—we ourselves are guests betimes—why not go out upon our front walks and see our entrances as others see them? It won't be difficult to imagine an attractive door and doorframe in place of the existing ugly or commonplace entrance. Should a doorway stand between mediocrity and smartness?

What to Choose

THIS agreed to, enlist the aid of your lumber dealer. He will procure the material for you, too, when you have made your own selection. Next summon a carpenter to install the new door and, if chosen also, the new doorframe, in the place of your old one. Be sure to get a man good at hanging doors. It will be well to remember that it is easier and less expensive to make an entrance smaller rather than larger. A tall, narrow door can sometimes be made to look wider if made shorter. If, however, a larger door is desired or if double doors are chosen to replace the old, the doorframe can be enlarged by the addition of flanking studding and a new header between them and over the door opening itself.

The necessary thing to be done is to distribute properly the weight of the part of the house directly over

A "peep" window is often attractive.

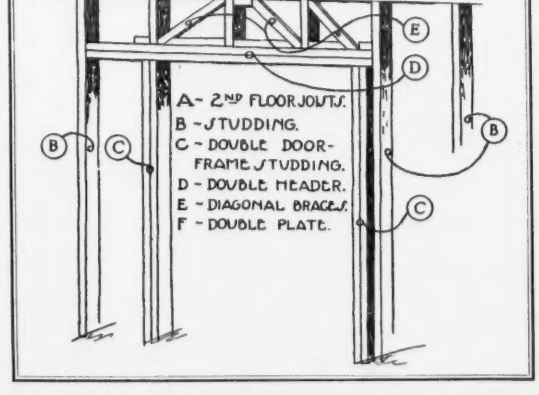
the doorway, so that it won't have a tendency to bog down on the finished doorframe and cause the top of the frame to sag and the door to stick.

The choice of a doorway will depend upon the architecture of your house. In the majority of cases where doorway changes can be made successfully, the architecture of the house is more or less indeterminable. In such a case, a plain paneled door, with a simple treatment of doorframe casings, is usually advisable.

Colonial Doors

OF THE always-pleasing Colonial doors there is a wide selection. The shapes, sizes and numbers of panels vary. Perhaps the width and height of the door will have more bearing on your choice of panel treatment than any other consideration. It is the matter of proportion that makes paneled doors beautiful, and the best way to decide upon this elusive element of proportion is to ask one's self, "Does the door appear balanced? Is it squatty? Is it too tall? Is it just as satisfying to the eye as an excellently proportioned person?" This last it certainly should be.

The painting or finish of a door is important. White or cream-white is always good if there is any other white or cream wood about the exterior of the house to match. But color, if selected for its softness of hue rather than intensity or glare, is also good. Blue doors, green doors, and even red doors, if the red is as far as possible from the scarlet of a fire engine, are very often pleasing contrasts to the rest of the house. Doors stained to show the natural wood rarely look well in frame houses.



A good example of overhead framing for a three-foot doorway.

COMPLETE—a Russell Kitchen-Kraft Set

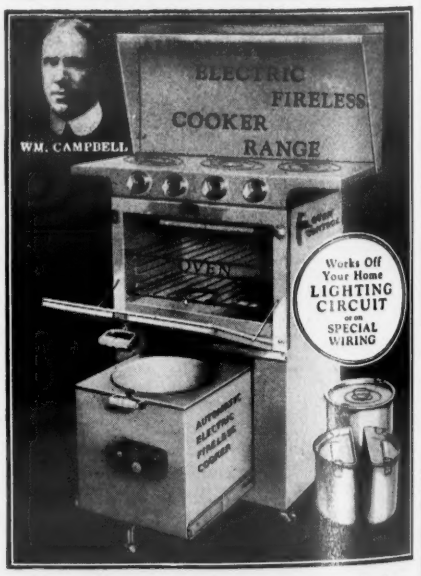
COMPLETE . . . . in the dainty gift box . . . . with every utensil of gleaming stainless steel . . . . handles of lacquered wood in handsome grain . . . . and a charming little color spot on each handle. It retails for only five dollars.

If you prefer, at the same cost you may have a box of five in delft blue Russite . . . . the new wonder-material of true delft blue that runs all the way through.

Send without cost for the delightful booklet entitled "How to Tell Good Cutlery".

RUSSELL
GREEN RIVER
CUTLERY
TURNERS FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

CAMPBELL'S



You Will Love It On Sight

Automatic oven control turns the heat on and off as needed. Large aluminum lined electric fireless cooker in the bottom slides in and out like the drawer in a desk. Also *automatically* controlled.

Works right off home lighting circuit. Does everything any good range will do and more. Low in price and operating cost.

COOKS AS FAST AS GAS

Never before has anyone offered an electric range as quick to operate—simple, practical, time-saving, economical, attractive, and truly beautiful in design.

Write and Get My Factory Price

Ask for our new big catalog and special introductory offer. Low cash price—or easy payments. Direct from factory. Here's where you can get the finest electric range at a wonderfully low factory-to-you price. 30 days' trial. Money back if you are not entirely satisfied. Write today for new big catalog and special offer.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO.
800 Union Avenue, Alliance, Ohio

Insist on this Package

Vitamized

by Natural Process

Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the important growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the natural Vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) you will find these elements in just the proportions that Nature intended—unaltered by man.

Fireless Cooked ~at the Mill~ for 12 Hours

Selected whole white oats still in their hulls are *Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours*—in their own moisture, in big, tight cookers that retain and perfectly blend all of the goodness of the grain, and bring out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor found in no other oats. All of the flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass is eliminated, so that 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) looks delightfully light, flaky and appetizing in the dish. This appetizing appearance and delicious flavor combine to make it the favorite of children and adults too.

Cooks Perfectly in Exactly 3 Minutes

This long cooking at the mill, besides bringing out all of the delicious flavor of the grain, dextrinizes the starches to a point where the thorough cooking is completed on your stove in exactly 3 MINUTES—no more—no less.

Regular Package, 10¢ Family Size, 25¢

(Except in Far West and Canada)

Ask for a Free Trial Package

You will never know the delicious difference between Genuine 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES, distinguished by the Big Red 3 on the package, and ordinary oats, until you have actually tried it in your own home. Fill out the coupon, mail it now and we will send you a free trial package and our interesting booklet.

Three-Minute Cereals Company, 805 Sixteenth Street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Gentlemen: I want to try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES—please send me a Free Trial Package and your new booklet.

My Name.....

Address.....

My Grocer's Name.....

Address.....

Batten doors—those made of planks in vertical positions—harmonize with many Spanish and some cottage-type homes. Sometimes a cautious "peep" window high in the door gives interest.

The matter of front-door hardware will want going into too. All the better types of antique hardware have been copied without sacrificing the mechanical advantage of modern equipment. A child may now operate the heaviest doors without apparent effort—if modern hardware is used. And there are also door checks to see that the door is closed softly.

Door knockers create interest and an impression of refinement. On a Colonial paneled door of blue-green hue, for example, a shining brass knocker of old American eagle design is charming. For the English door the impressive lion's-head knocker may be used. There are any number of knocker designs to choose from that are just as attractive, if not quite so characteristic, as these. But beware that the brass knocker does not show lack of prideful rubbing. A dull, tarnished knocker seems to say, "Use me if you must, but really no one within cares whether you do or not!"

Hardware

MODERN forges have copied the best patterns of the old craftsmen in iron, even as far back as the tenth century. The decorative hinge straps, the handle set and knocker, should all harmonize in each case. They are then plain evidence that the home owner thoroughly cares how his entrance façade looks. The finish of forged iron varies from dead-black on through a natural iron-gray and finally to what might be mistaken for a rusty or antique condition of the metal. One's choice of finish will depend upon the color of the door.

In all discussions of domestic architecture, or any part thereof, it is natural for Americans to return to the consideration of our own Colonial designs. When this is done there is usually present a vision of everything done in white. Old Colonial interiors and exteriors are, for some mistaken reason, imagined as being only in white. The truth is that more color than white was used in Colonial houses! Often, beginning with the very entrance door itself and continuing on through the house, there was literally much color. We moderns therefore can sometimes afford to forget dead-white in re-creating the Colonial, and definitely color our woodwork, walls and doors.

Yet, the color must not scream. Rather let it be a tint of practically pastel softness. Grays, blues, greens, tans, even pinks and reds, oranges—*tints* of these hues, mind you, not definite hard colors. As a matter of fact, colors other than white were much used in Colonial times, and at all periods of the Colonial era. Plain paneled walls were very popular, the natural color of the wood furnishing tans and browns primarily. Blues and greens were used a great deal, even the more vivid shades.

Our guests are influenced to appraise our homes by our front doors. Many families live in homes that boast little of the artistic about their exteriors. The families are sometimes conscious of this, yet find it too expensive to remodel entirely their houses. But the mere changing of a front-entrance detail is a comparatively minor undertaking. Oftentimes the proper solution of the front-door problem can best be worked out by removing the front porch entirely and developing a more simple type of entrance. The porch usually is the detail which keeps a house of good lines from achieving real architectural interest. By this simple expedient the whole house can be given a new "dressed-up" appearance that will greatly enhance its interest and value without the necessity of remodeling and its consequent cost. Where complete remodeling can be undertaken it is, of course, highly to be desired. Well done, a new doorway will go a surprisingly long way toward removing the commonplace appearance of a structure as a whole.

Printzess
COATS AND SUITS
This Garment is Style 615
Spring Style
casts its shadow before
Every line of the new Printzess Garments proclaims this season's smartest style. Just try on a Printzess Coat and see how chic it is—how perfectly tailored and delightfully wearable. Also "Printzess Petites" for shorter women, "Printzess Travelures" for sport wear, Printzess suits and delightful new ensembles. Ask for these by name at the leading store in your community. Look for the label. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland—New York.
Printzess Garments cost less than you expect—$25 to $95.
Printzess
DESIGNED AND TAILORED BY
Printz
DISTINCTION IN DRESS—SINCE 1893

Ice and snow have no more effect on J-M Asbestos Shingles than on granite. Impervious to weather, unburnable by fire, they make a roof which everlastingly ends roofing expense.

Weather will *never* wear them out

On new houses or old, J-M Asbestos Shingles are everlasting

The most intense tropical sunlight is merely pleasant warmth to J-M Asbestos Shingles, which are not harmed by white heat of a furnace.

Spring showers or summer thunderstorms serve only to brighten the charming colors of everlasting, fireproof J-M Asbestos Shingles.

EVERLASTING is a strong word. Yet you can truthfully call your roof everlasting if it is made of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. To produce this roofing, unburnable asbestos and cement are blended under terrific pressure into monolithic stone shingles. No natural rock can be so free from splitting, so completely impervious to fire. These sturdy Asbestos Shingles have the further advantages of colors to meet every requirement, and absolute uniformity of quality in every shingle.

Consider what these points mean to you in protecting and beautifying your own home.

When you re-roof your present home with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you re-roof for the last time. Or if you cover your new house with J-M Asbestos Shingles you will never have to buy another roof, nor make repairs.

J-M Roofs Improve with Age

The process of making J-M Asbestos Shingles is as if rock were produced to meet specifications. These Asbestos Shingles can be raised to white heat, then plunged into cold water, without harm. No other natural or manufactured roofing (except sheet metal) would stand such treatment.

In fact, the toughness of J-M Shingles is such that the only effect of weather is to make them harder and stronger. It is literally true that the longer J-M Asbestos Shingles are exposed to the weather, the less the weather can injure them. Actual tests show that the portions of J-M Asbestos Shingles exposed to the weather are stronger after 15 years of service than the portions which are covered.

Beauty plus Utility

Any home, from a tiny cottage to a great house, is improved by a roof of these colorful, rough-textured, sturdy Asbestos Shingles.

When you order a roof of our Shingles you receive from your contractor a certificate which attests to the genuineness of the roof. Ask for this. It protects you from disappointments due to substitution of inferior material. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are everlasting.

The famous J-M trade mark also stands for quality on automobile brake lining as well as on packings, heat insulations, built-up roofings, flooring and numerous other products. By using Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles your home receives the benefit of this same engineering skill.

Johns-Manville

RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION

NEW YORK CHICAGO CLEVELAND SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO

(Mail coupon to branch nearest you)

Send me your free booklet telling the story of colorful, permanent roofs.

Name.....

Address.....

R-32-3

The Enchanting One

(Continued from Page 15)

Changing his clothes for dinner, Carter Trane was smitten with the thought that Hazel, good old Hazel, had somehow managed to put into words for him the very thing he had been trying to phrase for himself. Europe or no Europe, she had spoken truth. Happily married people really did get to the point where they took each other too much for granted. It accounted wholly for his occasional vagrant and fleeting interest in this or that unknown and undesired girl. He was still young, that was all; romance wasn't yet dead.

The hunt had ended with his capture of Hazel, but the hunting instinct was still there; just an instinct, nothing more. It didn't mean he loved Hazel any the less, it didn't mean he was vicious; it meant merely that he was completely normal.

After dinner they walked out to the porch arm in arm. They stood there silently, each one of them aware that something tender could be and should be said, but neither of them quite sure that the tenderness would not be met with a jest. Yes, it was true; they were accustomed to taking each other very much for granted.

Carter Trane inhaled deep breaths. He patted Hazel on the shoulder. He said kindly, "We'll get there yet, old-timer."

HE DID not sleep particularly well that night. Somehow he never seemed to sleep as well in April and May as he did in winter or even in the heat of summer, when he slept as a dog sleeps, completely lax. A false April breeze edged in through the window and fanned him gently. It bore merely the warm, pleasant perfume of a stirring earth, but the softness of it—or something—was disturbing. He was heavily restless. He heard the town clock strike three.

When he awoke he was conscious of having had a dream. He lay with his eyes fast closed, and he knew he was smiling, smiling happily, almost fatuously, but he didn't care. One part of him, the awake part, was aware of the daylight that glowed through his closed eyelids.

The other part of him—and for the moment this other part of him seemed the real part—was content to lie there motionless, just remembering the dream and remembering it again, and then going back and remembering parts of it.

Presently only parts of it were left, and he felt a funny homesick feeling because he knew he was coming wider and wider awake and losing something that had been ridiculous and at the same time very beautiful. The parts he could remember now were only about the girl herself.

He lay there flat on his back and clutched at recollection. The place was Paris; there was no question about that, and he still could remember the place in Paris that it was. It was a store, sort of; a store on a street corner with a recessed doorway and three barber-pole pillars—only they were white and black—holding up the overhang of the building where it came out over the door. That was where the girl came in.

AND then they walked to a place not very far away, because they walked it quite easily, and stood under some shady trees and leaned against a white marble wall, their elbows on the wall. And they looked out across a blank space and stood very close to each other and talked.

They leaned on the wall, and her fingers broke a little twig into tiny pieces. And then after a while she turned her head, which was under a big floppy straw hat, and looked up at him and told him something very sweet. Lying there he tried hard to remember what it was that she had told him, but he couldn't remember that. All he could remember was that it was something sweet, thrillingly sweet. And her face—an adorable, enchanting face—that, too, was gone. Damnation!

He came a little wider awake but still kept his eyes tightly shut. Yes, he was awake now, but he could still remember the three barber-pole pillars and the walk along the street, and he could remember the way her dress brushed his finger tips as they walked. Just the lightest touch of a lavender silk dress, but he could remember it! That was something.

He could remember her clothes too. A big soft hat with flowers on it and a lavender silk dress, sort of puffy. The dream had been so beautiful that he made up his mind never to forget that dress.

NOW he stirred. An abrupt guilty pang stabbed him and stabbed him deep. That was the sort of thing his mind was occupied with! He scowled, shook himself, opened his eyes to a sunlit April morning.

Automatically he swung his feet to the floor and sat up. The bed next to him was empty, but he could hear a soft humming from the dressing room beyond. He said to himself, "She's right. Women always are. We sure need a jolt out of our rut, all right. I do anyway. I'm damned if I'll go along like this."

He felt for his slippers, got into them and lumbered to his feet. In the dressing-room doorway he ran his hand through his tousled hair and smiled weakly. He said, "Darn it, Hazel, I've been thinking. You're right—there are things you can't measure in money. We've got enough. Let's change our minds. Let's go."

She stared at him, wide eyed. "You mean Europe?" Her lips opened, she took in a full breath.

He laughed jerkily. "Sure! What do you think I meant, the movies?"

Carter Trane sang that morning in his bath. Somehow it made a fellow feel pretty darned good to see anybody as happy about something as Hazel was. At the office he was boyishly exuberant.

"What do you think, Miss Ellis? We're going anyway."

"To Europe?"

"You bet."

A FEW moments later, when Miss Ellis was busy typing, he tried a deliberate experiment. He looked at her candidly. He looked at her hands and at her profile. He looked at her ankles and at her knees, which were just smartly visible. Then he smiled with immense and secret satisfaction. Why, Miss Ellis was just an ordinary girl, exactly like any other everyday girl.

"Hazel was dead right," he mused, conscious suddenly of a tremendous respect for his wife's intuitive judgment. "The thing's beginning to work already."

He had forgotten about his dream. That is, he had almost forgotten about it. If occasionally an ephemeral and rather cloudy mental photograph of a girl in a big hat and a bouffant lavender dress flashed before him he dismissed it at once.

The only things that really came back with any force were the three barber-pole pillars and the white marble wall, where one could stand in the shade of trees and lean upon one's elbows and look out over a blank space. He decided that the reason he knew the place was Paris was because he had seen so many pictures of Paris in Hazel's steamship folders and guidebooks.

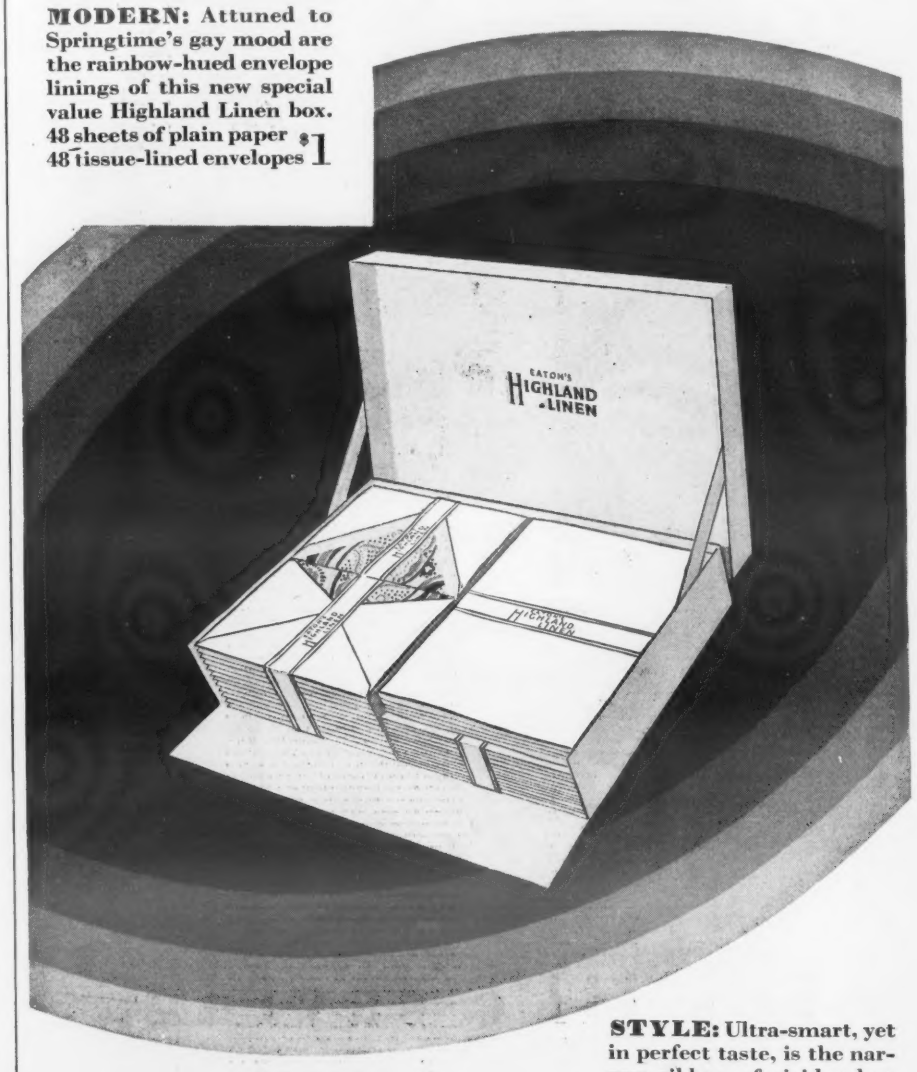
The myriad rapturous details of getting ready for the journey, the good-by dinners, the rail trip to New York, the evening at the Follies, the midnight sailing in a whirl of effervescent humanity, the sudden comfortable quiet as the big ship pulled away from her pier—all these things, with the alternate excitements and happy languors of the voyage itself, served to drive completely from Carter Trane's mind any recollection of the actual reason why he and Hazel were where they were.

When at length they followed their porter to a vintage taxicab at the Gare St.-Lazare and were at last in Paris itself,

NEW SPRING OFFERINGS

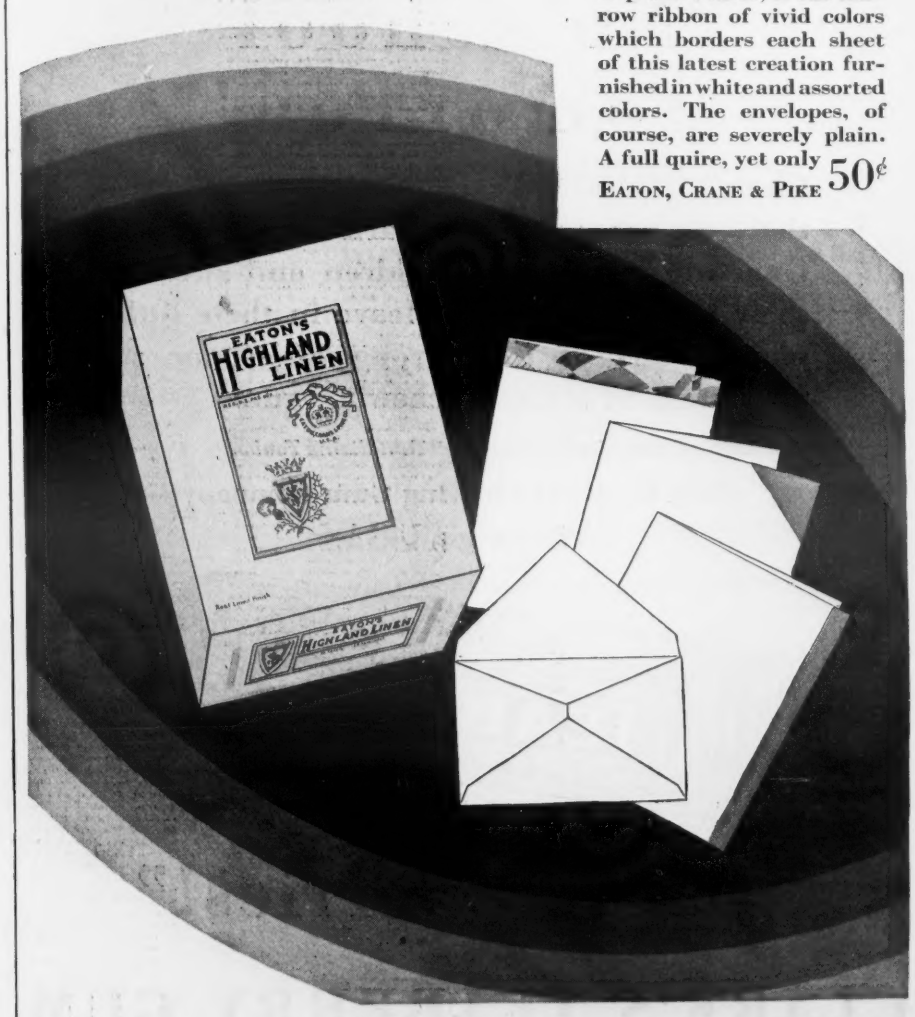
On Sale at your Dealer's starting March 4

MODERN: Attuned to Springtime's gay mood are the rainbow-hued envelope linings of this new special value Highland Linen box. 48 sheets of plain paper 48 tissue-lined envelopes $1



STYLE: Ultra-smart, yet in perfect taste, is the narrow ribbon of vivid colors which borders each sheet of this latest creation furnished in white and assorted colors. The envelopes, of course, are severely plain. A full quire, yet only 50¢

EATON, CRANE & PIKE



EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN

It's like saying: "No school tomorrow!"

Clark's TEABERRY Gum gives youngsters that very same thrill... Clark's TEABERRY Gum will refresh the children and sweeten their breath. It will not leave in their little mouths any of that strong *after-odor* so noticeable in ordinary chewing gums.

Win $25. Ask your dealer about the "Tantalizing Teaberry" Contest

Clark Brothers Chewing Gum Company
Pittsburgh, U.S.A.

"It's the Berries!"

CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

...a *different* flavor

with their taxi bleating its way along a broad street of lights and shops and people, Carter had so far forgotten himself that he slapped Hazel man-fashion upon her nearer knee and shouted, "Whoop-ee!" Then he squeezed her hand.

Hazel herself was thrilled. Everything she saw was according to guidebook specifications.

They found their hotel and their room, and they changed their clothes and then dined in a sort of eager-eyed frenzy. But after dinner, perhaps because they both had tried wine or else perhaps because they were genuinely tired, they agreed that a little sleep wouldn't hurt either of them.

"We're going to be here two weeks anyway," said Hazel in defense of their sudden weariness.

"That's right," agreed Carter, just propping his eyelids open. "We can clean the whole place up by then, all right."

They slept.

Next day they started out, and it was only when Carter Trane saw a waist-high white marble wall that he was reminded sharply of something. But he laughed, though not aloud, because by now he had seen a lot of Paris girls, and except for the way they walked, if you could call it walking, he couldn't hand them much.

He wondered if Hazel had noticed his noticing. "Funny-looking lot of people, at that," he said tentatively.

"They're different, that's all," said Hazel.

"LOOK at that bird with the whiskers." He was crafty—and conscious of being crafty—in mentioning a man to start with.

"I think he's very attractive," said Hazel surprisingly.

"With that brush on his map?"

"Why not?"

Emboldened, he called her attention to a young woman just ahead of them. "Look at that," he said loftily. "Look at the way she swings her hips. They call that walking."

Hazel said, "She's very sheek."

"Sheek?"

Hazel said, "Why, sheek is the way you pronounce c-h-i-c—chic. It's French for snappy."

"She'll snap a garter in a minute," remarked Carter Trane.

They were childishly happy together. They walked up and down and in and out and slantwise. They visited stores and walked out blinking. They determined not to be like all other tourists, which is the one resolution all tourists start with, so they merely visited Notre Dame and the Louvre and the Pont Neuf and the bookstalls, and then they took in Montmartre by day, which gave them the idea of taking in Montmartre by night. So they did this too.

The next day they did the Panthéon, the Place de la Bastille and the Arc de Triomphe. They also managed to find time to visit the Eiffel Tower.

"Got to go up the Eiffel Tower," said Carter. On the way down he confided to Hazel that he had included it because it was one of the few things in Paris he could pronounce in English.

IT WAS on the way back to the hotel from the Eiffel Tower that Carter Trane received his jolt. Their taxi was racing down a strange street, rather narrow, when ahead of them at the corner Carter saw his three barber-pole pillars. There was no mistaking them. It was a store, just as he had known it would be, and the corner doorway was recessed, with the three black-and-white columns holding up the overhang of the building.

Carter stared at the place as their cab wheeled away from the corner. Then, affecting no particular interest, he turned and stared back. Something not unlike a sudden stomache ache, only much higher up in his chest, seemed to have come upon him. It was a real ache. It caught him.

Then they were at their hotel.

Hazel said she was tired and advanced the idea that it would be well for both of them to take a cat nap before dinner. Carter thought quickly. He told her with much good humor that he never had felt better in his life and that while she took her nap he'd look around a little.

"But Cart, you've been looking all day."

"Well, maybe I'll only write a couple of letters," he parried.

"You can write up in the room."

"I might disturb you," he countered.

Since she had been married to Carter for nine years Hazel recognized his mood.

She told him to run along.

He was too weary to run; he walked. He had kept track of the streets, but was relieved to find the place so close. Really it was only around the corner.

THE three pillars were there, right enough. It was the place. In the windows were spread scarfs of gossamer silk, flanked by rows of women's hand bags, with a whole string of red and blue and silver earrings as trimmings. There were some fans, too; one big fan made of brilliant orange ostrich feathers and a lot of smaller fans made of almost everything.

Suddenly the idea seized him that he could go in and buy a fan. That was an idea! He would go right in and buy Hazel a fan. He couldn't think of anything she needed less, but still he knew she would like it. He would tell her that that was why he had wanted to go out by himself.

But on the way back up the street he turned and once more peered at the three barber-pole pillars. Things had come back to him; disquieting things.

As he stood and stared at the pillars a second realization smote him. It was the discovery that down at the end of that very street, right down at the end, was an avenue where there were trees, and at the far side of that avenue he could see a waist-high white stone wall.

He realized he was breathing fast. He said to himself harshly, "You're nutty." Then he walked back to the hotel.

Hazel loved the fan. She said so any number of times. But when they went to bed that night she seemed a little more tired than she should have been.

"What's matter, honey?" he asked her.

"Oh, nothing!" She smiled brightly.

"Yes, there is too. What is it?"

IT WAS then that she told him. "I—you made me promise not to buy anything, dear. But I do want to, and I know you want me to, or you wouldn't have got me this fan. Just a few things, Cart."

"Good lord!"

"I have to get one winter dress anyway, Cart, and they're cheaper here. Well, they're as cheap. I need one, Cart."

"Get three," he told her gruffly. "Yeah, and don't hold out on yourself either. Get three dresses and get 'em right. Top limit three hundred for the lot. Get me?"

She got him, and again they were entirely happy. It will be remembered that they had been married for nine years.

Carter Trane, of course, had a sneaking feeling of guilt, because he recognized that his generosity was not entirely unselfish. In the back of his mind was a strange desire to give some lone observation to the place with the three barber-pole pillars.

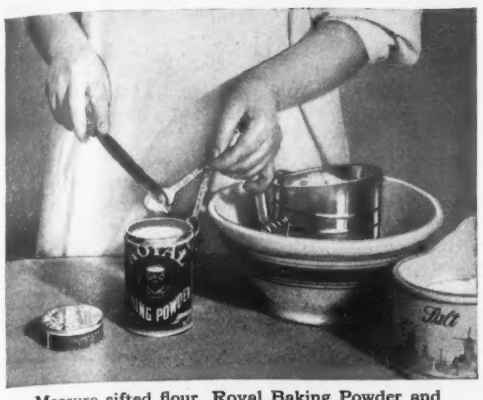
Unaccountably his dream had come back to him, not in its entirety but in essence. He knew dreams were crazy, but just the same there was no law against walking past the place, was there? If by any chance he should run across the girl—well, he was a decent guy, wasn't he? And he loved Hazel, didn't he?

Next afternoon he walked past the place twice. Then, irritated at himself, he marched to the Gare St.-Lazare, where he spent two hours like a kid, inspecting and admiring French locomotives.

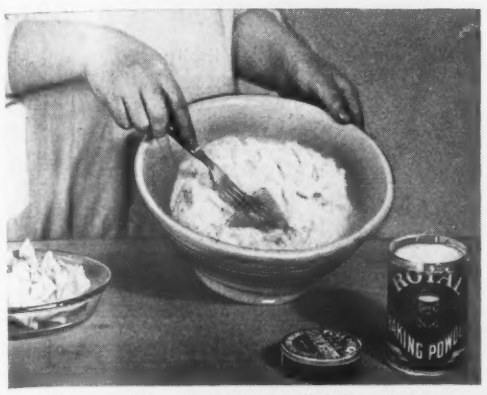
"I won't go back by that barber-pole dump," he told himself. But it was on the way to his hotel, and so he took the street.

More or less as a proof of his utter indifference he paraded up the narrow street with a leisurely carelessness, gazing into a

(Continued on Page 210)



Measure sifted flour, Royal Baking Powder and salt into sifter. Sift into mixing bowl.



Using steel fork, mix shortening lightly and thoroughly with sifted dry ingredients. Add milk slowly to make soft dough. Mix lightly with fork. Toss dough onto slightly floured board.

Pat dough out lightly with hands to about one-half inch thick. Cut out with biscuit cutter dipped in flour. Place on greased pan, far apart if a crusty biscuit is desired, close together if you prefer a thicker and softer biscuit. Bake in hot oven at 475° F. about 12 minutes. Makes 14 biscuits.

Yes, you can actually taste the difference!

It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that does it

WITH the first taste you notice the difference! Royal biscuits have the quality that has made "Cream of Tartar Biscuits" famous—an unmistakable delicacy that satisfies your critical taste . . . It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that makes the difference between "just biscuits" and biscuits that are marvels of lightness . . . of flaky texture . . . of delicious flavor.

That's why Royal Baking Powder keeps its place in the homes of "taste-sensitive" people—people who appreciate fine quality in food. They want the best baking powder—just as they are particular about getting finest-grade butter, eggs, milk.

After all, the cost of your baking powder amounts to very little, compared to the cost of other ingredients. It's false economy to risk failure by not using the best when less than 2¢ worth of Royal insures a successful batch of biscuits.

Use Royal to make your biscuits next time—on this page we show you just how to do it. Watch the smiles flash round the table. Smiles that tell you your biscuits are pleasing the most critical. That they're light as a feather . . . perfect in texture . . . delicious!

Royal Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk or half milk and half water

If a shorter biscuit is desired, use 3 or 4 tablespoons shortening. For mixing and baking directions see "motion pictures" above. Royal Biscuits can be baked immediately or they can be covered and set aside in a cool place for baking several hours later or even next day. If kept in ice box, allow to stand in kitchen a few minutes before baking.

FREE—*booklet of master biscuit and muffin recipes, with many variations*

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
Dept. C, 101 East 42nd Street, New York City

Please send me free copy of "Making Biscuits," containing recipes for unusually delicious quick breads.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

ROYAL *The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder*

A TOY STORK FOR BABY... SENT FREE

A NEW IDEA FOR MOTHER AND BABY—Sent Free

Storkline Furniture Corporation
4400 West 26th Street
Chicago .. Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me free your book "A New Idea for Mother and Baby" by Leone Maes Smith, and a nice Stork for baby.

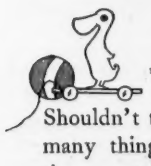
Baby's age_____

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

ARE THEY NOT FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF EVERYONE ?



WHO could say "no" when they think of their own babies? Shouldn't they have a right to a great many things, particularly the things they want and can't ask for? Most of all they want the things that fit them, things their own size—not big enough for giants, but things in which they feel comfortable—things their very own.

And what of Mother? Caring for baby can be made so much more convenient now than a few years ago. Now there are many brand-new conveniences—new combination bath and dressing tables; new ideas in the use of Bassinets and Cribs; new ideas about when to use certain equipment and accessories.

All of these points, and many others, are explained and discussed in detail in the book—"A New Idea for Mother and Baby".

This book is published by Storkline in the interest of mothers and their babies—it is sent free. Storkline has specialized for fifteen years in designing and building special furniture and equipment for babies and growing children.

Advances have been made during the past fifteen years that will amaze you. You will be especially interested in the great variety of new furniture designed and built by Storkline for brother and sister who have now outgrown their baby furniture.

You will want to read all about it—send for the book now. Storkline Furniture Corporation, 4400 West 26th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

STORKLINE
Infant and Juvenile Furniture

© 1929—S. F. Co.

(Continued from Page 208)

shop window and then loitering to the next shop window with a fine unconcern. It did occur to him for a guilty moment that along about now the people ought to be coming out of the stores, some of which already were obviously preparing to close.

What did he care who came out of that barber-pole joint?

He was experiencing a nice satisfaction with his unmistakable control over his own mental processes, when he became aware of the girl in the lavender dress. He stopped in his tracks, peered with complete unbelief. He even rubbed his eyes, but there she was. She must have cut out of an alley or a store or something. Well, she must have come from somewhere.

She was walking in the same direction he was, perhaps fifty yards ahead of him but near enough for him to recognize her beyond possibility of doubt. Tiny high-heeled slippers, sheer stockings that gleamed in the golden sunlight, the dress as he had envisioned it; even the floppy hat.

He stood there, frozen, and she walked away from him; he said aloud, "Damn it, am I crazy?"

THEN the girl in the lavender dress paused, looked about her as if to make certain of something and then tiptoed on her high heels straight into the corner store of the three black-and-white barber-pole pillars.

Carter Trane spoke aloud again. "I'm darned if I don't just follow her," he said.

Again he stalked the place, but this time his heart was beating fast. He shoved the door open slowly, discovered himself in the same darkish interior that had discomfited him yesterday. He couldn't see very well after the glow of the sunlight, but he could see the girl in the lavender dress. It was funny, but she, too, seemed to feel his presence as much as he felt hers. She stared at him, wide eyed, and as he looked at her he recognized that she was really as entrancing as he had known she would be. It did not even surprise him that she knew his name.

She gasped, "Carter!"

"I was just walking by," he said easily. "How'd you ever find this place?"

"Why, you bought the fan here! Anyway, dear, it's a famous shop. Remember, we saw a movie of it once in a news reel home? I came in here to see if they had a scarf to go with my new dress." She beamed. "Do you like the dress, Cart?"

He said, "Not bad, at that."

"Oh, you do like it! Cart, do you know—I saw it in a window, and I just couldn't resist it. They had the hat too. Don't you remember it, honey?"

"Remember it?"

SHE laughed so happily. "Naturally, goosey!" she taunted. "It's almost a duplicate of the dress I had on the day we met. They're wearing them again. And the hats too. Aren't you glad?"

Presently they were in the street.

She clung to him. Giggling a little, she confided, "The French corsets make you walk funny, I guess. I've been trying not to, but it's hard. Anyway, I think I look chic—don't you?"

"You look good to me, Hazel."

"Do I really?" Her eyes were sparkling. Then, "Why do we have to hurry back to that old hotel, Cart? Look—let's walk down to the end of the street. It looks nice, like a park. Trees and everything. Let's walk down and lean against that nice clean wall and talk. I bet I can think of something nice to say, even if you can't."

As they walked arm in arm along the street her hip unconsciously brushed his. It was just the touch of some folds of silk.

He hugged her arm close. "What makes you think I can't say something nice?" he whispered.

You Can Earn Money in Leisure Time

DEAR MANAGER: For me The Girls' Club has made possible the dress that was "just made for me" and the smart shoes that I loved, instead of the "must do" sort. Club money has bought dainty gloves, sheer stockings, a bottle of exquisite perfume and even an extravagant hat.

Sometimes it buys a bit of cheer for the home—books, dishes, bright new cretonnes, or a specially fine picture.

It has helped out in a pinch on the rent and grocery bill, and so has given my husband a lift and won his praise.

But mostly it goes for personal needs—the little extras that keep us smiling and happy and make life worth while. —Mrs. Charles H. Sterling.

If you'd like a charming new frock, a hat, or a wrap for Easter, read this page and write me a letter.

CHARMING frocks—smart hats—cultural advantages—*things that extra money can buy!*

These are the things that *keep us smiling* and make life worth while.

And these are the things every modern woman wants for herself.

It isn't modern to go without your own money to spend. And it isn't modern to wear last season's clothes when dollars for gay new ones are simply waiting to be earned—in The Girls' Club.

Aren't you interested?

When Mrs. Kellar, a busy mother, can earn $7.00 in spare time Saturday morning ——

When Gladys C., an eight-hour-a-day business girl can, within two short months, earn an extra $150.00 at lunchtime and in the evening ——

When other Club members are earning from 50 cents in brief half hours to $3.70 for each hour invested in our pleasant leisure-time work—

Surely it's time to inquire into it yourself.

All you need do is write me a note or card saying: "*Dear Manager: Please tell me how I can share in your leisure-time profits.*" (And tell me your age if you wish.) No training or experience needed. The Club supplies, without cost, full instructions and valuable helps. Address:

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
932 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

FOR THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE

To prepare delicious salad dressings and easily digested fried foods is no problem to the busy, modern housewife—

She knows the unusual helpfulness of Mazola—

It blends perfectly with all salad dressing ingredients—whether Mayonnaise or French dressing—

And foods fried in Mazola are uniformly tender and easily digested—

Particularly interesting to the Modern Housewife is the fact that Mazola is an absolutely pure vegetable oil—made from the hearts of fully ripened, golden corn kernels.

Your grocer sells Mazola in pint, quart, half-gallon and gallon tins. Use the larger sizes—they're more economical.

Send 10c (stamps or coin) for your copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods"—containing nearly 300 practical, economical recipes. Write Corn Products Refining Company, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City.

MAKES DELIGHTFUL SALAD DRESSINGS PERFECT FOR FRYING

THE STARS OF HOLLYWOOD NOW WEAR NEW HOSIERY

which they have found *enhances* Shapeliness of ankle and leg to a marked degree

Betty Compson's

favorite is this lovely chiffon by Allen-A, with a dainty Picot Top . . . and new Panel Heel

$1.95 the pair

SCREEN STARS have now found what they consider the perfect hosiery. An utterly new style, fashioned so cleverly that it gives shapeliness to ankle and leg that ordinary stockings have never before approached.

It seems to make the ankle slenderer. The leg more graceful. The usual harsh line of the knee softer. Virtually every star of note insists upon this new hosiery in her wardrobe. Very likely, it is the exact kind you have wanted for a long time.

Miss Betty Compson's favorite is a divine chiffon creation by Allen-A, with a dainty Picot Top and ultra-smart Panel Heel. It is quite the most exquisite and loveliest hose you have ever seen.

The radiantly beautiful chiffon, ever so sheer and matchlessly clear, extends the full length of the hose. It is full-fashioned to mold to the leg without a ripple. And the Picot Top, in contrasting color, gives a touch of feminine loveliness that will both thrill and charm you.

The new Allen-A Panel Heel, much narrower and higher, lends a Parisian smartness to the beauty of the hose. It also reinforces the heel and is responsible for surprisingly long service.

And the dainty silken foot is invisibly strengthened with an extra-narrow sole and special new Allen-A side and top toe guards. It is little short of amazing the way this hose wears and wears.

You will find this favorite Allen-A hose of Betty Compson's, and many other stars, at your dealer's. In the newest and most popular shades of the season. Ask for this Allen-A creation by style number—3712. Only $1.95 the pair. If your dealer cannot supply you, simply send us your name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY
Kenosha, Wisconsin

MISSES' HOSIERY, TOO

You will find Allen-A Hosiery for Misses of the same superb style and quality that has won smartly dressed women everywhere to Allen-A Hosiery. This lovely hosiery may be had in silk, silk and rayon, and lisle—and in a wide range of modish shades and fancy patterns. At your dealer's, only 50c to $1.00 the pair.

Miss Compson, First National star, is wearing a cerise and silver creation by Greer; silver slippers with rhinestone heels and buckles—and French-Nude Hosiery by Allen-A.

The same hosiery styles, worn by Screen Stars, and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York Stores—are available at Allen-A dealers' everywhere. Priced from $1.50 to $3.00 the pair.

Allen-A *Hosiery*

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

MISS LOUISE McPHETRIDGE, LICENSED PILOT, AIRPLANE SALESMAN AND FLYING INSTRUCTOR

Women in Business

LOUISE McPHETRIDGE, of San Francisco, always wanted to be a boy. As a child back in Bentonville, Arkansas, she was an accomplished tree climber, baseball player and horseback rider. At the age of nine she was driving an automobile. At fourteen she pleaded with her mother to be allowed to become a racing driver, and cast envious eyes at tight-rope walkers and balloonists. And when she went into business she chose a field usually reserved for men—she became a salesman for a coal and lumber company of Wichita.

But even this did not satisfy her. Adventure, with a capital A, was what Louise was looking for. At last she found it one day in an airplane, sailing high above the clouds.

"Mother, I'm going to learn to fly," she announced firmly, as she reached home that night. "It's the one thing I want to do."

So she set about learning. Ten hours in the air were sufficient to equip her for soloing, and a few months later she was on her way to the Pacific Coast, bound for San Francisco and a job as airplane salesman.

During the months that followed Miss McPhetridge learned the business literally from the ground up. And last year—just two months after her twenty-first birthday—she was made manager of the Oakland branch of the company with which she was associated. Today, proud possessor of a private pilot's license and a commercial license, holder of cards issued by the National Aeronautic Association and the Fédération Aeronautique Internationale, with her first "crack-up" behind her and the distinction of having flown in the National Air Races, Miss McPhetridge does her demonstrating and selling of airplanes with all the aplomb of an old hand at the game. And in between times she runs an air taxi service which takes passengers to any point in the United States, and a flying school boasting more than fifty students.

Not long ago, when the president of Miss McPhetridge's company was laid up in the hospital after a crash, the youthful manager of the Oakland branch handled the entire Pacific Coast distribution for six months. And every Sunday afternoon for a period of weeks she did "aerial maneuvers" for the purpose of convincing the timid that flying was entirely safe, even for a woman!

Last summer, on her way back home to Arkansas for a visit, Miss McPhetridge stopped off at Reno and was married; but even in this she remained true to the business she loves. For the man she married is an official of another airplane company, and matrimony, she says, will not in any way interfere with her job. "I intend," she declares vehemently, "to fly until I get too old and feeble to operate the controls. There's no experience in the world half so interesting or half so lovely."

The Lady Inventor

WHEN it rains, most people just get all wet. But not Miss Beulah Louise Henry, of New York. Miss Henry gets ideas instead. That's why she's called the "lady Edison."

For Miss Henry is an inventor. To her credit stands a list of more than forty clever devices, patented and marketed and universally used for the saving of time and labor and the amusement of little children. And it all began on a certain rainy day nine years ago, back in Memphis, Tennessee.

Miss Henry, as it happened, was sitting at her window watching the people on the street outside with their unwieldy, undecorative umbrellas, when suddenly an idea was born. Why, she asked herself, had no one ever made an umbrella with perforated ribs and a snap-on cover? The perforated ribs would lighten the weight, and the snaps would permit of a frequent change of cover to match Milady's costume.

Thrilled with her inspiration, Miss Henry boarded the first train for New York. But being of a thoroughly practical turn of mind, she managed to secure a modest clerking job before setting about the business of marketing her idea. It was well she did. For the first seven umbrella manufacturers she went to were appallingly as one in their reaction: they laughed. The proposed umbrella, they said, was quite impractical. Miss Henry didn't agree. So she went to an eighth manufacturer, and in his factory, side by side with his employes, she showed him just how her idea could be carried out. And within three months he had sold $40,000 worth of the new umbrellas.

That was all the encouragement the ambitious young inventor needed. Promptly she resigned from her clerking job to take an office of her own. A bath sponge that would act as floating soap dish was her next idea. Once more a manufacturer laughed. There was no adequate way of cutting the soft rubber sponge to make a place for the soap, he said. Miss Henry set her brains to working.

In a short time she was back with a special kind of tool for the purpose.

And so it went. From the most unimportant incidents Miss Henry garnered her ideas. Her pet cat caught its paw in a whirring electric fan one day. Presto! A new fan guard on the market. A child in the Subway wept over a burst toy balloon. Behold, a rubber doll that could be inflated and deflated by means of a double-action valve! A new kind of bathing slipper, a detachable bathing skirt, a lifelike animal toy

(Continued on Page 215)

Doesn't *this* change all your ideas about WINDOW SHADES?

SEND FOR INSTRUCTIVE BOOK
See Coupon Below

Of course, you've never before thought of window shades as actual units of decoration—like your draperies, rugs, furniture. For never until now have window shades had distinction of *pattern* as well as color.

That's why Brenlin Piqué will be a revelation to you!

Smart, slender piqué cords. Woven right in the fabric itself! Velvet-soft richness of design, bringing to your windows and rooms a style note sure to be observed.

New vogue in color, too! Lovely hand-applied tints that harmonize with any interior, and resist fading by sun, spotting by rain.

Your shades of Brenlin Piqué will always hang straight and smooth, for they are made of the famous Brenlin long-wearing window shade material.

Send for samples, descriptive book, and color selector

See Brenlin Piqué for yourself! And choose just the tints that will harmonize effectively with your draperies and furnishings.

You can do this by means of an interesting Color Selector, worked out by a well-known interior decorator. 10c enclosed with coupon below brings you samples of Brenlin Piqué, Color Selector, and an instructive new book on this material. We will also send name and address of your nearest Brenlin dealer.

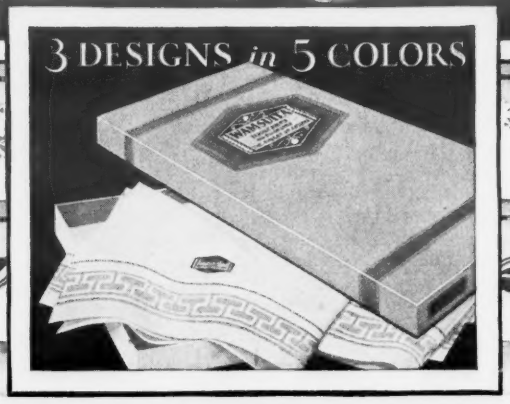
BRENLIN PIQUÉ

The Chas. W. Breneman Company, Dept. G-4, 2045 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me samples of Brenlin Piqué, descriptive book, and Color Selector. Also, name of nearest Brenlin dealer. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

Name.....

Address.....



To the silvery whiteness of Wamsutta Percale these borders add a smart new note of color . . .

AFTER all, there is nothing that makes a bed so inviting as the clean freshness of a pure white sheet. Wamsutta Color-Woven sheets and pillow cases are as white as white can be — as white as all other Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases.

Their only difference is in the borders, which are woven with all the delicacy of fine embroidery in several attractive patterns, adding a new accent of color just below the line of the hemstitching on the pillow cases as well as on the sheets.

There are five different colors from which you can select the tints that will harmonize best with the various color schemes of your bedrooms. Pink, blue, orchid, maize and pale green . . . all fast colors that will launder perfectly.

The sheet sizes are 90 x 108 for double beds and 72 x 108 for three-quarter beds.

If you are interested in hand embroidery, ask to be shown some of the beautiful styles of Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases in real Philippine needlework and scalloped patterns.

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

RIDLEY WATTS & CO.
Selling Agents
44 Leonard St., New York

WAMSUTTA MILLS
Founded 1846
New Bedford, Mass.

MISS LOUISE STOCKLEY TAKES HUNTING PARTIES INTO THE WILDS OF OLD MEXICO

(Continued from Page 213)

with coiled springs in its legs for bones—steadily a stream of clever devices flowed from the studio where Miss Henry tinkered patiently. And today the stream is still flowing, while in addition the "lady Edison" acts as business partner to the lawyer who markets her inventions, and draws a salary from a big corporation for thinking up profitable ideas for disposing of its waste products.

Guide for Hunters

WHEN Louise Stockley, of Laguna, Texas, was a little girl she lived on her father's ranch in the Nueces Canyon of West Texas. Almost as soon as she could walk, she learned to ride, and it wasn't long before she was handling her own gun and accompanying the rest of the family on hunting expeditions into the mountains. The ways of the deer, the bear, the big cats and smaller game were as well known to her as the pages of a familiar book, and she was more at home riding among them in the rugged canyons than sitting in a rocking-chair.

So when the time came for this fearless outdoor girl to choose a vocation, quite naturally she chose one that had to do with the life she knew best. She became an organizer and conductor of hunting parties. With hunting rights on 500,000 acres in the San Blas Mountain district of Northern Mexico, Miss Stockley today conducts groups of hunters from her office in San Antonio, by chartered Pullman and automobile, to a commodious camp in the heart of the mountains, outfitted with all the comforts that tired gunners appreciate most. There sure-footed Mexican ponies and guides who speak English are provided, and with the camp as their base the hunters fare forth on daily forays in search of black-tailed deer, black and grizzly bears, mountain lions, antelopes and the smaller game that abounds in the wild surrounding country. Miss Stockley herself remains in camp during the entire stay, and occasionally joins in the hunt. She has secured special permission from the Mexican Government to take firearms and ammunition across the border, and the full responsibility of passports, hunting licenses and all the other details attendant upon entering a foreign country rests upon her slender shoulders.

During the more than two years that Miss Stockley has conducted her unusual business, no other women have been included in the hunting parties. But she herself is accepted by the hunters as one of themselves.

Doll Maker

PLAY-ACTING has always been fascinating to Miss Rees Davis, of Chicago. That explains both why she went on the stage and why she left the stage to enter her own particular kind of business.

Miss Davis is a manufacturer of dolls—and particularly of a unique kind of rubber bathtub doll guaranteed to make the daily bathing ritual a thing of joy instead of tears. Dolls—just plain, ordinary dolls—Miss Davis had made by the dozen ever since she was a child. From potatoes, from clothespins, from flowers and from grandma's ragbag she had manufactured them for her own amusement. And when she went on the stage she kept right on manufacturing them for the children of the companies in which she played. But it remained for her pet bulldog, Princess Pat, to show her the way to turn a natural bent into a thriving business.

It happened about nine years ago. Miss Davis had decided that Princess Pat needed a bath, but the dog was not enthusiastic. In vain its mistress tried to coax it into the tub, but always the animal balked. At last, seized with a bright idea, Miss Davis tossed a rubber ball into the water, and at once the dog plunged in after it. Bathing had lost its terrors for Princess Pat.

Why not apply the same idea to children, thought the delighted young actress. Immediately she started experimenting. In her back-stage dressing room, between the acts, she pottered with strange materials, until at last a brand-new kind of floating rubber doll had been evolved.

The new toy took the public's fancy almost immediately. As fast as Miss Davis could turn them out, the dolls were sold, and soon a regular manufacturing force had to be organized. So fast did the business grow that at last Miss Davis found it necessary to desert the stage and give her entire time to the manufacturing of her wares.

Referees in Bankruptcy

INCLUDED among the referees in bankruptcy in this country are three women: Miss Felice Cohn, of Reno, Nevada, whose interesting career was sketched on this page recently, Miss Gertrude K. Durham, of Grants Pass, Oregon, and Miss Mary L. Trescott, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. The honor of being the first woman to hold this position belongs to Miss Trescott, who received her appointment in 1921. Miss Durham, like Miss Cohn, was appointed in 1926.

A FEW OF THE MANY KINDS OF DOLLS MANUFACTURED BY MISS REES DAVIS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE CREAMY RICHNESS and smooth chocolate flavor of Baker's Cocoa are the result of blending the finest cocoa beans with the skill one hundred and fifty years have brought. To pay more for cocoa is extravagance. To pay less is false economy.

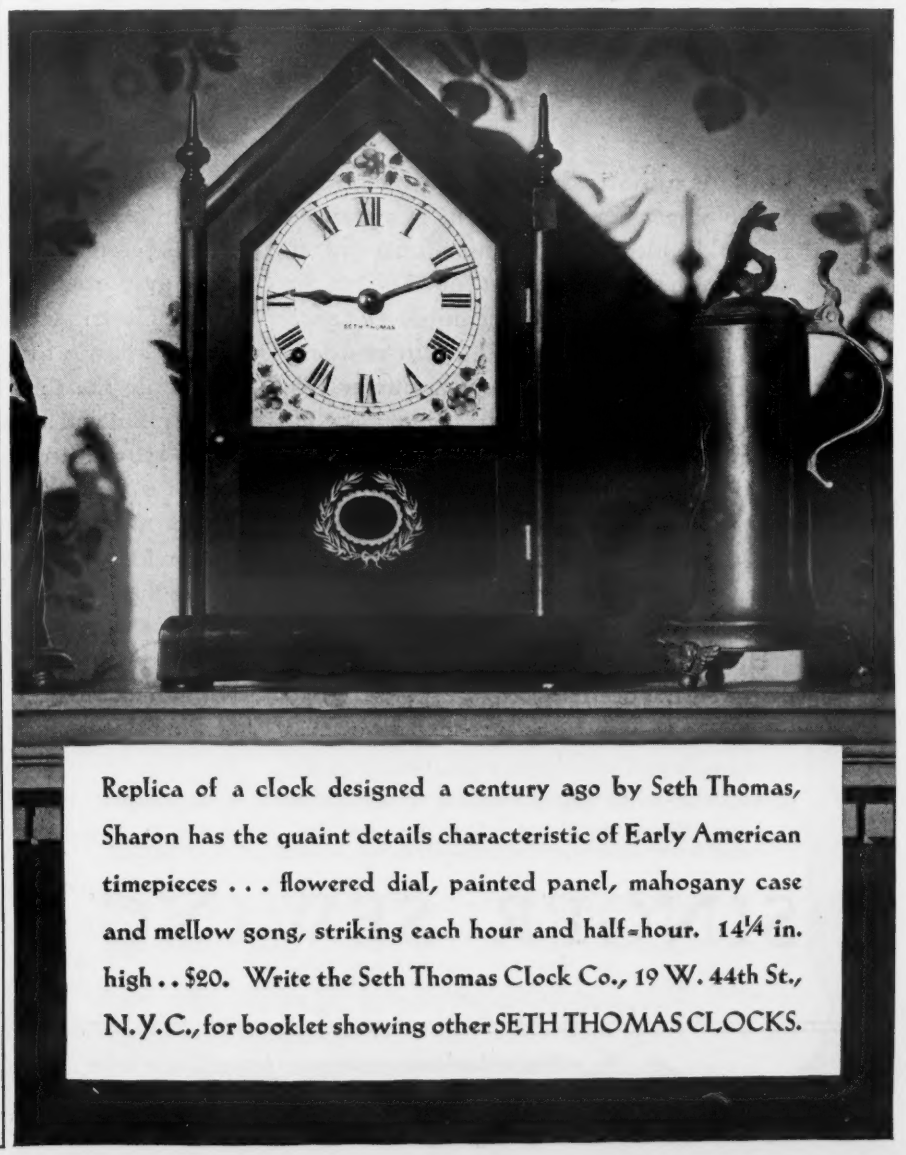
© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

BAKER'S
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
COCOA

These authorities say Baker's Cocoa is best:

78% Professional Nurses
79% Home Demonstration Agents
82% Domestic Science Teachers
67% Hospital Dieticians and Stewards
63% School Lunch Room Managers
75% Hotel Stewards
87% Editors of Women's Magazines

DRINK COCOA OFTEN
for nourishment · for enjoyment



Replica of a clock designed a century ago by Seth Thomas, Sharon has the quaint details characteristic of Early American timepieces . . . flowered dial, painted panel, mahogany case and mellow gong, striking each hour and half-hour. 14¼ in. high . . $20. Write the Seth Thomas Clock Co., 19 W. 44th St., N.Y.C., for booklet showing other SETH THOMAS CLOCKS.

When he comes to your house····

remember that he comes to SERVE

He is the authorized, bonded Representative of the Singer Sewing Machine Company—a world-wide organization of service to women who sew. He is one of 10,000 in the United States and Canada alone. But each is a *local* representative. The man who calls on you is a resident of your community. He is as much interested in serving you as your neighborhood banker or merchant. He is building a permanent business and he knows that one of his greatest assets is the good will of enthusiastic customers. Therefore his first concern always is to serve you honestly, faithfully and intelligently.

He has been carefully selected for his work. He has been trained by experts. When he comes to you he is qualified to discuss your needs and problems and to demonstrate to you the advantages, the enjoyments and the economies of the modern way to sew. The modern Singer Electric has simply revolutionized sewing in the home. It is utterly different from any sewing machine you have ever used. Once you sit down at a Singer Electric yourself, once you feel its instant response to your slightest wish, you will sense the thrill of having made a discovery. But you must make that test to know.

And so the Singer man in your community comes to bring you that opportunity. He comes to invite you to take any modern Singer into your home and use it without the slightest obligation. He comes to show you how you can find happiness in what you had thought of as a tedious task, how you can find real enjoyment in planning and making clothes for yourself and the children and curtains and draperies for your home, how you can make a dress in a fraction of the time it used to take, how you can do quickly and perfectly the deft finishing you thought must be done by hand. And you will find that the magic means to this modern way to sew can be yours at surprisingly small cost. For the Singer man is authorized to make you a generous allowance on your present machine and arrange so that the balance may be paid in small monthly sums which your Singer will save over and over again.

So if your home is one where the modern Singer Electric and the delights of modern sewing are not yet known, welcome the Singer man when he calls. His coming can mean the beginning of a new experience that you will enjoy and profit by all through life.

If you would like to try a modern Singer Electric at once and the Singer man has not yet reached you, simply telephone the nearest Singer shop and ask to have a machine sent to you on the Self Demonstration Plan.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Singer Machines are sold only through Singer salesmen and the Company's own shops, located in every community and identified by the famous red "S".

For the home not yet electrified there are modern Singer non-electrics which you can equip with Singer Motor and Singerlight when your home is wired.

Copyright U. S. A. 1929 by The Singer Manufacturing Co. All Rights Reserved for All Countries

Two Women at the Counter

(Continued from Page 35)

One soap manufacturer, who thought he was completely informed as to his line, was astonished to find that women were using his product for several purposes of which he had never dreamed. Now, at first glimpse, this might appear to be a graceful compliment to that particular brand of soap products, but as a matter of fact it simply meant that for years this manufacturer had been losing thousands of dollars by overlooking valuable opportunities to expand his sales.

To illustrate that point, you have only to select any well-known household article, such as some popular accessory in the family medicine chest. If you can recall the type of advertising carried on by its manufacturer in recent years, it will be immediately evident to you that he has been very much on the job by citing new uses for his commodity.

Your farsighted factory executive these days is constantly canvassing the women buyers of his wares to discover just what they do with them, and their ingenuity is a source of never-ending amazement—and profit—to him.

In some cases his emotions are apt to be less favorable. There is one soap manufacturer, for instance, who doesn't know that his product is favored almost exclusively by old women. Imagine what will happen to his trade when that fact becomes generally known among the ladies!

All of which brings out the point that vision and foresight are of supreme importance for success in business today as never before, and for the simple reason that women do most of the buying and their ideas and ideals and status generally are changing profoundly and with amazing rapidity in all parts of the world, most particularly here in the United States.

For years trade has been carried on in what has been called a "sellers' market," where the distributor was the dominant factor, and what he offered was meekly accepted by the consumer. But meekness is no longer the consumer's mood. What she says goes. For the past four or five years she has had the world of competing producers bidding for her every favor, watchful, if they expect to survive, for her every mood and whim.

A Buyers' Market

ONE well-known far-visioned manufacturer told me recently that his company is spending thousands every year simply to find out and anticipate as far as possible the changing tastes of its ultimate consumers. That, briefly, is what is meant by a "buyers' market." This particular company goes so far as to submit its advertising copy to typical women customers in advance of its use, so as to have the benefit of the ladies' counsel as to the best approach and the most effective appeal to their buying instincts. The firm is thus saving tens of thousands of dollars by its foresight in avoiding the use of barren advertising.

Now and then one still hears the despairing cry of some disillusioned manufacturer that "you just can't tell about women these days." But if he cannot—or does not make a successful effort to do so—his fate is sealed. Nor is his task an altogether impossible one in this connection. In the first place, there are literally hundreds of marketing research agencies in universities, trade associations, governmental units, and scores of other activities all over the country.

Even more important, it would seem to be worth while for every producer and distributor to commission some lady member of his staff or, better still, of his family, to keep a close eye on the pages of our women's magazines, on the deliberations of our innumerable women's clubs, on the comments of countless women leaders whose views are presented in the press or over the radio or from public platforms everywhere from one end of the country to the other.

As one advertising expert shrewdly observed recently, the ritualistic after-dinner query of the gentlemen in the smoking room, "Shall we join the ladies?" is no longer a perfunctory formality as applied to business.

Women's buying is by no means solely occupied with things of their own adornment. Women purchased more than 65 per cent of the men's hosiery sold in this country, and 62 per cent of their neckwear, and they are apt to have a good deal to say in more senses than one, if I dare risk that observation, about the purchase of most of the rest of mere man's apparel, even though they may not be present during the actual transaction.

When it comes to the purchase of articles for her own domain, the home, she is of course supreme—to the extent of 98 per cent of the retail sales of household equipment, and approximately 80 per cent of the drugstore supplies bought over the counter.

The Feminine Dollar

THE increasing multitude of electrical servants and other mechanical devices now available to ease her burdens has broadened the field of her marketing. It is no wonder, therefore, that hardware stores, finding that over three-fourths of their customers are women, are beginning to break out in women's specialty departments, all trimmed up in dainty hangings to catch the feminine fancy and dollar. For women buy at least 50 per cent of all hardware.

For the same reason, no bank worthy of the name these days can afford to be without some attractive accommodations for women customers.

Mr. Hoover has pointed out some interesting figures bearing on this question. Our national income has increased 200 per cent since 1910, while our population has grown but 30 per cent. The resulting margin of added earnings available for better living constitutes the basic impulse that has brought about this profound change in our economic life. It is women who spend the larger part of this income.

Since the war our homes have been made more attractive by the purchase—negotiated in four cases out of five, let me repeat, by women—of 6,700,000 phonographs, 31,600 player pianos and 7,500,000 radios.

Women have summoned electricity to do their bidding during that same period to the extent of 8,944,500 vacuum cleaners, 755,000 refrigerators, 5,830,000 washing machines, and 1,500,000 sewing machines, to say nothing of countless flatirons, fans, percolators and all the other conveniences and comforts devised by our electrical industry to simplify the job of homemaking.

And so it is that woman stands today in a uniquely strategic position to observe and correct many of the more flagrant wastes and weaknesses in our distributive processes. We are on the eve of a new era of our economic history. Thus far our energies have concentrated very largely upon efficiency in manufacturing, in which the participation of woman has been relatively limited. Now, however, the paramount problem is that of building up a corresponding system of frugal and effective distribution. This new need has opened up a broad field of great promise for energetic and capable women whose instincts and imaginations, trained through generations of experience in buying, can render invaluable assistance. Therein lies the greatest opportunity for service in commerce by the daughters of Eve since the day of that great lady's ill-fated venture into fresh-fruit distribution.

Makes Life Sweeter

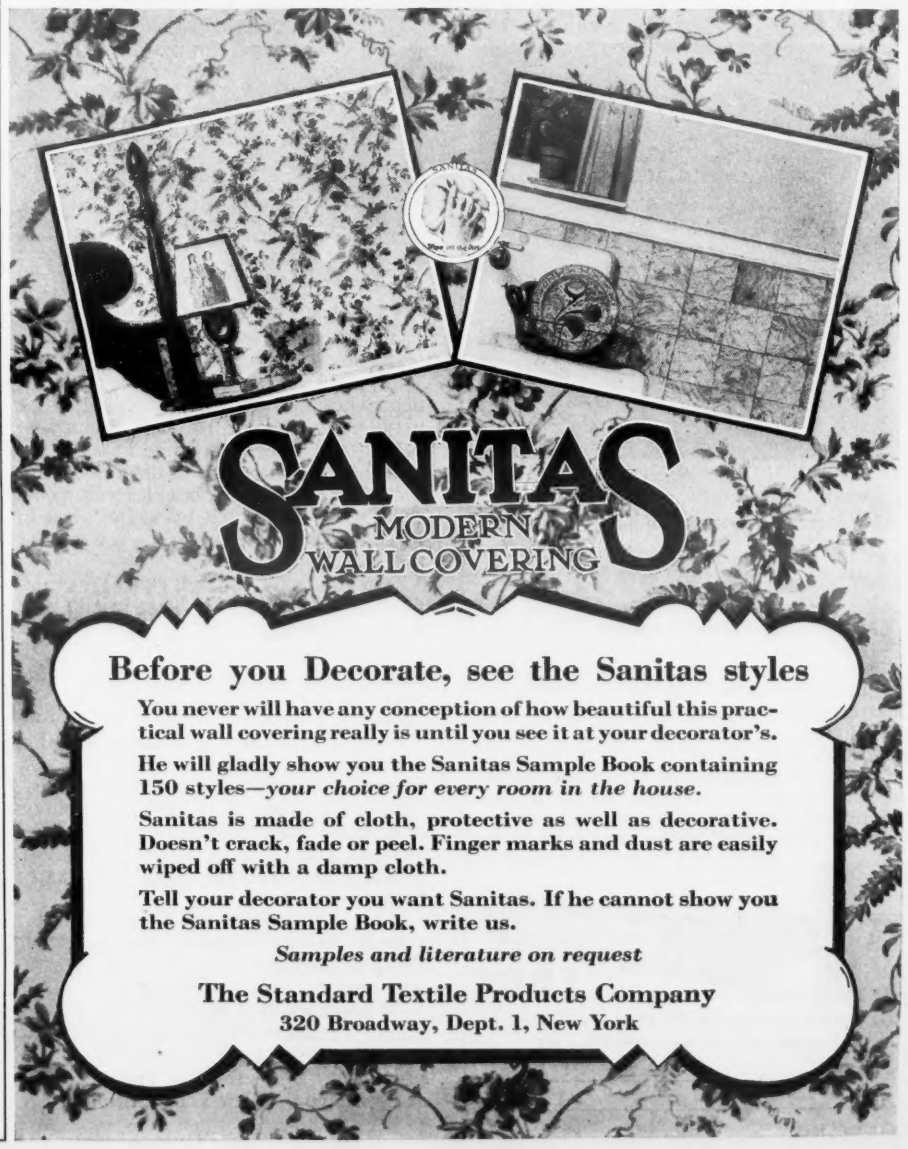
Because of the way we live today, the things we eat, few are entirely free from acidosis. To help the system keep sound and sweet, take Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Does a hearty meal give you an uncomfortable sense of fullness? Do rich foods disagree, or bring on sour stomach? Don't suffer, and don't diet. Try this universal sweetener that every physician endorses; that the public has found so helpful. It is a gentle corrective that every stomach needs at times; whenever a coated tongue, fetid breath, and acrid skin tell you the system needs sweetening.

Phillips is the genuine, prescriptional product; physicians endorse; the name is important.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.



Before you Decorate, see the Sanitas styles

You never will have any conception of how beautiful this practical wall covering really is until you see it at your decorator's.

He will gladly show you the Sanitas Sample Book containing 150 styles—*your choice for every room in the house.*

Sanitas is made of cloth, protective as well as decorative. Doesn't crack, fade or peel. Finger marks and dust are easily wiped off with a damp cloth.

Tell your decorator you want Sanitas. If he cannot show you the Sanitas Sample Book, write us.

Samples and literature on request

The Standard Textile Products Company
320 Broadway, Dept. 1, New York

The Cornerstone of Perfect Housekeeping

To thousands of America's most critical housewives, PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA is the cornerstone of perfect housekeeping . . . because it cleans so thoroughly, so easily, so safely.

PARSONS' gets into crevices . . . . loosens dirt and grime . . . cuts grease . . . and softens hard water. Wherever you are cleaning . . . in kitchen, bedroom or attic . . . PARSONS' will do a job you'll be proud of . . . and cut down your cleaning time and effort amazingly.

Give this tried and true ammonia *one* trial and you'll agree with three generations of American housewives that no ordinary ammonia can compare with it. Use just a little in water for cleaning . . .

linoleum woodwork painted walls
pots and pans sinks laundry
rugs windows

At all grocers and department stores
4 sizes—from 15c up

PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

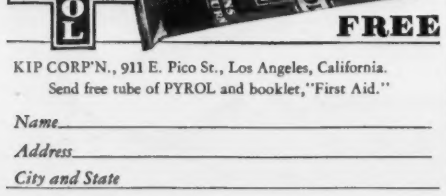
Use it wherever you use soap and water

BURNED

Pain Gone in 45 Seconds

PYROL

PHYSICIANS have prescribed Pyrol (as Anti-Pyrexol) for 20 years. Leading Hospitals, Fire Departments, Railroads and big industries have used it as the standard dressing for burns and scalds. Equally effective for chafing and all skin irritations. Now it is being nationally advertised for the first time. It is the new and better household remedy, replacing old-fashioned salves and ointments. In the big red tubes, at your druggist's, 50 cents. Kip Corporation, Los Angeles.



KIP CORP'N., 911 E. Pico St., Los Angeles, California.
Send free tube of PYROL and booklet, "First Aid."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

City and State

The Three Ruths in Congress

(Continued from Page 13)

"Did women control the last election?" Mrs. Pratt thinks more rapidly than she speaks. Her thought is always rushing ahead as the words she is speaking have formed themselves upon her lips.

"Too many factors controlled the last election," she is saying, "to attribute the results to any single thing. Aside from party politics, there was prejudice, protest and the personality of the individual candidate. Hoover is an emotion, an idea—not a politician in the general acceptance of the word. The women did count. Then there were the fanatics, and some families were split wide open on the religious issue and prohibition.

"Yet, what got the woman vote out is not important. The fact that it did get out is important. And those women who threw themselves into this campaign for the first time must be got into party work and kept in it.

"Many women look upon politics as a dirty mess. They think of it often as an intrigue synonymous with deceit. This is not really the case. The man or woman who feels there should never be any compromise in politics is demanding something which he or she would never expect in their business or social relations. In all human relationships there must be at times a yielding here and there—that the greatest good for the greatest number may be achieved. Politics is no exception to this rule, yet I have had many women express to me the feeling that any capitulation was a 'lowering of the flag'.

"I believe that way in politics is disappearing and that women in politics are helping it to disappear. For that reason women can come in more and more.

"Women and their power must be capitalized by the existing organizations. Women should be recognized, and I believe they will be recognized, as a great vote power. They have the right of protest and must maintain it.

"But it is absurd to think of them as a woman party. I have always worked side by side with men, and the work done for me in all my campaigns has been done quite as much by men as by women, with no separate organizations.

"As for the woman bloc in Congress, that is equally absurd in my opinion."

Voting Intelligently

"WHEN I go to Washington I go there hoping to learn. I feel very humble about my approach to the new job.

"And I know it is going to be a unique experience for me to find myself voting for a bill that is going through, instead of being—as I have been while I was alderman in Manhattan—a sort of loud-speaker for the opposition. About the only measure I was for that got by while I was in office here was one providing a vault for a church."

"So you think you will go to Washington to vote intelligently—not just to be a rubber stamp?"

"I may not be able to vote as I wish, of course. But I certainly will want to know why any decision is arrived at by the majority."

It is an illuminating answer, too, for those who think the feminine mind is somewhat too intransigent for the necessary give-and-take of politics in action, of committee mass thinking on the Hill in Washington.

But I have another bit of bait in my basket.

"Are you going to be a wet after the vote which ——" I get no further. Mrs. Pratt swims right up to the bait, looks it over and proceeds as follows:

"I approach that subject with an open mind. I think extremists and fanatics are equally bad for both wet and dry. I'm provincial. I live in New York. Necessarily I have the New York attitude and I represent a district whose opinions on that subject are well known. But I shall go along with Mr. Hoover. It is going to be a practical subject and I shall wait developments on it."

Still somewhat doubtful in my own mind whether this lady fish had made a strike as a political answer, I move over to the subject of education.

And then she threw away the politician and became entirely the cozy mother of five children, and the grandmother whose last little-girl grandchild had been born only a few hours before.

"There more depends upon the mother than upon the school or the system or anything else. My children all did regular routine things of the kind the children of my friends did. They went to school to learn, not to learn to express themselves.

"I think most children have a pretty fair gift for expressing themselves without being sent to school to learn how."

Other People's Rights

"I COULD give them all the expression and the amusement good for them right here at home. What I did want them to have—as children—was the sense of obedience. That I consider a priceless gift to children. We all of us all our lives have to obey someone, to conform to laws. We might as well learn it early.

"When my children had to do something they didn't want to do, I'd just say to them: 'Come, let us reason this out together.'

"I hate to seem reactionary, but there are certain things you might call old-fashioned that you can't improve upon—like courage and honesty and self-control.

"Don't push a child into a corner when he's little. It is too much of a strain upon him. It makes him want to lie to get out of it. Give him a fair chance for his own honor. He'll come through. But his very life may depend upon his obedience. We have, here in New York, to send our children into a city park to play. Don't you see that if that child does not instinctively instantly obey the word of authority he may be maimed or killed by a sudden accident? It is as practical as that.

"But as they grow older you may remain their companion. I simply take it for granted that a boy or girl of seventeen does not drink. And I paid my children the compliment, in the presence of a family gathering with half a dozen in-laws, recently of saying to them: 'Not one of you has ever been rude to me.'

"In place of that childlike necessary obedience, as they grow older, there will develop a sense of other people's rights. No matter how big you are, you have to remember there is somebody bigger than you are!"

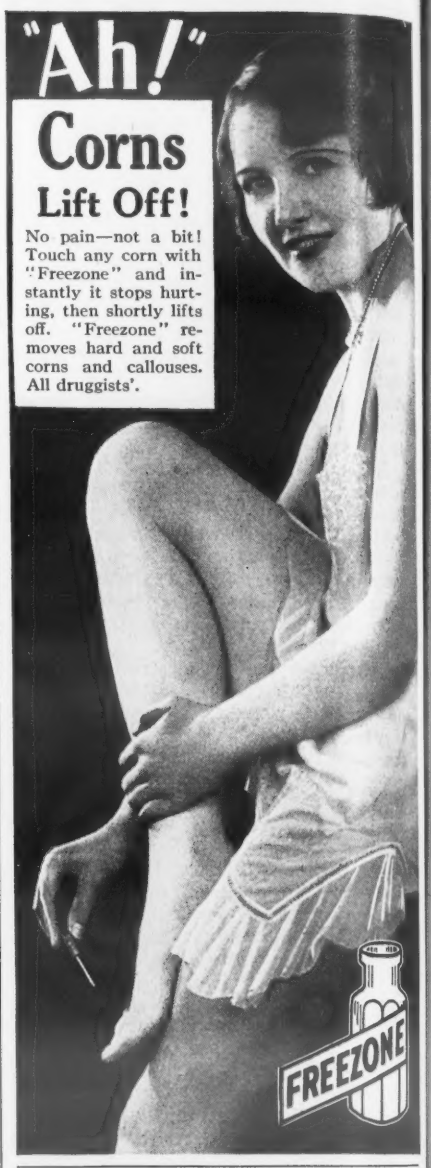
And so we talk on about current subjects of political discussion. Not a word about art or music or plays enters naturally into our conversation.

What has become of the Ruth who once was to be a great musician? What has become of the Ruth who began at Wellesley College and left it after a time to take her violin to Europe for deeper musical studies?

What has become of the little girl whose New England father gave her enough money to stay there for three months' study, the little girl who took that money and spread it out over six months so that she could study that much longer on less bread?

Well, in the first place, she married a millionaire. And in the next place she found herself with utterly new duties to be met and new surroundings to be mastered. So she met and mastered them. She became a patron of music rather than a performer of music, though for a long time

(Continued on Page 221)


"Ah!"
Corns
Lift Off!
No pain—not a bit! Touch any corn with "Freezone" and instantly it stops hurting, then shortly lifts off. "Freezone" removes hard and soft corns and callouses. All druggists'.
FREEZONE

Patapar
Cookery Parchment

Try a full month of waterless cooking *this inexpensive way*

Now you can enjoy the delightful results of waterless cookery at a fraction of the usual costs. Just place your vegetables, fish or meat, with seasonings, in a sheet of **Patapar** cookery parchment . . . . and cook as usual. No water enters. Nothing escapes. Your foods *cook in their own juices!*

It is simple, easy, and economical. No expensive utensils. Just a sheet of Patapar and an ordinary pot.

Patapar comes ten large sheets to the envelope. Each sheet can be used over and over again. Priced at 35c per envelope (40c west of Denver).

Ask for Patapar today at your favorite department, meat, or grocery store, or order direct.

Booklet free!

The Paterson Parchment Paper Company,
Patapar Division,
Passaic, N. J.

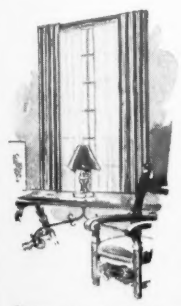
L.J., 39

Please send the booklet, "Vegetable Parchment Comes Into the Kitchen" . . . and recipes . . . **Free.**

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
My favorite shop is.....

The 1929 Kirsch Book, a FREE new stylebook of door and window draping treatment... that will help you obtain

Beautiful Drapery Effects



Inexpensive Kirsch Extension Rods fit doors and windows of any width, and are suited to every style of draping.

Spring brings to every woman, every year, a longing for some fresh, new touch of color and beauty for her home . . . to match the changing season out-of-doors.

If you . . . as spring approaches . . . are wondering *how* to add new charm to old familiar rooms, let us send you the 1929 Kirsch Book. For it suggests the easiest, most effective way to achieve this transformation—through a simple change of draping treatments at windows and doors.

Drapery fashion has changed swiftly since decorative hardware became the vogue. And Kirsch . . . originator of so many exquisite new draping effects for the home . . . has combined, in one practical, authoritative style guide, the best thought in modern draping art . . . an almost limitless variety of charming window treatments.

The 1929 Kirsch Book will show you how best to utilize these fascinating style creations in your own home. Its pages illustrate beautiful drapery effects . . . many of them in full color . . . for rooms and windows of all types. Here you will find an easy guide to countless color harmonies . . . suggestions for the proper care of curtains . . . how to make and hang your own draperies . . . how to dye and launder them.

Equally important is the help this new Kirsch Book will give you in the selection of correct drapery hardware . . . the first step in achieving beautiful window treatments. For the Kirsch line today reflects, more than ever before, the continued style leadership, wide variety of designs and high standards of manufacture that have already placed Kirsch Drapery Hardware at a hundred million windows.

Ever popular, ever practical, is the familiar flat extension rod originated by Kirsch . . . the rod that will not sag, rust or tarnish. This inexpensive rod is now offered in two superb new finishes to harmonize with your woodwork . . . dainty old ivory and rich statuary bronze . . . at no additional cost.

Awaiting your inspection, too, are beautiful new creations in Kirsch Better Wood Poles . . . lovely period designs . . . and charming Modernistic fancies . . . additions to a line distinguished for its variety of rich color harmonies. And throughout this line . . . the exclusive feature that permits rings to glide freely over poles of any design without marring the finish.

Send for this Free Book

For other tastes and other decorative schemes . . . setting a vogue of its own . . . Kirsch Atavio Work . . . ornamental designs in cast aluminum . . . with or without concealed draw cords, as you prefer. An even more luxurious mode . . . Kirsch Wrought Iron Drapery Hardware . . . each set a hand-hammered masterpiece.

This modern drapery art has also brought a new conception of convenience and utility. Kirsch cut-to-measure hardware permits the use of Perfected Draw Cord Equipment, with its many exclusive Kirsch features . . . *concealed* cords that cannot knot or tangle . . . draperies overlapping at the center when drawn.

Whether you are planning beautiful windows now or for the future, send today for the 1929 Kirsch Book . . . you will find it useful and helpful in many ways. To mail the coupon places you under no obligation.

KIRSCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
403 Prospect Ave., Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.
Kirsch Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd.
Woodstock, Ont.

You may send me the *1929 Kirsch Book* without Charge.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(138)

Kirsch

Drapery Hardware

Now . . . . Two electric cleaners for the price of one

. . . A cleaner for the rugs and carpets and a special new-type cleaner to do the work of seldom-used attachments.

Good-bye Attachments!

No longer need you take out the big electric cleaner to do the little cleaning jobs. Premier has found an easier, faster way, without attachments.

Hello Spic-Span!

Works independently—with its own sturdy little motor . . . does all the work of all attachments . . . and does it faster, better, more economically!

An amazing Premier discovery that *speeds up electric cleaning-by hours*

Crumbs on the couch after the party—feathers flipped from a playful pillow—children's clothes streaked with dried mud—upholstery and drapes gray with yesterday's dust . . .

No longer need you use the electric rug-cleaner to do these lighter tasks. Here is an easier, faster way to clean . . . without the use of a single attachment!

A Speedier Way Without Attachments

The Spic-Span is the result of years of research. In a handy, compact form, it retains all the superiorities of the big Premiers . . . super-suction, ball-bearings—no oiling! Tried, tested and approved by many of America's greatest engineers and domestic science experts, the Spic-Span is capturing the enthusiasm of women everywhere. Just think! A genuine electric cleaner weighing only 4 pounds—less than an electric iron! Handy—yet sturdily built for long, hard wear. It takes the place of attachments . . . cleans faster and better because it gets its nose close to the dust and dirt. You can plug it into any electric socket and clean mattresses, clothes, stairways, upholstery, automobiles, nooks, and crannies everywhere—without wasting time or steps.

The Premier Two-Cleaner Method

The new Premier method gives you two electric cleaners for the price of one: A big cleaner for the rugs and carpets, and the handy little Spic-Span for lighter tasks. It's a wonderful combination for shortening your house-cleaning hours.

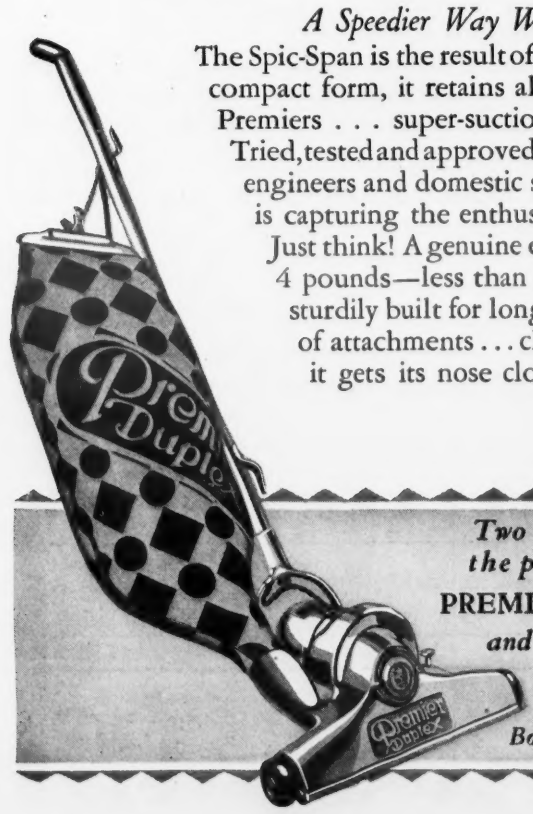
Free Demonstration

The Spic-Span may be purchased separately for $14.50 or in one of the combinations listed below. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration. No obligation.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
Dept. 1303, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by ***The Premier Service Company,*** *with branches in all leading cities. ¶Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the* ***Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd.,*** *General Offices, Toronto. ¶Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the* ***International General Electric Co., Inc.,*** *Schenectady, New York.*

Premier SPIC-SPAN



Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER DUPLEX *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $72.50

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER JUNIOR *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $48.00

(Continued from Page 218)

she kept on working three and four hours a day at her violin.

But gradually the world which is not art drew her nearer. Her husband had many philanthropies. The suffrage movement in its heyday passed her by. But the thought of human necessity drew her in. It was from that approach that she became interested in the problems of the life of her beautiful and terrible city.

This woman has four times in three years gone successfully before the voters of her section, and this year in the face of the Smith enthusiasm beat by a handsome figure a man who had been five times elected to the state assembly from her district.

"There is nothing ahead for me here. So I am going to Washington."

But we cannot talk any longer this morning. For I am off to Florida to see Ruth Bryan Owen, whose home is now with her mother, Mrs. William Jennings Bryan at Cocoanut Grove, which is an older and more thoroughly coconutted portion of Miami.

I left the New York Ruth and the Illinois Ruth in the midst of a thoroughly Northern sleet storm.

I drew up at the door of the Southern Ruth in the midst of a tangle of sunshine, oleanders and poinsettias twelve feet high.

Ruth Bryan Owen herself both resembles and is different from the other Ruths.

Most obviously, she is a Democrat where they are both Republicans. We can begin with that. And if Ruth McCormick's father was the President maker, Mark Hanna, Ruth Owen's father, William Jennings Bryan, was the presidential candidate and maker of his party's policies until his death. And if the two Northern Ruths have large fortunes, Ruth Owen is comfortably well off.

She has closed her own house in Coral Gables to be here with her mother. For Mrs. Bryan—that lady of indomitable will and biting wit—now must go about in a wheel chair.

There is the beautiful white-paneled drawing-room whose dominating note—remember this is her mother's house—is a life-size portrait of Mrs. Owen by Henry Hubbell.

It is the picture of a tall, golden-haired young woman, painted against an interior of a flower-filled, book-filled room. The room is in shadow. The lighting is reflected from her pale pink gown, and emphasizes the beautiful sweep of her brow, the humor of her mouth, the tenderness of her most unusual eyes.

The Great Commoner's Daughter

THEY are hazel eyes in color, large, and set with that downward slant under very long eyebrows which has always had for me a peculiar touch of poignance.

It is cool even here, this afternoon, and the logs in the low fireplace are lighted in faint flames. There are beautiful things in the room. There is a crystal lamp and some fine Chinese porcelains. And there are thoroughly thumbed books in the bookcases.

That golden hair of the Ruth in the portrait has turned to snow white, a premature snow which silvers in this Ruth, as in Ruth Pratt, the crown of the grandmother—grandmother of two while still in her first forties.

Like Ruth McCormick the intimate companion and confidential secretary of a father high in the councils of one of the great parties, her story differs from that of the Ruth of Illinois with the event of marriage.

Ruth McCormick kept on steadily in American politics with her husband—the late Senator Medill McCormick. Ruth Owen married a man who was a type of the charming British officer and left America behind for a few years. Her next active public work was done abroad in days of the Great War. By a coincidence she was then associated with some of Mrs. Hoover's work for a time. With her she worked jointly as secretary and treasurer of the American Woman War Relief.

In the meantime her husband had been ordered to the Eastern Front, to meet that wound which later brought on his death in Florida.

Her husband's broken health made natural their seeking, when the war closed, the sun of the American Riviera.

After that, Ruth Owen's emergence into national political prominence and national office was as the spreading of the circle from the traditional pebble hurled into the equally traditional pond. It grew and grew. Till here she is.

Like her father she has a beautiful speaking voice and the gift of tongues. She was soon in demand for Chautauqua lectures, and she was soon delivering them, in nearly every state in the Union.

That new and unique university at Miami took her on as instructor in their school of speech and the students soon had the newest of Greek letter frats—Rho Beta Omicron—after her initials.

A Remarkable Campaign

SHE devoted much time to the parent-teacher organizations and much other time to the local and distracting problems of the State of Florida. And then she tried it out for Congress and lost by only a few hundred votes.

But she must have known what she had. She had book cultivation. She had international experience with men as with women. She had training in American politics. She had strong political sense. And she had a solid Democratic inheritance and solid Democratic experience.

Where could she have found any man who could beat that for qualifications? Obviously all she needed was a campaign.

And campaign she gave them.

She wangled out of a friend of hers one of the first new Fords delivered in the South, named it The Spirit of Florida, and started northward among the swamps and sands and palms of her district.

"Talk to me about feminine frailty!" an old-line politician remarked after one of her campaign raids on his town. "That girl is making seven speeches and driving two hundred and fifty miles a day and still going strong!"

She kept on "going strong." She personally talked with every editor of the ninety newspapers in her district. She got out a series of brief ads entitled, Ruth Bryan Owen Says, like a feminine Will Rogers, and ran them in every paper.

Mrs. Owen's district ranges from Jacksonville to Key West and her problems, too, are the state-wide problems—now so acute—of all Florida. And that large district, in a state which had even refused to ratify the suffrage amendment, looked her over and elected her.

"It is the duty of women," she says, "to go into politics. It is only opening the doors of the home for her to do so. This is a restless age in which we live. Home is no longer bounded by four walls but stretches out to include the whole community. The woman who takes a hand in politics is only widening the walls of her own home.

"In Washington I shall represent a district in a frontier state. Its possibilities have only lately begun to be recognized. In the development of that state I see the future growth and prosperity of our Florida homes. And the future of our state lies largely in the hands of Congress.

"There are problems of drainage, of flood protection, of waterways, which are reasonably problems for the national Congress, yet which intimately affect every home in the state and the lives of the people in them.

"What more natural, then, than that a woman should go to Congress to work for those homes and upon those problems?

"Farm relief is Florida's problem, as it is that of so many other states. As my father used to say, only when agriculture is good can the city prosper.

"I am going to Washington to represent the needs of an agricultural state.

This is the
FLAVOR SEALED
Idea
A totally new idea in the packing and preparing of ham . . . an exclusive Hormel process . . . saving all those natural flavors and savory juices which escape in water and steam by the usual cooking method.
First—A selected, mildly cured ham is packed in its individual, sterilized container.
Second—The container is vacuum sealed; all those natural flavors and savory juices are locked in beyond escape.
Third—The ham is vacuum cooked the special Hormel way in its own juices.
Thus, still sealed in vacuum, the ham is delivered to you—fresh, flavorful, tender. An indispensable reserve food, instantly ready to serve cold.
For baked ham, simply heat through and brown. No bone, no skin, no waste—all ham. At the leading stores, or write—giving name of your dealer.
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
Austin, Minn.
WHOLE HAM 6 TO 10 POUNDS BAKES IN 60 MINUTES
HALF SIZE 3 TO 5 POUNDS BAKES IN 30 MINUTES
HALF SIZE PACKAGE
HORMEL
Flavor-Sealed
HAM
HORMEL
Flavor-Sealed
HAM
ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

SKINNER'S *prepared* fruit pectin

Simply add sugar and water

Make Jelly in 5 minutes —use no fruit!

Now you can make jelly whenever you wish. Season doesn't matter. You need no fruit. Science has developed for you a quick, new, easy way.

This is Skinner's Prepared Fruit Pectin. The full flavor of fresh fruit and its jelly-making substance packaged in a handy dry form! You simply add water and sugar, and boil a few moments. That's all. In 5 minutes, from a single 15c package, you have 5 glasses of delicious sparkling jelly!

Busy housewives—home economics experts—are enthusiastic over this new way. Try it yourself! Success *guaranteed*. Ask your grocer today for Skinner's Prepared Fruit Pectin. Or mail the coupon.

Other Skinner Quality Products

SKINNER'S Macaroni, Spaghetti, Egg Noodles
SKINNER'S Unflavored Fruit Pectin
RAISIN-BRAN
CHEESRONI

SKINNER MFG. CO., Omaha, Neb. LHJ 3

Please send me one full-size package of Skinner's Prepared Fruit Pectin. I enclose 20c (15c plus 5c for mailing).

I want.....flavor

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Your Grocer's Name.....

Just what type of legislation I shall vote for, I cannot say in advance. Legislation in Congress, I have observed, is never the preconceived ideas of any one person. It is a synthesis of the ideas of a number of people, worked out together, and represents a common judgment."

Again I notice the practical political sense of these women.

It is when the subject of education is mentioned that Ruth Owen becomes most enthusiastic. She has a passion for young people—her own and others.

During her campaign she spoke to the pupils in the high schools, even to those in the junior high schools, everywhere throughout her district.

"It was just a chance to help to educate them in citizenship," she says. "I want to interest the young people of America in politics and government, for our future is in their hands."

I do not need to ask what the daughter of the Great Commoner thinks about wet and dry. I remember Mrs. Pratt's determination to keep an open mind and to avoid fanaticism. I remember that Mrs. McCormick's is one of those charming and agreeable houses in Washington where drinks are not served, and the set of her thin lips as she said, "I am a dry."

One of the first wires Ruth Owen received was this one from Lady Astor:

CONGRATULATIONS. I PITY YOU.

Lady Astor may have been pitying herself. None of the Ruths will need any pity at all when they get to Washington. They are ready for it.

And will they find themselves in the midst of a woman bloc when they arrive there? Distinctly, in their own judgment, distinctly, in the opinion of the women already in Congress, they will not.

No Sex in Politics

HERE is Edith Rogers, first woman to give her name to a piece of major legislation on the Hill. She has herself demonstrated by the kind of bills she has found interesting—veterans' work, tariff, taxation, development of foreign trade—that she doesn't believe there is sex in politics, and proved it by leading her ticket in her last campaign.

"Electing a representative to Congress," she says, "is a business proposition. It is choosing a business manager who you think will get your business done."

She doesn't think Government a cure for all ills.

"Theoretically Federal legislation on the subject of education is an excellent thing, but it is not practicable. The less legislation we have, on the whole, the better," she says.

Edith Rogers loves sun in her home and her own old-fashioned furniture. She wears the cotton dresses and the shoes manufactured in her own district. Flying has taken the place in her affections once occupied by horseback riding. She is direct, comprehending, and a dry.

Bright Jewels

HERE is pretty Mrs. Langley, of Kentucky; like Mrs. Rogers, voting dry. Here are wise and cynical Mrs. Kahn, of California, who is altogether in favor of modification, and cheery Mrs. Norton, of New Jersey, who says:

"The Prohibition Law as it stands breeds hypocrisy and class distinction and has proved impossible to enforce. We have spent ten years and an enormous sum of money in the attempt.

"The very poor may have profited by their inability to buy liquor, but the middle class, the backbone of America, is demoralized by Prohibition.

"I believe in government control of the liquor output and that people would respect that control."

Mrs. Norton thinks, too, that the recent activity of women in politics is temporary and will not persist, unless another campaign should come along "in which similar prejudices should be aroused."

But Mrs. Langley has a very different view.

"Women are in politics to stay," she says. "The great majority of women will continue to vote, now they have found their way to the polls."

Yet Mrs. Kahn's remark has a different flavor from either of them: "Women," she says, "are not any different from men. They think like men and act like men. Women in the future will have to be something more than just women to secure a leading part in politics. They will have to be women plus!"

Here are the seven brightest jewels in the crown of the nation's political womanhood; and if you can think up a public question upon which they will agree, or find a single thread upon which a predictable woman vote will be strung in the next Congress, you will be the world's best prognosticator.

EDITOR'S NOTE—As we go to press it is indicated that there may be eight women in the Seventy-first Congress, as Mrs. Pearl Oldfield, of Arkansas, had apparently been chosen for the seat long occupied by her husband, the late William A. Oldfield, Democratic whip of the House.

Such *an easy* tasty dessert!

can be served a dozen different ways

Lemon Junket with Apricot Whip

To make this wholesome dessert dissolve a package of Flavored Junket in one pint fresh milk—barely *lukewarm*. Stir *one minute*. Pour into individual dessert glasses; let stand in warm room about 20 minutes until firm. Place in icebox to chill. At time of serving add any simple topping desired—cocoanut, mound of jelly, or whipped cream.

Coffee Junket Delicious

Junket is always delicious, unusually tempting in flavor—takes but a minute to make! May be varied in many delightful ways with a topping of sliced fruit, nuts, or sauce. Just follow simple directions carefully; serve *ice-cold*. Specially fine for the children.

Chocolate Junket with Whipped Cream

Flavored Junket—even easier and quicker than Junket Tablets—is sweetened, and may be had in 6 tempting flavors:

Vanilla **Orange**
Chocolate **Raspberry**
Lemon **Coffee**

Junket

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

makes Milk into

DELICIOUS DESSERTS

Free—Book of Delicious Desserts and Ice Creams. Or send, with grocer's name, 6c in stamps—to cover postage and packing—for book and trial package of Flavored Junket in powder form. If preferred, ask for Junket Tablets, not sweetened or flavored. Write Dept. 23, The Junket Folks, Little Falls, New York. In Canada, address The Junket Folks, Toronto, Ont.

Maternity Style Book Free

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes as well. Latest modes, designed to conceal condition—and to provide for expansion.

Style Book FREE

Style Book free, showing latest styles in Dresses, Coats and Corsets for Maternity Wear. Also Apparel for Baby. *Send today.*

Lane Bryant *Address Dept 51 39th St at Fifth Ave* **New York**

SANFORD'S

The Original

FOUNTAIN PEN INK

ALWAYS GOOD
ALWAYS THE SAME

This is *His Kingdom!*

HIS Kiddie-Koop! Within its protecting screen, baby can be safe—secure from all harm, fended from flies, mosquitoes and all the many germ-carrying enemies which lie in wait for his defenseless little self. Then, too, Kiddie-Koop is such a boon to busy mothers, lightening their work through all those dear but trying years of babyhood—from birth to 5 years.

"NURSERYLAND" FREE

Trimble has published a wonderful little book called "Nurseryland." It's crammed with helpful hints to mothers. Thousands are now reading it. Your copy awaits your request. No charge or obligation. Send for it to-day.

E. M. TRIMBLE MFG. CO.
351 Jay Street, Rochester, N. Y.

KIDDIE-KOOP
Makes Healthier Babies

Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books

Order the following from the Service Bureau, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.:

ANNUAL GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

PERENNIAL GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

ROCK GARDENS AND ROCK GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

PLANNING YOUR GROUNDS. Price, 5 cents.

GARDEN FERTILIZERS. Price, 5 cents.

JOURNAL HOUSES (completely revised). Price, 25 cents.

NEW GARDEN HOMES (containing working details). Designed by Ernest Flagg. Price, 25 cents.

WHAT IS AN EFFICIENT KITCHEN? (With complete list of equipment.) Price, 5 cents.

HOW TO BUILD THE FIREPLACE. Price, 5 cents.

HOW TO BUY YOUR HOME. Price, 15 cents.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW WHEN BUILDING A LITTLE HOUSE. Price, 10 cents.

WEAVING THE NEW BASKETS. An enlarged edition. Price, 25 cents.

JOURNAL PARTIES. Our new booklet of good times. Price, 20 cents.

PRENATAL LETTERS. ***By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.*** **A series of nine letters to expectant mothers, with timely advice as to health, clothing and necessary preparations. Letters will be mailed monthly. State when the baby is expected. Price for series, 25 cents.**

MILK FORMULÆ FOR FEEDING INFANTS AND DIETS FOR CHILDREN. Prepared by Dr. S. Josephine Baker. These leaflets contain suggestions for the feeding of children from one week to six years of age. Price, 10 cents.

Paris Patterns may be obtained from stores selling Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. All patterns 65 cents each.

You must order the following booklets directly from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City:

THE NEW FASHION BOOK. A fashion magazine containing all the latest American and French designs. Price, 25 cents.

SIMPLIFIED SMOCKING. Teaches the one-process method of smocking, and shows forty designs, with many delightful suggestions for their application. Price, 25 cents.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES. A twenty-four-page booklet of novel designs for party, play or pageant. Price, 15 cents.

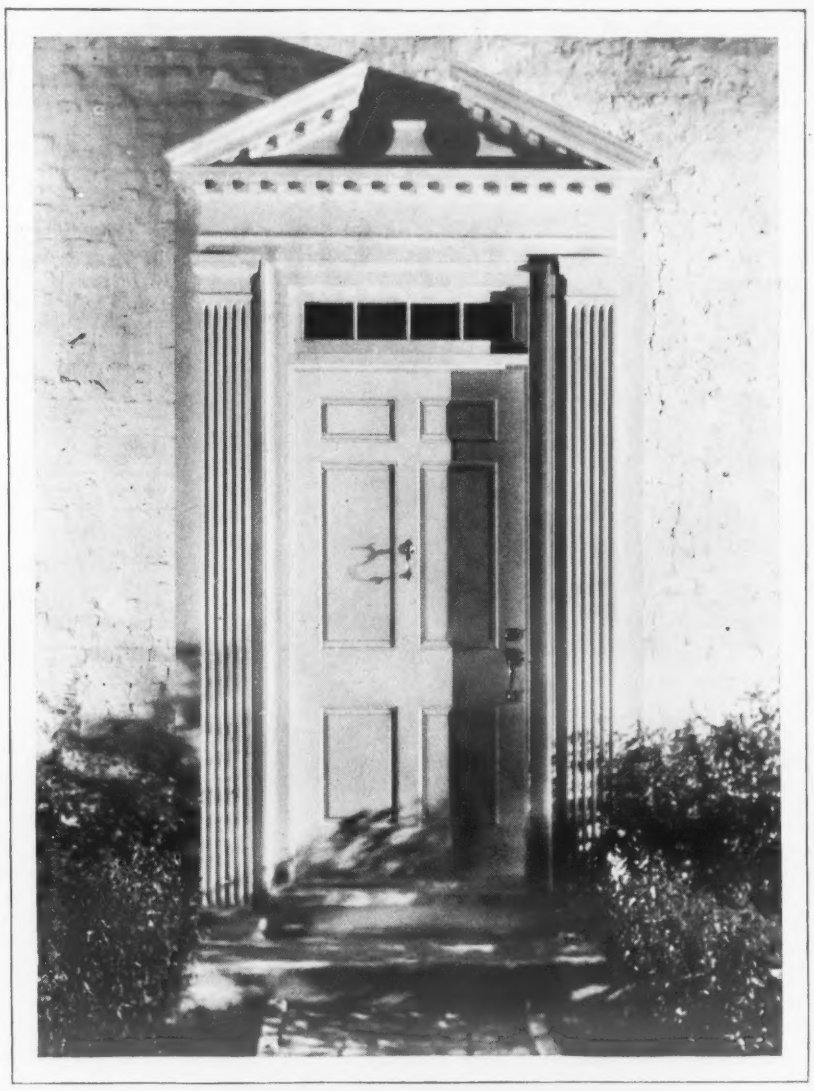
Ladies' Home Journal Patterns may be obtained from stores, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City, at the following prices (refund if excess is sent):

	CENTS
Dresses	35, 45
Topcoats	45
Jackets	40
Blouses and Skirts	30, 35
Juniors' Patterns (12 to 14 Years)	35
Children's Sets	35
Children's Clothes	25, 30
Lingerie	30
Transfers	25, up

Woodwork designs steeped in history

now faithfully reproduced for modern American homes

Curtis offers them, in limited quantities, and at prices gratifyingly low



A DOORWAY SUCH AS GRACED THE HOME OF THE GALLANT GENERAL GLOVER

WHEN doorways were designed and detailed by master artists . . . when details in wood were shaped by loving hands . . . back to pre-Revolutionary days, Curtis has gone to get these beautiful designs of exquisite woodwork for modern American homes.

Now, the art of the Georgian period is married to the mechanical genius of the Twentieth Century, in reproductions—by Curtis—of woodwork forms steeped in American history!

They are made in limited quantities and can be had at prices so low they will amaze you. The frame on the doorway shown above, for instance, can be purchased through Curtis dealers for only $65.25—if you order it before June 1, 1929!

If you intend to build or remodel within the next year or two, remember that the entrance is the largest and most distinctive feature of the average house and gives it architectural character. So plan now to have this doorway as the "center of interest" of the exterior.

There are many other designs in the Curtis line, too—windows, frames, stairwork, porchwork, mantels and interior trim, equally authentic in design and workmanship.

The leading dealer in woodwork in your town (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. He will be glad to explain the many quality points of the Curtis line, to show you the Curtis catalog, and to assist you with your building problems.

If you do not know the Curtis dealer serving your community, please ask us who he is. Use the coupon and we will send you free, beautiful descriptive literature of Curtis entrances, including many other designs.

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau
916 Curtis Building, Clinton, Ia.

Representing

Curtis Companies, Inc., Clinton, Ia.; Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Ia.; Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wis.; Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Ia.; Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebr.; Curtis Door and Sash Co., Chicago, Ill.; Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minn., and Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Topeka, Kan.

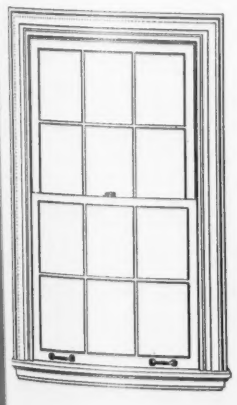
IT was General John Glover, according to tradition, who, with his soldiers, rowed Washington and his troops across the Delaware on that famous wintry night of December 25, 1776. He had come from his beautiful home in Marblehead, Massachusetts, which is still standing, and which has an entrance that might be the direct ancestor of this new Curtis design, for it has modillions in the pediment, and fluted pilasters just like these. This Curtis doorway's pediment is broken, however, a feature characteristic of many of the entrances of Colonial days and of houses of the Georgian period.

The essential feature of this entrance, the frame, C-1716, is made for all types of wall construction: stud, brick veneer and solid masonry, for entrance doors 3′ 0″ by 6′ 8″ and 3′ 0″ by 7′ 0″.

This beautiful entrance frame for frame construction can be purchased from Curtis dealers for only $65.25!

Other Historical Reproductions

Other reproductions of famous old pieces of woodwork included in the Curtis line are: mantels from the Webb house, 1752, and the Vernon house, 1758; stairwork from the Burlington County Court House, 1796, the William Judson house, 1723, and the George Read II house, 1791; also mantels, entrances and stairwork drawn from English inspiration.



Your House Must Have Windows

To those more commonplace items of woodwork which every house must have—windows, frames, trim, doors—Curtis devotes the same attention to design and construction that you see in the General Glover doorway. Here is a twelve-light double-hung window, for example, that is a fit companion to that doorway, in both design and quality. Rain cannot beat through it and the strongest wind can hardly find its way around the check-rail. Made of the most durable soft pine, selected glass and highest quality putty, this window will give a lifetime of satisfactory service. The design is C-2512. Arrange with your dealer *now* to have Curtis Woodwork throughout, from the windows and doorway to the trim and cabinetwork.

This trade-mark appears only on Curtis Woodwork and no item of woodwork that does not bear this mark is genuine Curtis Woodwork. For your own protection, be sure this mark is on each piece.

1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

Visit Curtis Woodwork, Inc., Display Rooms and Sales Office, Room 201, 9 East 41st St., New York City. Chicago Display Rooms, Curtis Door and Sash Co., 1414 So. Western Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU
916 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa
Please send me descriptive literature about Curtis entrance reproductions and other designs, with complete information.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Meals like Mother used to cook— but only a fraction of the time and trouble

How times have changed!

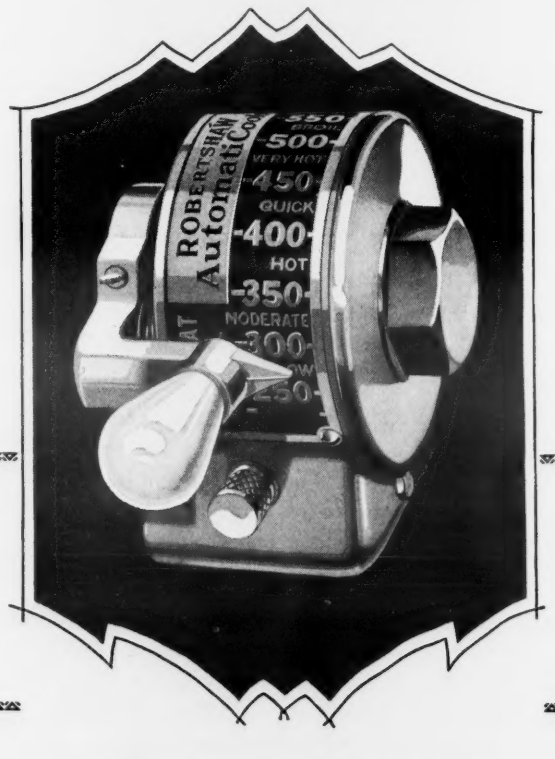
Mother used to spend all day in the kitchen—hovering over the range—peeking into the oven door—anxious until time to serve the meal.

But, it's so much easier now. She just prepares the food and her work is done. The White Handle AutomatiCook does the actual cooking *automatically*.

Simply set the AutomatiCook at the proper temperature mark. Then this amazing oven heat control takes care of the oven cooking.

Put your food in the oven—roasts, fish, bread, pastries, even whole meals. You can be away for hours at a time with the AutomatiCook in charge.

Return at mealtime, knowing the foods will be cooked to perfection.



To thousands of women the AutomatiCook means priceless hours of leisure—freedom from drudgery—time for pleasure as well as household duties.

So dependable is this popular little device that home economics bureaus urge its use as a time, labor and gas saver.

If you do not already enjoy the great convenience of the AutomatiCook, look at one of the 90 beautiful gas ranges on which it is provided. You can't buy it separately. It is an integral part of the range itself. Gas companies and good dealers everywhere will be glad to show it to you on a range and explain its advantages.

When cooking can be done so easily, isn't it well worth while to make the most of such a convenience?

ROBERTSHAW THERMOSTAT CO., *Youngwood, Penna.*

These Ranges are equipped with the Robertshaw AutomatiCook

A-B	BENGAL	EAGLE	GOOD WILL
ALCAZAR	BUCKS	ECONOMY	GRAND
AMHERST	BUCKWALTER	EQUITY	HAPPY THOUGHT
ANDES	CADILLAC	ESTATE	HOLBROOK
APEX	CALORIC	FAMOUS	HOWARD
ARMOR	CENTURY	FAULTLESS	HUDSON
ARTCRAFT	CHAMPION	FAVORITE	IDEAL SERVICE
BAKER	CINDERELLA	FIRE KING	IRONTON
BANQUET	CLIMAX	FOSTER	KNOX
BARDES	CROWN	GLENWOOD	MAJESTIC
BEACH	DIXON	GLOBE	MILLER
BEECHWOOD	DOCKASH	GOOD LUCK	MODEL

These Ranges are equipped with the Robertshaw AutomatiCook

MONOGRAM	PERFECT	RICHARDSON	SUNSHINE
MOORES	PREMIER	ROESCH	SUPERIOR
NEW METHOD	PRESCO	ROPER	THATCHER
NORMAN	PRIZE	ROUND OAK	THOMPSON
OCCIDENTAL	PRIZER	SANICO	TINNERMAN
OLIVE	QUAD	ST. CLAIR	TOLEDO
ORBON	QUALITY	SECURITY	TRIANGLE
ORIGINAL	QUEEN BEE	SIEGLER	UNIVERSAL
ORIOLE	RAYOLA	SIMPLEX	VICTOR
PACIFIC	RED CROSS	STERLING	WATERMAN
PEERLESS	REGENT	STEWART	WEDGEWOOD
PENINSULAR	RENOWN	SUNRAY	WINCROFT

The AutomatiCook Book tells you how and what to cook —very complete— attractively illustrated. Send 25c today for your copy.

ROBERTSHAW
TRADE MARK
AutomatiCook

Young Mrs. Greeley

(Continued from Page 5)

liable to be pretty different between you and Bill from now on, you know, Stella."

The hair brush in Stella's white and shapely hand ceased its movement and for a moment came to rest upon her fair head; she was surprised. "Different between Bill and me? Why, how could that be?"

Aurelia laughed sadly; she sighed as if in pity for her friend's innocence. "It would be a lot better for you, dear, if you'd had more experience with men. You'd be better prepared for the way they act when they begin to get rich. You married too young, Stella, to ever really know much about them."

"But, goodness me! I certainly know all about Bill, Aurelia."

"Up to now you do, yes. But you've never known Bill with a big income and plenty of money in the bank to spend on anybody he likes to spend it on."

Mrs. Greeley set the brush down on the table and turned to face her friend. "But, goodness me! You don't think Bill wants to spend ——"

"You don't know men, dearie!"

STELLA was puzzled and a little disturbed. "He's never denied me anything I really wanted or needed; but you know how careful and saving he's always been. He doesn't care much about show and splurge. I'm quite sure that whatever he spends his money on will be something sensible, Aurelia."

"Yes," Mrs. Hedge said quickly. "But are you sure that *who* he spends it on will be something sensible?"

Stella's lovely blue eyes became larger in an astonished stare. "But who except me ——"

Aurelia shook her head wisely and gloomily. "Rich men are subject to temptations that don't come other men's way."

"Yes; but of course Bill isn't rich yet and anyway ——"

Aurelia interrupted with a little outcry of protest. "Don't say 'anyway,' Stella! You mean that 'anyway' he's too crazy about you. The devotion of a faithful wife never saved a man yet when a fascinating and designing woman got after him, and that's just the kind of women that do get after important men. The trouble with you and Bill is that he's become important. That's the whole trouble, Stella, and you certainly ought to see how careful you must be not to take a single false step at this juncture."

Young Mrs. Greeley's expression, at first denoting mere puzzlement, had become a little perturbed. Nevertheless she laughed and seemed uninclined to be serious. "Why, Bill is the most faithful old soul in the world, and you've told me a hundred times, Aurelia, that you never did see a man that was crazier about his wife!"

"Yes—up to now."

"But, Aurelia ——"

"LISTEN," Aurelia said, and the gravity with which she slowly shook her head checked the protest. "You don't know the workings of the N. K. U. like I do, Stella. I know the inner workings of the N. K. U. like a book. I knew everything that went on there long before Henry got 'em to give Bill a try. Bill is stepping into Joel Thomas' shoes as factory manager and Joel is retired at his own request. Do you know why, and do you know why George Peale, the factory manager before Joel Thomas, was also retired at his own request?"

"I don't know about Mr. Peale, Aurelia, and about Mr. Thomas I only know what Bill's told me. He said they'd given Mr. Thomas such large stock bonuses that with what he'd saved out of his salary he was well enough off to quit and buy a place in the country and travel and have a good time. Bill says Mr. Thomas has always wanted to take it easy and now he can. Isn't that why he quit?"

"It's anything *but!*" Aurelia said. "Thomas quit for the same reason Peale quit before him. He quit because his wife made him."

"Mrs. Thomas? What would she ——"

"My, but you're dumb, Stella Greeley!" Aurelia cried. "You act as if you didn't know who was Peale's secretary and who was Thomas' secretary and who's going to be Bill's secretary now. She's been the N. K. U. factory manager's secretary for twelve years and she's still got the job, hasn't she?"

"WHAT?" Stella said blankly, and her mystification seemed complete. "You don't mean to say you're talking about Miss Nelson?"

"Don't I?" Aurelia returned grimly. "Just you ask Mrs. Thomas whether I'm talking about Miss Nelson or not!"

Stella was unconvinced; she laughed. "Why, Miss Nelson must be at least thirty-eight!"

"Is that what she looks?"

"No; but she must be."

"Crystal Nelson's thirty-five," Mrs. Hedge said authoritatively. "She looks about twenty-three, and if you don't know yet that it's what a woman looks and not what she is that counts, it's time you found it out."

"Of course anybody knows that," Stella said, and with a gentle unconsciousness that did not wholly please the caller her glance returned to the mirror and remained there for several moments in a sweet placidity. "I think I can trust Bill perfectly, Aurelia," she added, turning again toward Mrs. Hedge.

Aurelia felt baffled; she could not easily have explained why. She had not come down to her friend's apartment with the intention of making Stella jealous of Crystal Nelson; she had no such purpose, nor, so far as she was conscious, any purpose at all. Yet she found herself now—she knew not how—committed to a course of action seemingly founded upon precisely that purpose and that intention; it appeared necessary to convince Stella that Miss Nelson was a dangerous woman, inevitably threatening the marital peace of the Greeleys. And so now she smiled pityingly and shook her head. "Mrs. Peale was a pretty good-looking wife, too, Stella; and Bill hasn't had any experience at all of women. Have you ever seen a man yet that wouldn't fall for an attractive woman's flattery? I don't envy you what you may go through in the next few months, Stella—I hate to say it, but indeed I do not!"

AGAIN she was not without effect, and Mrs. Greeley's expression became one of disquiet, although she still offered resistance and protested. "But Bill's always been so steady, Aurelia."

"Yes, and that's just the danger now. It's exactly that kind of man you've got to look out for when some sudden success like this big new appointment comes his way. Men like that are the very ones to lose their heads about women and go completely off the handle the minute they become important. You see, Stella, no woman has ever made any fuss over Bill up to now. All this time he's been plugging along in a subordinate position there wasn't any reason to notice him. But now all at once he's a big man out in the limelight, and you're going to find things absolutely different; you'll have to watch him like a hawk."

"But how could I?" Stella returned plaintively. "I can't go down to the N. K. U. and sit in his office all day, can I?"

"No—and there's just the unfairness of it. That's what I hate worst about the whole thing, Stella. What I mean, it's the unfairness to women; we certainly get the raw end of the deal."

Wear! Wash! Wear!
not
Wear! Wash! Worn!

Look for the Label—

"Mohawk" sheets and pillow cases are unusually good purchases. Lighter in weight than the Utica brand, they are naturally lower in price.

Wear them as long and as hard as you please. Wash them whenever you may. Then you will see the real worth and quality of Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases.

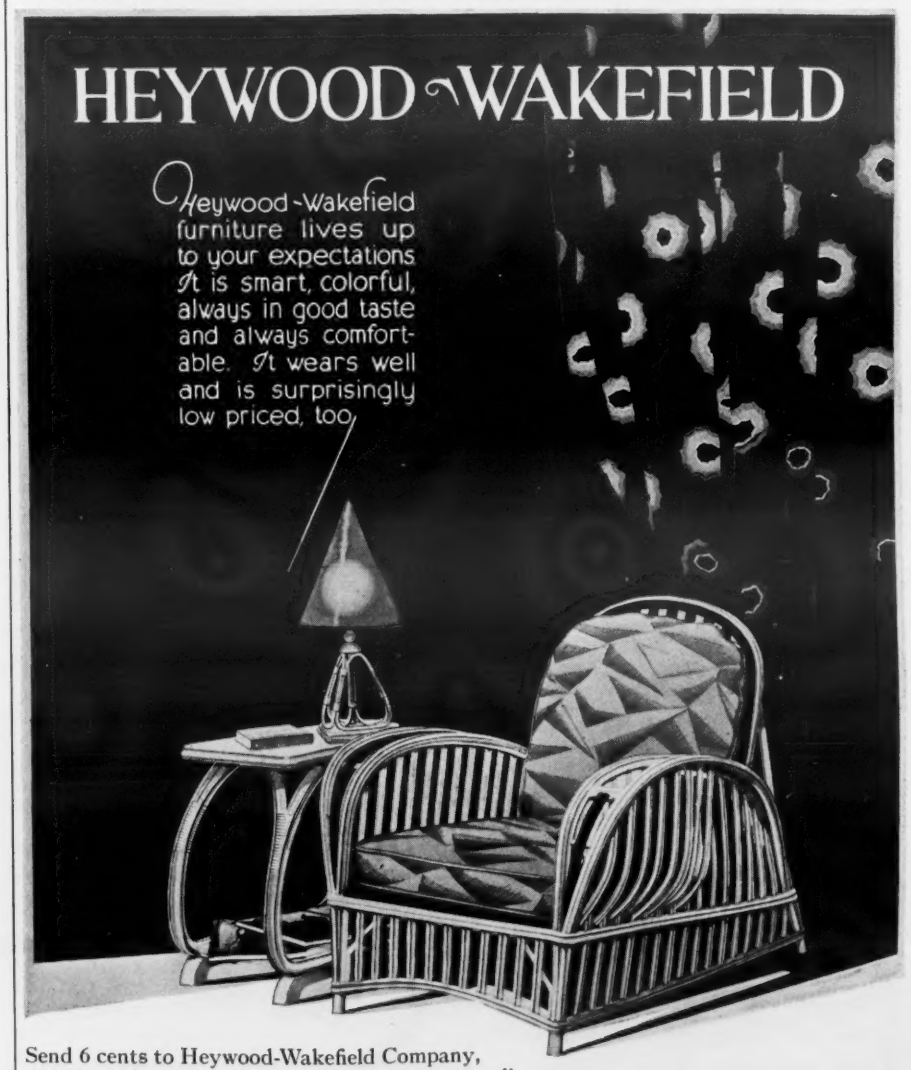
Firm—white—substantial in weight—long wearing—modest in price—such is the unchanging story of Utica Sheets. For they are made of strong threads of high-grade cotton, to insure durability; bleached to a permanent white; free from all artificial filler.

"Tintall" is our solid-color sheet. "Tintedge"—white with colored hems. Both are made in Utica and Mohawk quality. May we send you samples of the soft, beautiful colors in which these sheets come—blue, pink, green, lavender, maize?

Send 25¢ for two-piece, oblong, hemstitched luncheon set of Utica bleached sheeting—or 35¢ for your choice of color. Illustrated booklet on correct bed making gladly mailed free on request.

UTICA STEAM & MOHAWK VALLEY COTTON MILLS
STATE ST., UTICA, N. Y.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD


Heywood-Wakefield furniture lives up to your expectations. It is smart, colorful, always in good taste and always comfortable. It wears well and is surprisingly low priced, too.

Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Company, 209 Washington St., Boston, Mass., to cover mailing our new edition of "Color Furniture in the Home," a book on interior decoration.

MAKERS OF FINE FURNITURE FOR OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS

Louis XV Grand - Length, 5 feet

In French Period Design

Embellished by hand-chisel work in solid mahogany, the lovely little grand shown above delights both eye and ear. Our catalogue shows this and other favorite period models of built-to-order distinction - without its expense.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

offer a tone of indescribable charm - their sterling integrity of construction insures its permanency. For nearly half a century built in but one quality - the best - under the original ownership-management, they are today used in over 600 Conservatories and Schools and 75,000 homes.

Write for catalogue showing our latest styles in Grands, Uprights and Players.

How to Buy

Wherever in the United States no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND pianos *direct from the factory* on approval. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

Fill out and send this coupon to

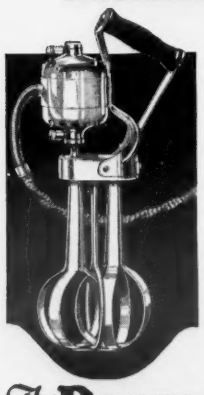
IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
117 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

*Name*_____

Address

A Wonderful Electric Kitchen Helper



The Dormeyer Electric Beater saves hours of time and kitchen drudgery each day. Eliminates beating, whipping, mixing till your arms ache and your wrists grow numb. Instead you snap a switch and in a jiffy the food is better prepared than is possible by hand.

Beats, Whips, Stirs, Mixes.

Cakes, waffles, frostings, mayonnaise, sauces, pie fillings, custards, candies.

The Dormeyer Electric BEATER and MIXER

not only saves time and work, but beats and mixes so much more thoroughly. This means; lighter, closer-grained cakes; smoother mayonnaise; crisper waffles; more tender griddle cakes; stiffer whipped cream; better omelets, soufflés, custards, puddings. Whipped up mashed potatoes are a real treat.

Pays for Itself in Savings

Thorough mixing improves your best recipes. Eggs and other ingredients go further. Everything that requires mixing, beating, whipping is smoother, lighter, daintier, more appetizing. Makes cooking more interesting.

The Dormeyer is sturdily built and heavily nickeled to last a lifetime. Easily cleaned and sanitary. Endorsed by Modern Priscilla Proving Plant and other leading test kitchens. Guaranteed electrically and mechanically perfect. If your electrical store can't supply, write for prices and folder.

The MacLeod Mfg. Co., Dept. D
2640 Greenview Avenue, Chicago
Please send Dormeyer prices and descriptive folder.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

"How do you mean, Aurelia?" Mrs. Greeley asked, baffled by this abrupt generalization. "You mean if Miss Nelson tries to get Bill to flirting with her or——"

"I mean women don't get a square deal out of life, Stella. I mean, you take a woman for instance that's married a man when they were both pretty young, and lived with him through hard times when they were pinched and skimped for money, and done her share and worked with him to make both ends meet, and gone without good clothes and all the things she needed, and everything, so he could get ahead and make a career for himself—well, and suppose he *does* make a career for himself and all of a sudden begins to be looked on as a rich man, well, where does she stand *then?* That's what I mean by the unfairness of it."

"I don't see exactly, Aurelia. You mean ——"

"I MEAN just what I say. You take a woman in that position, about our age, Stella, and I tell you she's got to look out for herself to keep from getting dished. Just *look* at the unfairness of it! Her husband's used to her; she's given the best years of her life to him; but so far as he's concerned she's just like some old shoe. And she isn't getting any *younger*, let me tell you! If he's going to dish her for some other woman, he may do it any day or he may put it off so long that it'll be too late for her to fix anything up for herself. That's the danger of it, Stella."

"You think ——"

Mrs. Hedge did not permit this timorously begun question to be completed. "It's the danger of it, Stella," she interrupted, "and at the same time it's the unfairness of it. A man can be any age and he can look like the Old Scratch dressed up—it doesn't matter—if he's successful there'll always be women ready to jump at him. But here you take you and me, Stella, and we're just at the critical age. The way I look at it, if something happened to Henry and he began to make a whole lot of money all of a sudden, I'd begin to take measures to protect myself. I'd begin to say to myself, 'Here! Look out! Right now I'm still attractive enough to land somebody else if he dishes me, and maybe a bigger fish than Henry at that! But a few years from now I won't be able to land anybody at all and *then* what'll I do if Henry dishes me? The only thing for me to do is to be ready to beat him to it!' That's the way *I* feel, Stella, and I'm just passing it on to you because, looking at it one way, you're in that position right now."

"But Bill wouldn't ever ——"

"WOULDN'T he?" Aurelia asked quickly. "*Maybe* he wouldn't, Stella; but the point of it is that nobody on earth ever knows what a man will do if a clever woman gets hold of him." She paused, then suddenly and surprisingly laughed aloud. "But my goodness! If I had your shape and your face and your hair, I'd never worry about *that*, Stella Greeley! I'd certainly step out and show this town a few things if I had just about half of your advantages. I'd cut at least one swath for myself before they got *me* in the Old Ladies' Home!"

"Aurelia!"

"I certainly would!" Aurelia said, and she laughed again. "If I had your looks ——"

Mrs. Greeley interrupted with conscious modesty: "But I'm not a bit better looking than you are, Aurelia. In lots of ways I'm not half as ——"

"Come off!" Aurelia said. "Let's get down to cases, as the men say. You know as well as I do who it was said you had eyes exactly the color of cornflowers. 'A beautiful woman with eyes exactly the color of cornflowers!' Wasn't that what he said just after you passed him at the last N. K. U. New Year's Day reception? The whole receiving line heard it, didn't they? He didn't say a thing about a single one of the other women there, and there were about three hundred of us. Don't pretend to be modest about it, Stella; you can't put any of that stuff over on me. I bet you've never looked in a mirror since the reception without thinking of the Big Boss' talking about your cornflower eyes!"

"I have, too!" Stella protested; but she blushed faintly and laughed. "I think Mr. Cooper's a nice man, and I'm certainly grateful to him for giving Bill this big promotion; but I don't believe ——"

"YOU don't believe the cornflower eyes had anything to do with it," Aurelia interrupted archly; for now her manner had become rallying. "Of course not!"

"What!" And with this the cornflower eyes widened in complete astonishment. "Why, Aurelia Hedge!"

"Come off!" Mrs. Hedge said. "You don't mean to tell me you're as simple as that?"

"As what?"

"As not to put two and two together. When a man shows a thing that plainly a woman's simply dumb if she doesn't know how to take advantage of it. When a man selects one woman out of three hundred to express his admiration about, and the very next big opening in his business goes to that same woman's husband ——"

"Aurelia! Why, that's ridiculous. Bill's promotion has come through his own ——"

"Pooh!" Aurelia said boldly. "Cooper's got a dozen men at the N. K. U. just as able as Bill and with more experience."

"But I don't think it's fair to Bill for anyone to say ——"

"To say that he isn't the first man to be helped by his wife's pretty eyes?" Aurelia interposed gayly; and she noted that her friend's blush had deepened. "All right, I won't say it then." But at the archness of her glance, Stella cried out.

"Aurelia Hedge, you're a perfect goose! Mr. Cooper wouldn't know me again if he saw me."

"Oh, wouldn't he though!"

"Not unless I was with Bill. And besides that, everybody says he's always been absolutely devoted to Mrs. Cooper."

"YES," Aurelia said, becoming serious again, "and so's Henry Hedge devoted to me. But if Henry was going to have Crystal Nelson for his secretary—well, I'd begin to wonder a little where *I* was going to *stand*, maybe, before long. That'd be *my* state of mind, Stella; but I think I'd know how to turn the tables all right if I stood in *your* shoes. I tell you if I had your advantages, Stella Greeley ——"

"No, you wouldn't," Stella said, and she jumped up abruptly and began to complete her dressing. "You'd stick to your old Henry just as I'd stick to my old Bill. What nonsense we're talking! How'd we ever happen to begin it? I want to hop downtown and get a manicure. You going with me?"

"Yes," Aurelia answered. "My nails are dreadful. If Mr. Cooper gives a party in honor of the new factory manager, the way he did when he appointed Mr. Thomas, what you going to wear, Stella? You better work Bill for enough to get something in cornflower-colored chiffon."

"Oh, you big goose!" Stella cried. "You quit teasing me! He wouldn't know whether I wore cornflower-colored chiffon or corn-sack-colored denim."

"Who?" Aurelia inquired slyly. "Bill?"

"Oh, you crazy cut-up!" And upon that, both of them began to laugh loudly as if with the impetus of something at once daring and ridiculous. Then, when their laughter died down, the subject of their discourse became less intimately personal, being concerned with party clothes in general, and presently they were on their way

(Continued on Page 229)

WHAT'S FOOD WITHOUT FLAVOR?

the FRENCH make an Art of FLAVOR

Masters of food flavor... the French. A bit of this, a dash of that, and... voila!... a dish, gloriously flavored. The secret? It's all in the seasoning. A. 1. Sauce combines, in perfect proportion, the very spices and condiments that season those French dishes so cleverly. And here in America *you* can easily use it, too. Sold by grocers everywhere at not more than 35 cents per bottle... usually at less. *Send to G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. 33, Hartford, Conn., for a free copy of the novel recipe booklet, "25 WAYS TO A MAN'S HEART."*

© H. & BRO. 1929

A.1. SAUCE

None Such Mince Pie
—the spice of the meal!

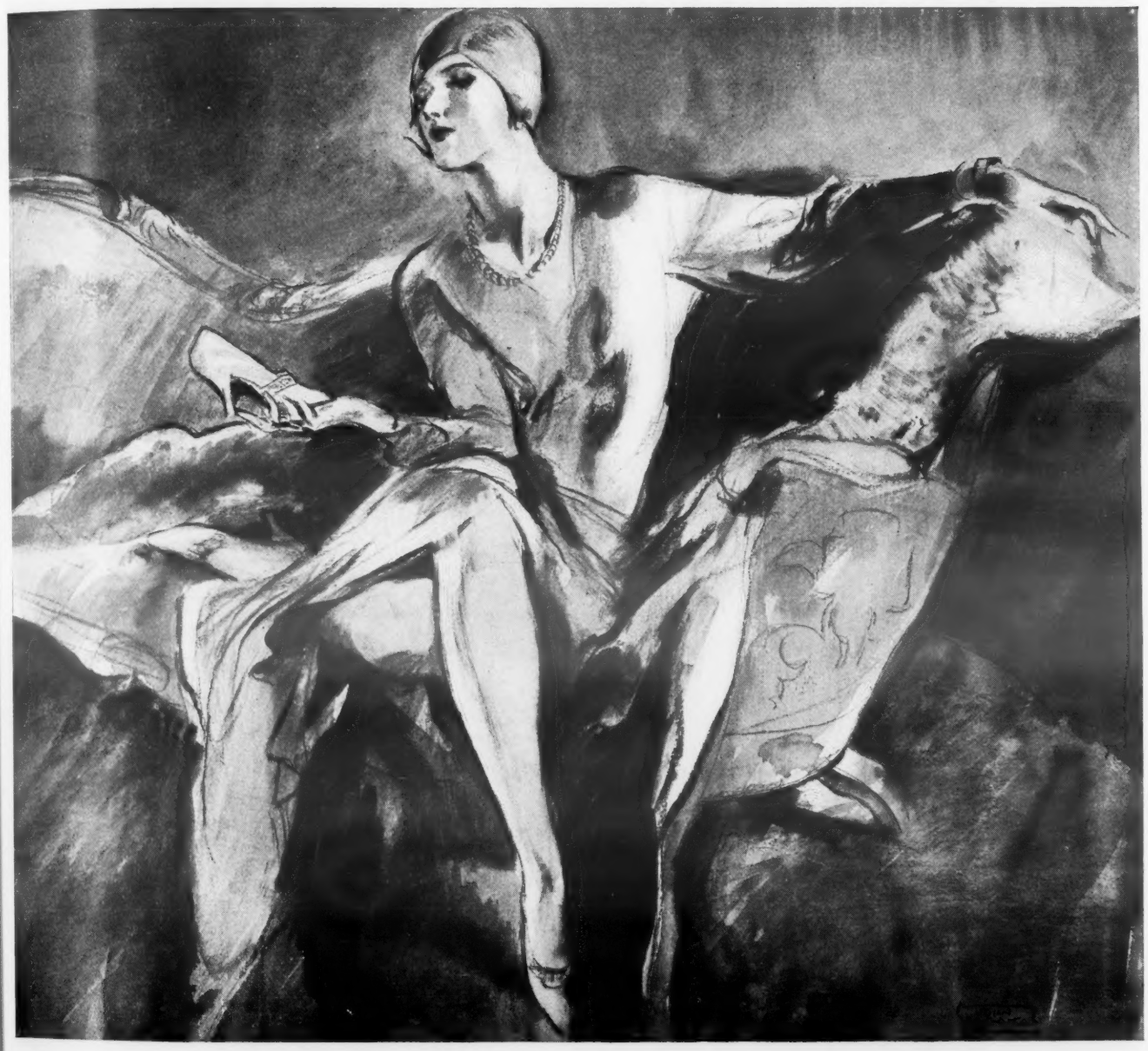
There's more than lusciousness in a None Such pie. There's wholesomeness for all the family—for None Such Mince Meat is first of all a food for young and old. Full recipes are in the package for making what is sure to be your most successful dessert.

Order a package today from your grocer.

Merrell-Soule Co., Inc.
350 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

FOR QUALITY—SAY Q MACARONI *and get it!*

QUEEN QUALITY'S WARDROBES *of the* NEW SHOES *are in the stores and shops now*



SHOES for Spring are lovely . . . and much more important in relation to the entire costume! For now, Fashion insists, you should match each new frock with its own shoes.

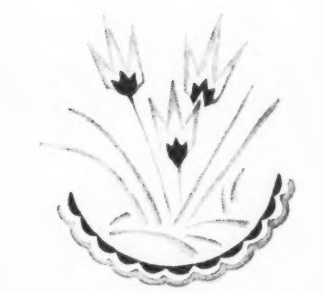
So with sure economy, Queen Quality shows you how to surmount this seeming extravagance and possess a whole wardrobe of enchanting models. Take the four shoes sketched . . . how cleverly styled, how smart they are. And how expensive looking! Yet so moderate is their cost that all four pairs of these charming shoes are comfortably within the most modest clothes budget. Your new tweeds Queen Quality flatters with trim oxfords in softest calfskin . . . or swagger broadstrap pumps, so welcome to active feet. For afternoon wear . . . to accent the gay printed frock . . . charming models of kidskin in Sunburn Beige, or a bright spectrum color that the Season sponsors . . . For formal frocks, dainty slippers in the new pastel tints of satin or brocade.

Yet for all their beauty and smartness, many, many styles are $7.50, $8.50 and $10—a number are as low as $6 and $6.50. A few are $12.50. Today all the new Queen Quality models are on display in hundreds of good stores allied with Queen Quality. Visit the one nearest you. There you can choose, without a hint of extravagance, every pair of shoes you need to see you through the vernal season in triumph.

Queen Quality
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. T.G.P. CORP.

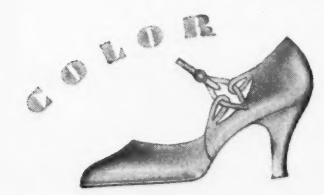
THOMAS G. PLANT CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

FOR VERY, VERY LITTLE YOU CAN CHOOSE THE PAIRS YOU NEED TO GO WELL WITH YOUR SPRINGTIME FROCKS.



"TRIKO" English type walking shoe, $7.50

"BELMORE" New Arch Form creation, $10



"LUPETTE" Featuring Sunburn Beige, $8.50

"IVALO" with appliqué trimming, $8.50

Go on reading *you needn't worry about toast made this way*

NO TURNING

NO WATCHING

NO BURNT TOAST!

It is called the Toastmaster, and please remember the name; for it is the world's ONLY completely automatic toaster. And, too, a revelation in speedy toasting.

You don't turn the toast. And thus don't watch it or think about it. It works automatically from beginning to end; and it can't burn toast. *It does everything automatically*, even to discharging the toast when it's done. That cannot be said of any other toaster made.

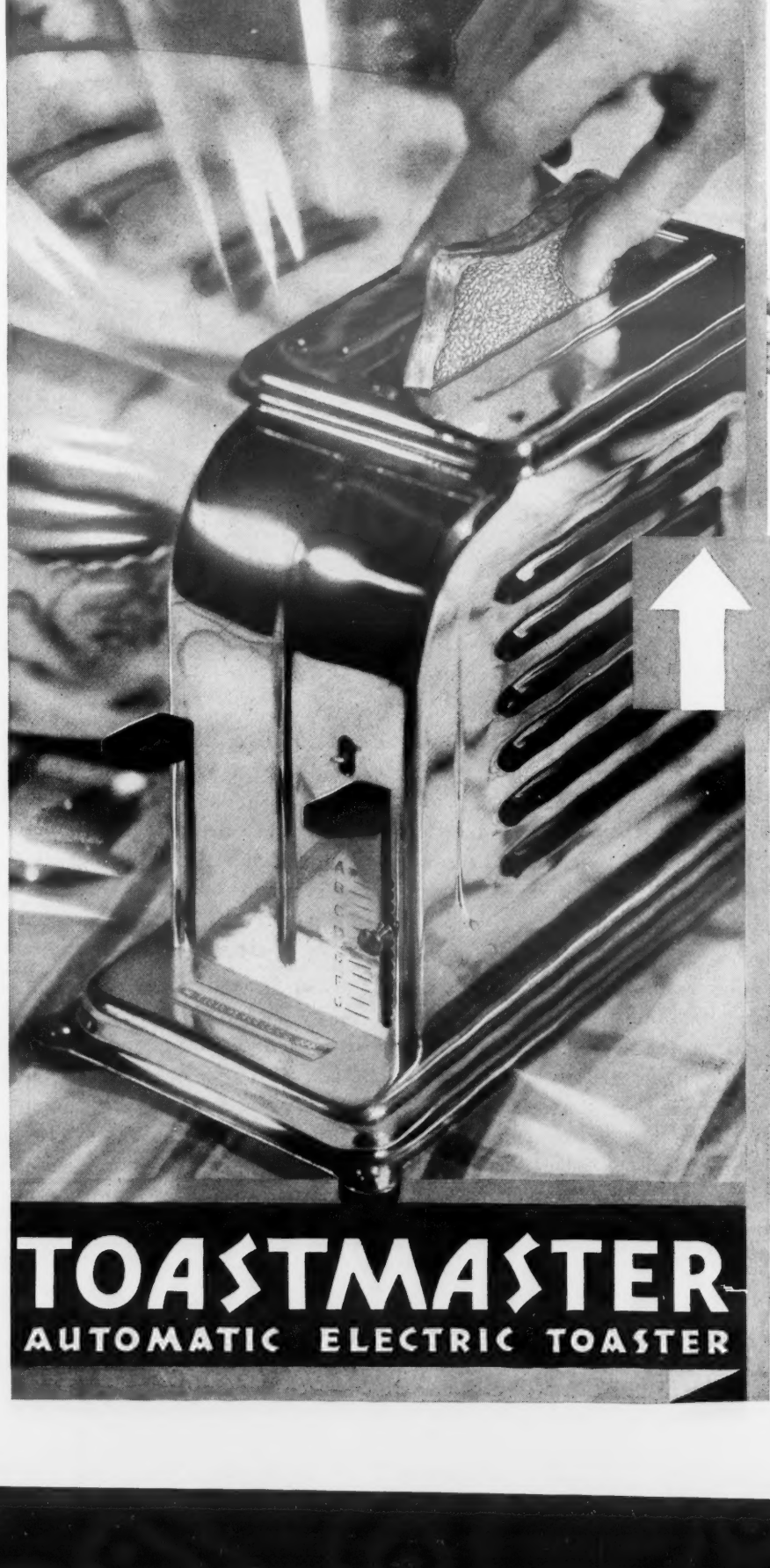
All you do is put in a slice of bread, set a lever at the exact shade of toast you want—and forget it. In a few seconds, there's a *POP!*—a piece of toast, just as ordered, is automatically discharged from the machine and the current turned off.

Both sides are toasted at once. Crisp and crunchy outside, moist and tender inside, with all the flavor *sealed in*.

In thousands of homes, last two years, it has supplanted all other less-modern toasters. Do you wonder?

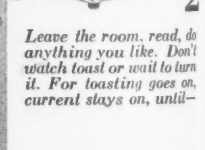
In justice to yourself, save regret in the future by buying no toaster without first seeing the automatic Toastmaster work. On sale at all stores, in the United States and Canada.

Waters-Genter Company, 219 North Second Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



1

Just drop bread in the slot and press down 2 levers. That's all. Two-side toasting starts automatically.



2

Leave the room, read, do anything you like. Don't watch toast or wait to turn it. For toasting goes on, current stays on, until—

3

THE TOAST POPS UP BY ITSELF WHEN DONE

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute

(Continued from Page 226)

in Aurelia's sedan, still thus preoccupied. But as they descended from the car, Stella said absently, without prelude or any apparent connection of idea:

"You big goose! I bet he's over fifty years old!"

"Who?" Aurelia asked again. "Bill?" And in a gale of renewed laughter they entered the manicurist's shop.

IV

AT THE banquet celebrating the inauguration of the new factory manager with whose incumbency the "new policy" of the N. K. U. began, it was both befitting and complimentary that Mrs. William Greeley, wife of the new manager, sat upon the right of Mr. Milton Cooper, president of the corporation and donor of the feast. No one could more becomingly have adorned so conspicuous a position of honor; and Stella, faintly blushing, in scanty cornflower-colored chiffon, was thought charming by almost all of the eight hundred people present.

The banquet room was vast, for it was the Auditorium Chamber of the N. K. U. and two thousand sometimes sat there to hear a concert or a lecture or to watch an educational movie; but tonight the great canopy of blue had been lowered, shutting off the galleries and forming a temporary ceiling. Innumerable stars of thin nickel sparkled down from it; there was a silver-plated vase of six pink roses upon every one of the small tables at which most of the banqueters sat; and the N. K. U. band, in uniform, glittered at the end of the room opposite the speakers' table, which was slightly elevated upon a long dais. Here, thus visibly eminent, the grandees of the occasion sat emphasized against a background of green fronds drooping from a grove of palm trees; the cloth was white damask and upon it were ten vases; but here every vase was the silver fountain mouth for an unfalling spray of two dozen pink roses. The spray was a match for Stella's cheeks; her hair shone against the green behind her like the gold coronal of a queen in a tapestry; she sat with downcast eyes, knowing that all of the women in the place—and most of the men, too, except during intervals of eating—were looking at her and thinking and talking about her.

Mrs. Henry Hedge, at a table for eight midway down the vast room, talked of nothing else. "Scared to death!" she informed her neighbors eagerly. "I've been grooming her for it all day, 'Look here, Stella!' I told her, the last thing before I put her in my car to bring her here. '*You* don't have to make a speech,' I told her. 'All you have to do is *sit* there,' I said. But after all, who wouldn't be scared? Of course nobody dreamed Mr. Cooper ever meant to make such a tremendous event of it. When Mr. Thomas and Mr. Peale were appointed, it certainly wasn't anything like *this!* You know that yourself, Mrs. Royce."

AURELIA had the benevolent attention of the whole table, but addressed herself particularly to a stout lady in blue velvet seated opposite her. Mrs. Royce was consort to the manager of the Central Sales Department and officially, so to speak, the most important person of the group. She nodded affably. "Of course it's partly because Mr. Cooper wants to rouse enthusiasm for the New Policy; but it's a big tribute to what he thinks of Mr. Greeley, besides I must say Mrs. Greeley looks a perfect queen—kind of like a queen from some foreign country being entertained by a king and sharing his throne for the evening." Mrs. Royce paused to titter, half-apologetically, half-approvingly, to ameliorate so daring a flight of fancy. "Mrs. Greeley's an intimate friend of yours, Mrs. Hedge?"

"Intimate?" Aurelia cried. "I brought her up! She's about my age, of course; but she's a near relation of Mr. Hedge's and they've been under our wing, as you may say, ever since they came to town. Mr. Hedge put Bill Greeley into the N. K. U. and has pushed him as fast as he could ever since. As for Stella ——" Here Aurelia paused, glanced toward the royal platform, and uttered a little cry of petulant distress. "Oh, dear! She has a habit of holding her head on one side that isn't becoming. I *told* her not to do that tonight; but she's so rattled she's absolutely forgotten! Oh, dear me, I *wish* she wouldn't do it! I wish I had some way of getting word to her." Increasingly troubled, Aurelia made sounds of lamentation; then, as if inspired by a bright thought, appealed to a comely dark-eyed young woman who sat at the head of this table. "Miss Nelson, *do* you think there's any way for me to get a message sent up to the speakers' table?"

Miss Nelson seemed not to hear. She had other matters in hand, and after listening to the earlier part of Aurelia's discourse and perceiving that it was only a familiar commonplace of the N. K. U. social establishment—a claim to possessive intimacy with new-made grandees—she had closed her ears to the excited and intentionally elegant tones of Mrs. Hedge's voice. This withdrawal of attention on Miss Nelson's part, however, was not for the purpose of conversing with her next neighbors at the table. A stout, bald man of anxious countenance, the caterer, came from time to time for a whispered word with her; she listened silently and dismissed him with a decisive nod or a monosyllable; sometimes she wrote briefly upon a slip of paper and gave it to a waiter stationed near her; he carried it quickly away, and all the while her capable and intelligent eyes quietly took note of everything in every part of the room.

A CORNER of the suspended blue canopy sagged unduly; Miss Nelson gave the waiter a word on paper, and almost immediately the drooping cloth rose into place, elevated by unseen powers above. She nodded to the waiter, a gesture unnoticed by anyone except himself, and within the moment the gorgeous leader of the N. K. U. band clicked his metal easel with a baton, and music, brazenly dulcet, swam upon sixteen hundred ears. And yet so quietly and so quickly were Miss Crystal Nelson's decisions made and her signals given that not a man and not even a woman at her own table guessed that she sat at this great feast like a commander-in-chief in his headquarters, master of every event and movement. Aurelia appealed to her with no idea except to expand the audience that was being impressed by her anxiety to correct the posture of her protégé's head.

She repeated the appeal in a louder and shriller voice. "Miss Nelson, do you think there's any way I could get a message up to Stell'?"

"Stell?" Miss Nelson said inquiringly. "I don't know any Mr. Stell. Where is he?"

Henry Hedge, across the table from his wife, laughed gloomily in the manner of a husband confirmed in the conviction that his wife is making herself ridiculous.

"No, no! I mean Stella Greeley. She absolutely promised me she *wouldn't* sit with her head on one side the way she is now—it's a habit she's got as I was just saying to Mrs. Royce—but she's so rattled she's forgotten more than half of what I told her! What I wondered: *Do* you suppose there's any way I could get word up to the speaker's table to tell her to quit sitting that way before Mr. Cooper notices?"

"I'D JUST been thinking," Miss Nelson returned, "that Mrs. Greeley's attitude was one of remarkable gracefulness."

Aurelia cried out shrilly, protesting. "Oh, my! Not close up to her, Miss Nelson! It may look graceful to you from this long distance away; but if you were sitting right next to her like Mr. Cooper is, you'd see that it gives her a bunched-up look. I'm *so* anxious to get word to her to sit up straight before he turns from talking to the mayor and notices Stell. Really,

FAMOUS FEET

© B. & B., 1929

how they're kept free from corns

NAOMI JOHNSON'S
Famous Feet

"Everyone has to work 'under pressure' now and then. But why work under the pressure of a corn . . . with Blue-jay so handy?" . . . asks Naomi Johnson, lovely "Vanities" girl.

• • •

Ending a corn with Blue-jay is gentle and sure. No danger of infection, as with self-paring. No guessing how much to use. Each Blue-jay has just the right amount of the soothing medicant to remove the corn. Relief is instant . . . for the cushiony pad stops shoe pressure and pain at once. And shortly, the corn makes its adieu. Standard for 29 years; improved and finer than ever today. At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

STYLE YOUR HOME WITH KIEL TABLES

IS YOUR HOME TABLE SHY?

No. 5040

Sally Burnette Emphatically Denies Having Had Her Living Room "Done" by a Decorator

"I'll tell you my secret," she said. "I felt my living room did not have enough warmth or personality, but for the life of me I couldn't tell what was wrong. I spoke to Ed Wilson, one of the salesmen for the Hall Furniture Company. He told me I needed more tables. 'Of course they must be styled correctly,' he said. 'That's why I recommend Kiel tables. A few of them will do wonders in toning up any room.' And he was right. I selected these three. I used each of them to create a grouping. Each grouping related to the other. Now everyone who comes in wants to know the name of my decorator." You, too, can improve the appearance of your living room with a few smart looking Kiel tables. Write for a copy of our book on home decoration.

THE KIEL FURNITURE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

KIEL

TABLES MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

LIVING ROOM GROUPS ARE NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT KIEL TABLES

Certainly this charming end table will bring a wealth of beauty into any living room. The design is Colonial. No. 7012

Instantly convertible from a quaint little end table to an inviting looking coffee table, this piece offers untold decorative possibilities. No. 7014

KIEL FURNITURE COMPANY
Dept. A-39, Milwaukee, Wis.

Send me your book on home decoration.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

MOTHER...

Here's an easy way to dress children smartly!

GOOD NEWS for mothers...a quick, simple way to cut clothing costs in half...a long wearing, tubproof, fadeproof fabric that anyone can make up into smart French styles for $2.00 to $3.00 a dress. Designed in Paris, Peter Pan solves the clothing problem for all informal wear...so fascinating you can now enjoy a different dress for every day in the week for less than 6¢ a day. Use it too for draperies, bed covers and bureau scarves. See Peter Pan at your department store or better yet, send today for 30 free samples with illustrated fashion supplement.

GUARANTEE:
We will replace any garment made of genuine PETER PAN if it fades.

GENUINE
Peter Pan
Guaranteed Fast Color
WASH FABRICS
Look for Peter Pan on the selvage
SEND FOR 30 FREE SAMPLES

HENRY GLASS CO.,
45-B White St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me "The Peter Pan Fashion Supplement" with thirty samples, postpaid, absolutely free.
Print Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
Dealer's Name.....
Does he sell Peter Pan?.....

"You can go 20 miles on less than a gallon of gasoline"

BEWARE!
Benzine, Naphtha or Gasoline may disfigure you for life or kill you outright—*then it's too late for advice.*

For Safetys Sake-demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE & NON-EXPLOSIVE
Cleaning Fluid
Removes Grease Spots
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
Does it Quickly and Easily

Send for free booklet "All About 'Rings' and How to Avoid Them in Removing Grease Spots." Carbona Products Co., 301 W. 26th St., N. Y. C.

20¢ BOTTLES AND LARGER SIZES AT ALL DRUG STORES

FISH

of endless variety await you—fried, grilled, baked or boiled they taste better, digest easier and are more satisfying when seasoned with

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Write for free recipe booklet. Lea & Perrins, 200 West St., N.Y.

I'll just die if she doesn't snap out o' that before he starts talking to her!"

Aurelia spoke with an accompaniment of fluttering gestures; her hands, head and shoulders moved constantly to emphasize her meaning; and, that none of it might be lost, so did her face continually move in the last extremes of expressiveness. Crystal Nelson looked at her thoughtfully before responding.

"I don't believe you need worrry, Mrs. Hedge. Mr. Cooper surely won't think uncharitably of Mrs. Greeley even if ——"

"Good gracious, Miss Nelson! Everybody knows how much any man in the N. K. U. depends on the impression at headquarters about his wife. I mean of course his wife and his ——"

"AND his family life," Miss Nelson took her up. "Yes, certainly it's generally understood that Mr. Cooper takes a great interest in the family life of all of us because he believes that everybody's efficiency depends a lot on domestic surroundings, 'helpful influence in the home' and all that. I don't think Mr. Greeley would be injured with him because Mrs. Greeley holds her head becomingly—or unbecomingly, if you like—on one side."

"Don't you?" Aurelia uttered a loud titter, and in her excitement became a little reckless. A curious but not uncommon thing had happened to her. Since her first talk with Stella—on the morning after the promotion of the latter's husband—when Aurelia, almost not knowing why, had begun to disturb her beautiful friend's complacency with fears of Miss Nelson and strange hopes of Mr. Cooper, the new topics had been intermittently but persistently an undercurrent in the daily intercourse of the two ladies of the Warwicke Armes. So constant a thought, no matter how flimsy its origin or how well known its flimsiness is to its projector, must ever and ever gain in substantiality to even that very projector; thus Aurelia, herself, now took it for something at least approaching reality.

MOREOVER, the jealousy she had of Stella's rise in life was becoming subsidiary to the ambition to find importance in being the proprietor, so to speak, of so important a person. This proprietorship, which she was virtually proclaiming to her neighbors at the banquet, seemed to her to be made light of—in fact, almost ridiculed—by the cool and examining gaze, as well as by the rather dry tone of voice, of Miss Crystal Nelson. Irritated, Aurelia felt herself challenged; her impulse therefore was to make the importance of her proprietorship of Stella more pronounced; she assumed the arch, knowing air of a person privy to spicy high matters obscure to others, and let her voice become almost obviously derisive. "I expect you haven't noticed anything different between this affair and what happened when Mr. Peale and Mr. Thomas got *their* appointments."

"What difference do you mean, Mrs. Hedge?"

"What difference?" Aurelia laughed merrily. "Good gracious me, Miss Nelson, use your eyes!" And then, as the use to which Miss Nelson put her fine, dark eyes remained a thoughtful contemplation of the lady addressing her, the latter made a roguish movement of her head toward the Speaker's Table. "You're looking in the wrong direction!" she cried. "Did you notice any orchids when Mr. Peale or Mr. Thomas got appointed to the managership?"

The only orchids visible, delicately exotic against cornflower blue, were upon Stella's breast. Aurelia thus made her point sufficiently plain to the three other women at her own table, though the four men had no idea of what she was really saying, and even her husband only thought dismally that she was too noisily showing off her intimacy with Stella. But Aurelia was becoming a little intoxicated with her own daring and gayety as well as with what she felt was the dramatic quality of the occasion. The brilliancy of the banquet and the music of the band had gone to her head; she felt, too, that she held the keys, as a playwright might say, to a tremendous situation; and she was pleased to think that she was now triumphing in superior knowingness over Miss Nelson.

Miss Nelson remained mysterious now, at least so far as any revelation of her thoughts concerning orchids went; she said nothing, and Aurelia turned to Mrs. Royce. "You never saw anybody worse rattled in your life!" she said. "Honestly, when those orchids came this afternoon I thought Stell' would throw a fit! There was a card, 'Congratulations and best wishes of the N. K. U.,' but of course she couldn't *help* knowing who sent 'em!"

MRS. ROYCE was interested but skeptical. "Do you think so, Mrs. Hedge? Do you suppose Mr. Cooper attends to details like that himself? I always thought he just gave general directions and the details were carried out by someone on the staff."

"Oh, yes, generally," Aurelia admitted. "But in *this* case——" She concluded the implication not in words but with a murmur of laughter and a toss of the head. "Poor Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Peale!" she added. "*They* weren't sent any ——" and again she left a sentence unfinished except by her knowing laughter. Then she assumed an air of gravity and seemed to become solicitous. "Mrs. Royce, have you heard how Mrs. Cooper was today?"

"Today?" Mrs. Royce repeated, evidently surprised. "Why, no; I didn't know she was that sick. Of course I'd heard she had the flu; but everybody said she was getting along all right. I heard she'd probably be out in a few days."

Aurelia seemed to be almost shocked by this lack of information. "Oh, no!" she said. "No, indeed! Flu does lead into the most terrible complications. You'd think the doctors would have learned by this time how to stop 'em; but they haven't." For a moment she appeared to be depressed by this thought; then she brightened. "Wouldn't it be curious if ——" She paused, glanced as though unconsciously toward the two central figures at the speaker's table, laughed excitedly and concluded: "Well, I guess I'd better not say *that!*"

MRS. ROYCE was evidently able to follow the thought whether it was spoken or not. "My goodness, Mrs. Hedge!" she exclaimed admiringly. "You certainly are a cut-up!" She leaned forward, lowering her voice after the manner of ladies engaged with secret imports. "You aren't serious? You don't really mean ——"

Mrs. Hedge nodded. "Yes, I do!"

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Royce leaned back in her chair and gazed at the speakers' table. "I hadn't heard a word of it." She turned again toward Aurelia. "My goodness! You never can tell, can you?"

"*I* can," Aurelia returned quickly. "Anyhow in *this* case."

Here Mrs. Royce's husband, sitting next to Aurelia, intervened. "What on earth are you two talking about? Let the rest of us in on it, won't you?"

They paid no attention to him but gave heed to Mrs. Caples, the fourth lady at the table. She leaned toward Aurelia eagerly; "Say! How long has it been going on?"

But Miss Nelson, a moment before, had whispered hurriedly to the waiter in special attendance, and now the band blared

Tonight Chicken *a la* King for Supper

Serve a supper that's truly fit for royalty. Hotel Sherman chefs have prepared this regal repast, using only tender slices of chicken, rich cream, mushrooms, and spices. So economical to serve. Try it—tonight!

Start the meal with College Inn Deviled Ham served on crisp toast as an appetizer. It's wholly different, and delicious.

Made by
HOTEL SHERMAN CHEFS

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO., CHICAGO

COLLEGE INN

CHICKEN A LA KING
CHICKEN BROTH WITH RICE
CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP
CHOP SUEY
CHILI CON CARNE
SPAGHETTI

The new home Vul-Cot is OVAL

The smartest wastebasket you ever saw—colorful, graceful and capable! The new *oval* shape in ten soft pastel lacquers is the accepted basket in homes of exquisite taste. Its solid construction of vulcanized fibre is dust-tight and immune to the roughest treatment. Guaranteed by the makers for a full five years! At all stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.

VUL-COT
-the national wastebasket
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
Wilmington, Del.

$_____

How may I earn it by April 15?

My Name.....*Age*.....
PLEASE PRINT
Street.....
City.....*State*.....

You fill in the amount—any amount not exceeding $100—sign your name and mail this ad to *The Ladies' Home Journal*, 989 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. We'll very quickly tell you how the amount you want may be yours.

Be a Nurse

Make $30 - $35 a Week

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 28 years. One graduate has charge of a ten-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Open to all over 18 and under 55 years. Money-back agreement.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 33, 421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name_____
City_____ State_____

If you are not slender

This Style Book is yours FREE

LANE BRYANT'S New Spring Style Book is yours free! It is your guide to Fifth Avenue's newest spring styles.

Lane Bryant garments are not merely larger sizes, they are smart slenderizing styles, correctly proportioned for every type of stout woman, with ample room at arms, bust and hips.

Every stout woman and miss should see for herself the new beauty that comes with Lane Bryant Styles.

You can save money on coats, dresses, hats and shoes. Send for this new Style Book. One copy is yours FREE.

Lane Bryant

Address Dept. 52, 39th Street at
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

KANSAS
THE NATIONAL CLEANSING POWDER

... Saves plumber's bills—won't clog pipes.

10C at your Grocer's

SCOURS

POLISHES

WILL NOT SCRATCH

Do You KNOW when the children are ill? They can't tell you accurately—Tycos can!

A *Tycos* Fever Thermometer is a necessity in the home where there are children. Its warnings are positive and easy to read. In children's ailments, time is an important factor, and an early call for the doctor may save much anxiety and worry.

Your nearest drug store probably carries reliable *Tycos* Fever Thermometers. Get one today and be prepared.

An interesting illustrated booklet, "Childhood, Youth & Old Age," is yours for the asking. Write today.

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

Canadian Plant Tycos Building Toronto
Manufacturing Distributors in Great Britain Short & Mason, Ltd., London

forth The Washington Post with a vigor that abruptly stopped every conversation in the room. During this interlude Mrs. Royce and Mrs. Caples stared absorbedly at the distant Stella Greeley, glorified to them, albeit with a tinge of scarlet, by the information they had just received. Information surely of import since it came from Mrs. Greeley's bosom friend.

V

WHEN the brazen jubilations of the overwhelming band ceased from uproar, Mr. Royce finished the small cup of black coffee that had been set before him, and returned to his inquiry. "Put us poor, dumb old men wise, Mrs. Hedge. What you ladies been stirrin' up? Of course I know my wife'll tell me tonight when we get home, and once her and Mrs. Caples know what it is, it'll be all out among the N. K. U. ladies tomorrow; but what's the matter our hearin' about it now? Caples, you help me make 'em come through."

Mr. Caples, a heavy man, had been paying more attention to the food than to the talk of the women. "Make 'em come through with what?"

"With whatever scandal they've got themselves all worked up over," Mr. Royce returned humorously. "They've nosed out something pretty good; I know that much, and I don't want to have to wait till we're undressing to go to bed for Mrs. Royce to tell me, because by that time I'm always too sleepy to take any big interest in it—that's the way she does. Caples, you get her to tell it to you now, and I'll tackle Mrs. Hedge here. She started it and I guess she certainly knows all ——"

Miss Nelson lightly tapped a spoon upon the rim of her coffee cup. "Sh-h-h! Mr. Cooper is rising. The speeches are going to begin."

As a matter of precise fact, Mr. Cooper was not in the act of rising at the moment when she said he was; instead he was coughing slightly and looking at the palm of his right hand. Miss Nelson's statement, therefore, must have been in the nature of a prediction, for which she had good ground, however. Mr. Cooper's coughing was of the kind always a prelude to oratory, and what he looked at, in his hand, was a slip of paper inscribed in pencil:

Have instructed waiters not to clear until the speeches are over. Would begin as soon as possible after band stops. C. N.

Mr. Cooper crumpled the paper, finished his coughing, rose and struck the table one sharp blow with a silver gavel. Instantly, everywhere in the assemblage, there was silence, for all the guests at the banquet, except the mayor and a few deferential others at the speakers' table, beheld before them the master of their destinies, the dispenser of fortune, the center of hope and the cause of fear. Mr. Milton Cooper displayed no inadequate figure for such a part: At fifty he had no gray hair, no dubious teeth; he spent more time upon a horse's back than in a motor car, was broad at the shoulders, flat at the waist; and from his tanned dark face the enthusiast's bright eyes projected the sparkle of a fanaticism still vehement. The N. K. U. was his deity as it had been that of his father, the founder, before him.

MOREOVER, since he thought of himself as its oracle, his own edicts appeared, even to himself, to issue from a higher power, and so became august and unalterable. Nevertheless, he was in this at times a little inconsistent, for he had a habit of using N. K. U. and the pronoun I as synonyms perfectly interchangeable. Thus, addressing his banqueters in a high, resonant voice, he said:

"The N. K. U. wishes that every one of its employes could have been here with us tonight; but for various reasons I found it more feasible to invite only you who are the upper tenth of them. The N. K. U. trusts you to distribute the meaning of my remarks to all those under you, so

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

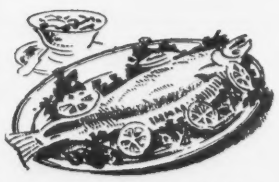
"LEMCO"

1865 1929

The Original and Genuine Liebig's Extract of Meat

"Lemco" Bouillon

"Lemco" Celery Soup



"Lemco" Fish Dressing

"Lemco" Roast

"Lemco" Macaroni au Gratin

"Lemco" Salad

SINCE 1865 this pure, concentrated essence of prime beef has added wholesome nourishment and appetizing flavor to soups, stews, sauces, gravies, fish, meats, vegetables and salads.

For the most delicious beef bouillon you ever tasted stir a quarter teaspoon of "Lemco" into a cup of hot water.

"Lemco" has scores of daily uses for every meal and between meals. Mail the coupon for Free "Lemco" Recipe Book describing new ways of serving "Lemco".

Order "Lemco" from your druggist or grocer. If he does not have it please send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

Lamont, Corliss & Co., New York, N. Y.

U. S. Distributors for Oxo Limited, London, Eng.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO.
131 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

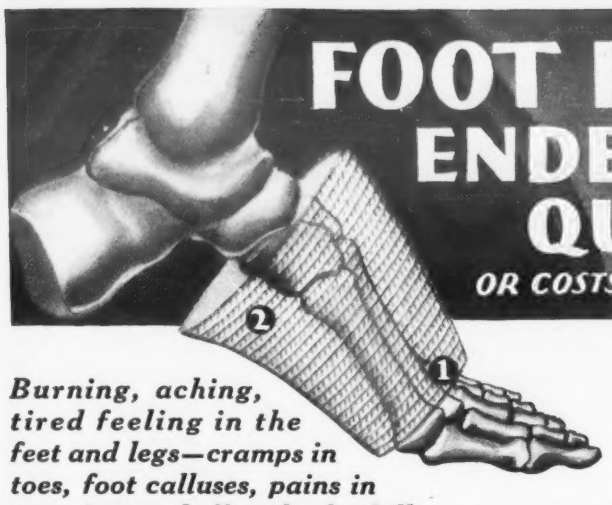
Please mail new "Lemco" Recipe Book to

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

My dealer is.....



FOOT PAINS ENDED QUICKLY
OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be easily overcome.

1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band supports and assists weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

SCIENCE says many foot pains result from weakened muscles that permit the foot bones to become displaced and press against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Now a way is discovered to assist and support these muscles while holding the bones in position. Pains stop almost at once when this amazing band, the Jung Arch Brace, is used. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. An exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift is provided and urgently advised for severe cases. Worn with any style footwear. There is nothing stiff to further weaken muscles or cause discomfort.

Pain stops like magic. Usually band is soon discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Wear it 10 days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. *Write for free book on foot troubles.*

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

FREE if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co., 133 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Send one pair of braces marked below:
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR *SEVERE* CASES —with cushion lift	FOR *MILD* CASES —without cushion lift
☐ BANNER (*medium*) $2	☐ WONDER (*medium*) $1
☐ VICTOR (*long*) $2.50	☐ MIRACLE (*long*) $1.50

☐ Money enclosed ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices.

given! Without extra cost to you. Send coupon for details of our amazing new plan. It tells you how to get a big assortment of beautiful giftwares worth $63.10 when decorated—without a cent of extra cost.

Want Some Money?

Here's a wonderful way to get it

Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is FREE. Our system is amazingly easy to learn and the profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful finished art objects almost from the beginning. You don't have to know how to draw or have any experience. Begin making money now. All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made $25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement. Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 42-C, Adrian, Mich.

Gifts, Bridge Prizes, Gay Playthings, Home Decorations

Cabinets, book-shelves, wall plaques, hanging shelves, magazine baskets, lamp bases, lamp shades, table runners, beautiful bits of etched copper, batik drapes, lovable little playthings, picture frames and endless varieties of similar things. Think of the fun of decorating them, and then having ready buyers for them—right at home—at a good profit.

READ What Members Say

"My course was paid for long before it was finished."—Mrs. S. A. Pressly—North Carolina.

"Words cannot express my appreciation for this opportunity. It seems as though I have entered into a world of beauty."—Miss Zeldamae Cook—Nebraska.

"Have already made a number of pretty things for my house, outside of paying for my course. I feel that it is worth many times what it cost me."—Mrs. L. B. Winans—Texas.

"I am perfectly fascinated with my Fireside work, and have made over six hundred dollars on it."—Mrs. John Farrar—Ohio.

"I have made and sold over a thousand parchment shades in the past eight months."—Mrs. George Temple—Minnesota.

"I have sold my things faster than I have been able to decorate them, and thoroughly enjoy the work."—Mrs. Charles H. Reynolds—Florida.

GOOD FOR PLAN

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 42-C, Adrian, Mich.
Tell me how to get the Big Giftware Assortment, the Complete Artist Outfit, Privilege of Fireside Membership, and your Money-making Plan on easy basis. This information is FREE.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

that I may be confident that no one whatever can misunderstand the New Policy of the N. K. U. The N. K. U. seizes the occasion of inaugurating a new factory manager to make clear this policy, and the N. K. U. will now set it before you in such plain language that I think you will all comprehend me."

His description of the New Policy was as lucid as he promised; it could not affect the workmen in the several great factories of the N. K. U., for they were protected from it, so to speak, by their unions; but it did apply incitingly and threateningly to the subchieftains and assistants now banqueting in presence of the oracle. Emulating the Navy and the Army, the N. K. U. had devised a system of Promotion Marks that would determine the relative positions of all these servitors of the institution. For every year of his service—"and by that I mean service satisfactory to the N. K. U.," Mr. Cooper explained—every man would receive not a promotion but a Promotion Mark. And that the balance of justice might be properly maintained, any failure in duty, or any slackness or inefficiency would entail the loss of a Promotion Mark forthwith.

"THESE Promotion Marks, these barometers of your loyalty to the N. K. U.," he went on, "will be constantly watched by the N. K. U., and I assure you, from the highest down to the lowest, from our splendid new factory manager down to the youngest clerk in the N. K. U. chain of hardware stores, your absolute value to this institution will be a matter of visible black on white. When there is a question of promotion or demotion the N. K. U. has only to consult the ledger containing the registry of your marks. You see what this means: With a sufficient number of Promotion Marks a man may rise rapidly from a lower department to a higher; he may be lifted from behind the counter of one of our chain stores in a village and brought here into one of our headquarters departments, so that not only would he receive the higher salary but he and his family would enjoy the advantages and comforts of life in the city, instead of the more limited opportunities of the small town. You see what a splendid vista of success is thus opened to the ambition of every man who employs his best brains and energy toward the forwarding of this great industrial institution."

Most of his hearers, comprehending something more than he said, perceived not only the pleasant vista he mentioned, but the other necessarily opening before them if they failed to use their best brains and energy toward the forwarding of the great industrial institution. They looked serious and the seriousness of many of them became anxiety as their overlord went on with his explanation. The New Policy was retroactive, he said, and for months the N. K. U. had been quietly busy upon the fateful ledger of marks. A Promotion Mark had already been awarded to every man for every past year of service deemed satisfactory by the N. K. U. The N. K. U., however, reserved to itself sole access to the records, since the New Policy was still an experiment. Later, the N. K. U. might think it wiser to conduct the ledger as an open bulletin, where every man might find his own marks and those of all his competitors in service; but for the present the ledger was reserved for the information of the N. K. U. alone. Already that information had been of great use to the N. K. U. and the N. K. U. would constantly act upon it.

AT THAT, even the cheerful and honest face of the new factory manager became grave; but to the new manager's wife all this talk about marks was mere sound. Dazzled by herself, Stella sat in what was almost a stupor of ecstatic self-consciousness. About her enthronement it seemed to her that there was a radiation of golden light, illuminating her and yet emanating from her.

Outside of this light and beyond the encasement of her self-consciousness the rest of the world seemed to consist of admiring eyes bent wonderingly upon her; and only the meaning of what directly and obviously concerned herself reached her intelligence.

It seemed to her that until Bill's promotion the world had been like a dark theater in which she sat obscurely contented with her obscurity and not even aware that before her was a curtain about to rise. It had risen, disclosing a commotion of dancers in a palace garden, a rich and beautiful spectacle but dim at the very first because the lights were not instantly full; yet every moment they had grown brighter and the shapes of the dancers more distinguishable until, quickly enough, she saw that there was one startling beautiful figure about which all the other shining figures tossed and whirled, and that it was her own.

THIS glamorous ballet, so largely the production of that instinctive impresario, Aurelia Hedge, had no lack of drama. Among the lively figures on the stage of Stella's imagination was that of Aurelia herself, playing the bright-eyed little confidante and bosom friend to the heroine, ready with aid against the darker figures; for of necessity there must be villains. These were still a little vaguely villainous, it is true, in the heroine's mind; they existed there, however, as powers in opposition, increasingly distasteful, and were represented by the figures of her husband and Crystal Nelson—the latter thus far only a disliked shadow, for Stella had never seen the capable Miss Nelson. Finally, in the foreground of the spectacle and next in brightness to the star herself, there moved a glittering, powerful shape, the semblance of Mr. Milton Cooper. The postures of this important figure expressed always a dignified yet passionate admiration, and thus, continuously personifying a single motion was perhaps more marionette than human.

Moreover, when the actual Milton Cooper engaged himself in matters outside the marionettish rôle arranged for him in Stella's ballet-drama, he virtually ceased to exist, so far as she was concerned, until he came back to it again. So now, as he went on with his explanation of Promotion Marks and the New Policy his voice seemed to be little more than a distant whirring of factory machinery; but with a change in his theme she began to listen attentively.

"THE N. K. U. depends upon the wife of every loyal man in the N. K. U. forces," Mr. Cooper said vehemently, "to second and further her husband's efforts to set good marks beside his name on the records. As you know, the N. K. U. takes the most earnest interest in the domestic relations of every man employed, and that is because the N. K. U. feels that nobody can give his best effort unless that effort is supported, heart and soul, from the home. You wives who are here tonight can do more than see that your hearths are swept and your tablecloths spotless; you can stimulate your husbands' ambition, you can *make* them forge ahead. I will be personal—the N. K. U. is really one big family, and since we are talking in the family circle, such allusion is allowable—so I am going to ask you to look for a moment at the lady who is seated upon my right."

He paused, and Stella, blushing exquisitely, felt her heart fluttering with a delicious stage fright. Everyone knew that the Big Boss was about to pay her a tremendous compliment, and there was a general murmur of approbation that culminated in a single outstanding squeal of excitement from a table near the center of the room. All the banqueters looked benevolent, the gentlemen especially so; but probably some of the ladies were inwardly a little cynical. There was a multitudinous beaming upon the blushing lady at Mr. Cooper's right, however.

(Continued on Page 235)

Bean Hole Beans!

Just like those baked in the outdoor oven called the "bean hole" in the Maine woods

a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

See what goes into the outdoor bean pot! The very same ingredients are used in Bean Hole Beans.

You've heard of them, of course—those beans baked in the old "bean hole" in the logging camps of the Maine woods. The recipe used and the way of baking are unique.

The great round-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim—with a layer of beans, a layer of sugar-cured prime pork, a cup of molasses and one of brown sugar. Repeated again and again.

Then the pot, the cover sealed on air-tight with clay, is buried in the oven in the ground called the "bean hole." There, in a bed of glowing pine embers, it slowly cooks all night.

And in the morning when the bean pot is lifted out and opened—*such deliciousness!* Flavor-rich ingredients blended by long, slow cooking . . . the fragrance of the forest . . . seasoning of pungent wood smoke . . . *Indescribable!*

And now you can have that same wonderful baked-in-the-ground flavor. For a way to reproduce it has really been found at last.

So like the originals baked in the "bean hole" in the Maine woods are these new beans that they are called Bean Hole Beans.

Think of having this up-to-now unattainable woods flavor for your own table! Don't put off experiencing this new pleasure. Bean Hole Beans come in two sizes, medium 15c; large 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Now you can have that wonderful "baked-in-the-ground" flavor!

The first real reproduction of the famous Maine woods beans

Arousing the palate of a Nation to supreme heights of Coffee Joy

That's exactly what White House Coffee is doing—high in quality, rich in taste, exhilarating in aroma. It makes the most tempting cup of Coffee in the world

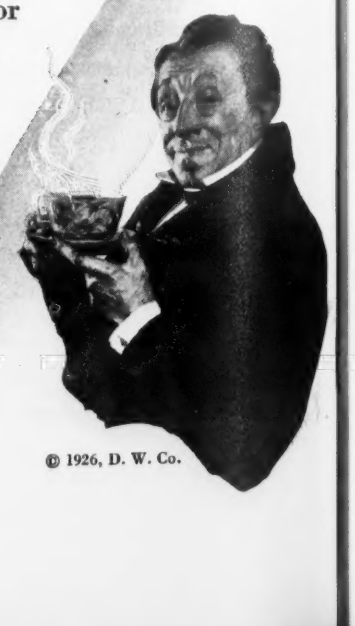
Year after year, for two generations, the delightful flavor of White House Coffee has aroused the palate of a nation to supreme heights of coffee joy.

And well it may, for it is blended from the very finest coffee beans that the richest and most fertile fields on earth produce.

These fine selected beans are saturated with a vast wealth of natural life juices—alive and throbbing—almost bursting with rich flavor and exhilarating aroma. From far-off lands they come to Old New England—Boston—where the wondrous touch of Dwinell-Wright, master coffee roasters for eighty years, produces a classic blend!

For forty years competition has stormed the portals of the famous White House Coffee, fighting for public favor, seeking always to take its leadership away. But the rich and tempting flavor, the lure of its aroma, the grandeur of its taste, could never be dethroned.

So White House Coffee lived on, enshrined, while other blends had passed away. For only White House, majestic in its quality, could arouse the palate of a nation to such supreme heights of coffee joy. When you order White House Coffee from your grocer today, be sure it has a picture of the White House on the package, then you know it's genuine.



© 1926, D. W. Co.

DWINELL-WRIGHT CO., BOSTON, CHICAGO, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Tune in every Saturday on the White House Coffee Radio Dinner Concert at 6:30 P.M. Eastern Std. Time: WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WFI, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WBT, WGR. At 5:30 P. M. Central Std. Time: WLS, WTMJ, KSTP, WSB.

(Continued from Page 232)

"With such a helpmeet," he said gallantly, "could any man fail to reach the pinnacle? With such encouragement ever stimulating his efforts and with a loyal smile from so gracious a source waiting to greet him in the home after each day's industry, could any man falter in his path toward the goal? I think not. I think not, my friends. No, the N. K. U. depends as much upon the home behind the man as it does upon the man himself, and to express this sentiment I take great pleasure in calling upon one of the N. K. U.'s most devoted friends, His Honor, the mayor of our beautiful city, who will give you, in his own inimitable manner, a toast—to the ladies!"

The mayor arose, blandly waggish. "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I am familiar of course with the interest this great institution has always taken in the domestic felicity of its employes; but I profess that never before tonight had I considered you, Mr. Chairman, a susceptible man. I had, in fact, thought of you quite otherwise, and as distinctly the opposite; but tonight I see that I was wrong, and in this fair presence—" here he paused and bowed to Stella—"in this fair presence I not only comprehend but share, sir, in your susceptibility!"

LAUGHTER and heavy applause attended this sally, and the pleased chairman said loudly, "Perfectly true! Perfectly true!" Stella blushed even more deeply, then the downcast thick lashes over her brilliant eyes rose; she gave Mr. Cooper a quick, shining look and almost instantly veiled it. The mayor went on with his speech; and although his theme became more general, concerning itself with "divine womanhood," it nevertheless seemed still to be personal to her, and so did that of the speaker who followed him. Following this lead, the third orator opened his address with a knightly bow to her and the words, "To this fair presence—nay, more, to this inspiring presence—I bring my own humble garland." After he had finished, his successor paid her a similar tribute, though his was somewhat more florid: "I yield to no man," he said, "in my fealty to the fair sex, and when I rise to speak in the presence of the fairest of that sex, let me tell you that I also yield to no man in my envy of the proud husband now being inducted into the factory managership of this vast institution."

He was warmly applauded by the men and indulgently by the women; though no doubt some of the latter felt that these distinguished gentlemen at the speakers' table were making geese of themselves, in the manner of men—especially middle-aged and elderly men—over a pretty woman. Nevertheless, it was Stella's great night, not her husband's; the banquet was supposedly in his honor—with the New Policy of course as a submotive—but the only reference to him made by any of the invited orators was the allusion to him as a "proud husband." And when his own turn came to speak, at the end of the program, he produced in perfection an example of the effect known as anticlimax.

HE MADE two things clear to every person in his audience: That he had no talent for public speaking and that he was suffering piteously from stage fright. His broad and kindly face was pale and bedewed; his voice shook and so, too visibly, did the hand with which he was once or twice unfortunately inspired to attempt a gesture. What he said failed to kindle enthusiasm, for in substance it was that although he felt far from sure of possessing the ability to fill the position to which Mr. Cooper had so generously and surprisingly appointed him, and although there were probably many other men in the N. K. U. service who could fill that position as well or better, he would go ahead gratefully and try his best to be a good factory manager.

Then, having set forth this resolution in a feeble voice, he sat down with the evident relief of a man who has gone through a horrible experience and unexpectedly come out at least alive; the band burst out with the Star Spangled Banner and the great company of people rose with unanimous patriotic alacrity.

With the performance of this ceremony the banquet ended, though a reception in honor of the new factory manager was to follow in an adjoining lobby; and when the music stopped, William Greeley left his place at one end of the speakers' table and came through the grove of palms, behind the table, to join his wife. He had recovered his customary good spirits, though he was still wiping his brow.

"Well, honey," he said, chuckling happily, "I got through it somehow and I didn't get shot!"

BUT Stella had just taken the proffered arm of the president of the N. K. U. to proceed to the lobby; she leaned behind her escort's back and, in a chilling whisper, responded to her husband thus:

"You ought to've been!"

Then, readjusting the expression of her face to an amiable aspect, she swept grandly away upon Mr. Cooper's arm. Rueful, William tagged along after them and presently took his place beside them in the lobby to shake hands with the long files of people coming from the banquet tables. But here, as at the banquet, his position was that of a subordinate personage; it was still Stella's night and not his. She and the Big Boss were the center of a happy commotion that seemed to leave William outside. Stella was more radiant than ever; Aurelia gasped out a whisper in her ear, "You've *got* it!" as she and the patient Henry came by her. Stella gave her friend a delirious pinch on the arm, and then, as Aurelia whispered, "Look who's behind me!" offered to view a temporary but decisive change of demeanor.

The next person in line behind Aurelia was Miss Crystal Nelson; Stella saw her for the first time, but understood Aurelia perfectly. Miss Nelson looked friendly and extended a slender hand. "I'm Crystal Nelson, Mrs. Greeley," she said. "I hope ——"

"No doubt you do," Stella interrupted, and seeming not to see Miss Nelson's hand, heartily shook that of Mrs. Caples who followed next, and began to chatter cordially to her. She was exuberant with Mrs. Caples, indeed; her voice was loud in this exuberance, for she caught the admiring backward glance of Aurelia and felt the tense exhilaration that comes sometimes to a woman who snubs and finds the proper audience to applaud her.

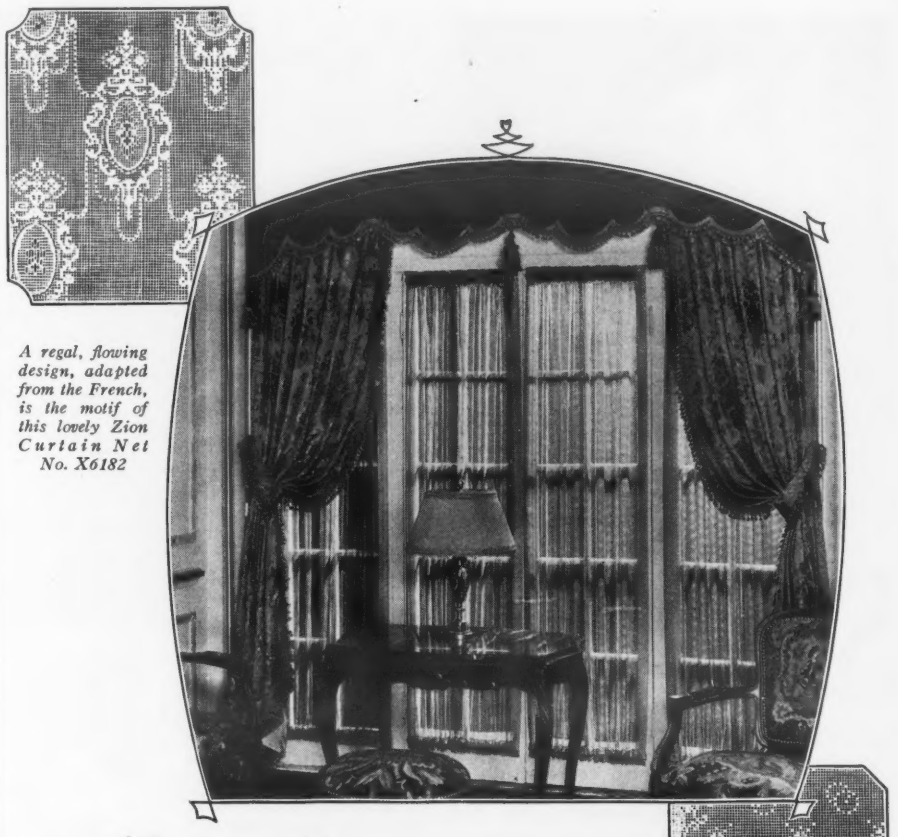
VI

FOR the Greeleys and Hedges so glorious an evening could not be concluded by merely going home and to bed. Arrived at the Warwicke Armes, however, the quartet immediately separated itself into duets, Stella and Aurelia ascending to the latter's apartment for theirs, while Mr. Greeley and Mr. Hedge disposed themselves for conversational reminiscence in the quarters soon to be vacated by the Greeleys. Henry Hedge removed his coat and hung it carefully upon the back of a chair.

"I never do feel just comfortable in a tuck," he explained. "Besides, I want to make this one last out my days. It isn't everybody that's got the money to sling around as easy as you're going to be able to, Bill."

Then, as both gentlemen seated themselves near the radiator and propped their feet upon its gilt coils, he added, "Well, it certainly was a great night for Stella, Bill. She certainly looked her best."

"She certainly did," his friend agreed; then laughed and groaned. "Oh, my! I certainly cut a fine figure as an orator! Stella said afterwards I ought to've been shot and she never was righter in her life. Honestly, Henry, when I got on my feet I didn't think I was going to live through it and I don't know how I did. I guess I was just about the limit, wasn't I? In



A regal, flowing design, adapted from the French, is the motif of this lovely Zion Curtain Net No. X6182

ZION CURTAINS OF DELICATE LACE

Soften the Natural Light

Impressions of sheer loveliness prevail, when light filters in through lace curtains at your windows. For curtains of lace soften contours of room and furniture; they enrich the setting; they make charming interiors.

In Zion Lace Curtains you will find the art of lace making at its height. The beauty of design, the skill of the craftsmen, the delicacy and enduring fine quality of the lace—all are apparent. Not in all the world are there more beautiful loom lace curtains than those which come from the Zion Lace Curtain Mills. You can see them at a store near you. May we call your attention to the coupon below?

Smart and tailored in feeling, Zion Curtain Net No. X5410 is a pleasing addition to the simple decorations of modern homes

ZION LACE CURTAINS

Mills Owned and Operated by
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, *Wholesale*
Chicago New York

Marshall Field & Company, *Wholesale* LHJ 3
P. O. Box 800, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me your Booklet on Zion Lace Curtains, showing 42 photographs of beautiful room settings, and many charming new ways to decorate windows. I enclose 10c.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Earn money AT HOME

Men or women earn $25 to $50 a week at home. All or part time. Fascinating work. Nothing to sell. We teach you at home. Furnish all tools and materials. Artcraft Studios, Dept. D-9, 427 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.

GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME

Operating ORIGINAL "Specialty Candy Factory"; begin spare time. We instruct, furnish Tools and Supplies for turning out HUNDREDS of kinds PURE and DELICIOUS Candies and show how to sell. Profits 100 to 300 per cent—unlimited demand. Men or women. FREE Book explains. W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 140, East Orange, N. J.

How to choose a good blend of tea

INDIA TEA

IF the map of India is on the package you buy, you can be sure the blend contains more than 50% of the world-famed India Tea. Look for the map of India before you buy.

Issued by the Growers of India Tea

"Please Pass the Cake!"

New gold-plated handle, adjustable, makes any service or dinner plate into cake, fruit or sandwich plate, easily passed. Good-looking. Off or on in a jiffy. $1.10 prepaid—order No. 8878.

Beautiful, decorated Bavarian china plate, 10¾ in., heavy gold encrusted, etched design, only $5.50 prepaid—order No. 8879. . . . Handle and plate together, only $6.00 prepaid—order No. 8880.

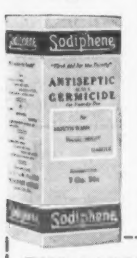
Bargain Catalog just out, 32 pages, illustrated, shows prices reduced 25% to 50%, and offers many novelties not before listed. Catalog is *free*. Send today.

THAYER & CHANDLER
Dept. C-23, 913 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

Sodiphene
TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Conquers Sore Throat

See your dentist twice yearly. Between times, use Sodiphene.



Send coupon today for *free bottle* of Sodiphene, the safe *alkaline* germicide and antiseptic, and learn how to treat sore throat and colds most effectively.

A Sodiphene gargle gives instant relief. Its powerful *alkalinity* neutralizes the acid secretions always found in infected throats. Its distinctive analgesic property soothes the burning discomfort of inflammation.

Recommended by Physicians and Dentists *everywhere*. At all Druggists' in three size bottles.

To try before you buy, send coupon or postal for *free bottle*.

THE SODIPHENE CO., Kansas City, Mo.
Send Free Bottle of Sodiphene
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
M319

confidence now, Henry, was I really as terrible as I sounded to myself, do you think? Did you ever hear a worse speech in your life, or didn't you?"

Mr. Hedge turned toward him the melancholy but kindly face of a true friend. "Well, I don't know as it did you any harm, Bill; and anyhow a man as good as you are in the business doesn't need to be such an all-fired grand speech maker. Your voice was so low and shaky, and Aurelia was fluttering around and whispering so much at our table—showing off about how thick she is with Stella and all—I couldn't get much more than about one-quarter of what you said. The gist of it seemed to be that you were a mighty poor man for the place; but, as I say, it isn't going to do you any harm to be the one that says that. No, Bill, *that* won't do you any harm."

"I hope not," William said doubtfully. Then, sighing gently, he glanced about the little apartment. "Henry, this has been a right cozy little place to live in and it's been pleasant being in the same building with you and Aurelia. I'll hate to leave it; but of course you see how it is: We had to recognize the fact that the Big Boss would naturally want us to live up to the job in outward appearances as well as every other way, and Stella got crazy for a house, too, so of course ——"

"Of course," Mr. Hedge agreed sympathetically. "You'll get to enjoy it, Bill, after a while, too; you'll get used to living in a big house. And anyhow *that* isn't going to do you any harm, Bill."

THE new factory manager moaned jocosely. "No, I expect if that speech of mine tonight didn't do me any harm why nothing else on earth could!"

"Your speech?" Mr. Hedge said, and he looked frowningly at the cigar he was smoking. "No, *that* isn't going to do you any harm, Bill."

Something in the tone of this repetition and the emphasis Mr. Hedge put upon the word "that," caught his friend's inquiring attention. "Something's on your mind, Henry. What is it that is going to do me some harm?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. I was only thinking ——"

"You worrying about the New Policy—those Promotion Marks, Henry?"

"I guess we've all got to worry about them some; but no, Bill, that wasn't what I was thinking about."

"Well, what were you thinking about?"

Mr. Hedge took his time. "Well, it wasn't much," he said slowly. "Fact is, I might have been mistaken. Anyway, it was just a little thing and probably won't ever amount to enough to take notice of. It was something that happened at the reception, and you were standing right there; you probably saw what it was, yourself."

"No, I didn't. Was it anything the Big Boss ——"

"NO, AND I'm pretty sure he didn't notice it. That is, he didn't notice it this time. But it was one of those kinds of things that if they happen once are pretty likely to go on happening, and some other time he probably would notice it and it might make him think you were getting the big head, Bill. Fact is, it might make everybody think so; and you know yourself that to have a lot of talk going around about how you are getting the big head wouldn't do you any good, Bill."

"Me?" William Greeley's feet slid down from the radiator and struck the floor with a thump. "Why, how on earth could anybody ever ——"

"Nobody that knows you right well would think such a thing, Bill," Mr. Hedge said gently. "But of course you know how it is: When a man's wife shows signs of big head everybody thinks they've both got it and ——"

"You mean you noticed Stella doing something that might possibly make people say ——"

"Well, it was hardly anything, Bill. It was just a symptom, so to speak—something maybe you ought to warn her to look out for, so it wouldn't get to growing on her, as it were. Unpopularity begins awful quick for anyone that's new in a high position when they start in giving people under 'em the high hat."

"You saw Stella ——"

"WELL, I just noticed it as we came by you to shake hands at the reception, and it certainly didn't amount to much," Mr. Hedge returned. "I expect Stella was probably cordial enough to most of the crowd; but she certainly did hand it to Miss Nelson a little rough, Bill! Passed right over her, so to speak, and acted like she didn't know there was any such person as Miss Crystal Nelson. Kind of couldn't seem to see her at all, I thought, when Miss Nelson was offering to shake hands. Of course, as I say, it didn't amount to anything, and naturally there wasn't anything personal about it, I don't suppose."

"No," William said seriously. "There couldn't have been, because Stella never met Miss Nelson before. I'm afraid it was maybe just what you say, Henry—a touch of high hat. It won't do for Stella to give anybody a chance to think we're getting that way. I guess I better warn her about it."

"Maybe you might," Mr. Hedge agreed. "I'm not sure I ought to've mentioned it because it really didn't amount to anything at all; but women are mighty funny, Bill, mighty funny! You never can tell just what way anything's going to hit 'em, or which way they'll go. Stella's all right and she'll be just splendid in this new position if you give her just a little bit of guidance now and then, Bill; and she'll take it all right too. She isn't like Aurelia." He sighed gently. "Aurelia, now, is kind of more headstrong."

"Yes," William said. "But Aurelia's a mighty fine woman, too, Henry."

Mr. Hedge sighed again. "Yes, she certainly is; she certainly is, Bill." Then he chuckled faintly. "I expect she and Stella are having a terrible grand powwow upstairs, Bill. Women always have to talk and talk and talk over and over and over anything like the big doings tonight. It'd be funny if we could hear what they're saying. Probably we couldn't understand half of it."

"PROBABLY we couldn't," William said, amused. "I expect we'd laugh if we could hear 'em!" Then, noticing that his friend yawned slightly, "I expect you'd like to get a chance to go to bed, Henry. Maybe you'd better call Aurelia on the telephone and ask her if Stella ——"

"No," said Mr. Hedge. "I was thinking probably we're all kind of tired and you'd like to get to bed, yourself. Maybe you better call up our number and ask Stella if she isn't coming down."

"All right," William returned; but he did not move and remained for a few moments in thought; then he said: "I expect she's pretty excited and having a good time talking it over. I don't like to interrupt her; but maybe it'd be a good thing if you'd call up Aurelia—she must be pretty tired, too—and ask her if Stella isn't coming down pretty soon."

Mr. Hedge looked uncertain; but he acquiesced, went to the telephone and presently called into it the number of his apartment. The voice of Aurelia responded to his ear:

"What you want?"

"Look here, Aurelia," he said. "I was just thinking Bill's been through a good

The Chef's flavoring for home cooking

Kitchen Bouquet for Gravies

What savor, what color it gives! No Chef could do better!

New Style Spoon FREE! With 10c Trial-size Kitchen Bouquet, we will send a big mixing-serving-measuring spoon FREE! This offer to induce trial of Kitchen Bouquet. Send 10c today. Kitchen Bouquet, Inc., West Hoboken, New Jersey.

Famous for 50 years

Permanent beauty and brilliance of your needlework result from using NUN'S BOILPROOF threads. Guaranteed boilproof.

The "boiling kettle" label is your protection.

Children's Style Book FREE

PICTURES everything to outfit babies and children up to 10 years of age. Complete layettes, dresses as low as 49 cents; coats from $1.98 to $9.98; rompers, shoes, sweaters, everything a baby or boy or girl wears in the newest styles. All at low prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Style Book Free. *Write today.*

Lane Bryant Address Dept 53 39th St. at Fifth Ave. New York

CLAY CLOTHES DRIER
Dries washing spotlessly clean, folds like an umbrella to store away. 135-ft. line. Revolves in 15-ft. space. No dragging of basket. A proven success. Durable, rustproof, light weight. Guaranteed. Circular L-229 free.
CLAY EQUIPMENT CORP., Cedar Falls, Iowa

K stands for KANSAS
THE NATIONAL CLEANSING POWDER
Does all the household cleaning as only Kansas Cleanser can.
10¢ At your Grocer's

BECOME A NURSE

THIS school will give you, in your own home, the most complete and practical preparation for nursing obtainable outside the hospital. More than 30,000 students have enrolled during 25 years.

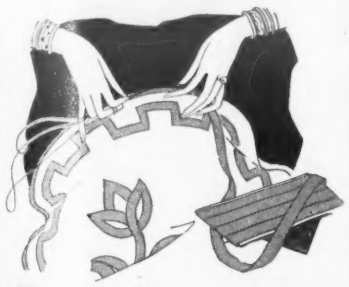
Our Graduates Earn $30 and $35 a Week

The ideal study for all women. Money refunded if dissatisfied after two months' trial. Write for catalog and pages from course. Minimum age, 18.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
815 Fourth Street Jamestown, N. Y.

ALWAYS Ask For DENISON'S—53 Years of Hits
Comedy-Dramas, Farces, Musical Comedies, Revues, Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Comedy Songs. PLAYS Vaudeville Acts, Monologs, Dialogs, Make-up Goods. Catalog Free.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 115, CHICAGO

THE EASY WAY
to trim the
daintiest garment

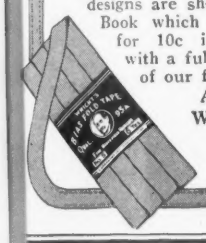


THERE is a quality and width in Wright's Bias Fold Tape suitable for every purpose;—nainsook, percales, lawns, cambrics, soft finish pure silk, taffeta. The widths vary from 4/16-inch to one inch. All guaranteed wash fast.

Be sure to ask for
WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE
Don't accept substitutes—look for the label shown below

Interesting ideas for finishings and trimmings with many clever new designs are shown in our Sewing Book which we will send you for 10c in stamps together with a full three yard sample of our fast color tape.

Address Dept. 109
WM. E. WRIGHT & SONS CO.
Orange, N. J.



NEW YORK SKIN AND CANCER HOSPITAL
Second Ave. at 19th St., New York, N. Y.

Notwithstanding the fact that the present treatment of cancer, including surgery, X-ray and radium, is one of the most costly forms of hospital service, the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital continues as it has done for over forty years to give treatment free to those who are too poor to pay for it. Thus many of the deserving poor are provided with that skillful and costly service without which in so many cases their condition would be hopeless.

Do you not wish to have a part
in this work of relieving human suffering? Make checks payable to the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital.

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.
ABSORBENT
TOWELS
WIPE DRY

Be a Hotel Hostess

ENJOY YOUR WORK! Hundreds of openings in big hotels for women to act as Hostess. Fascinating, uncrowded field that develops charm and personality. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment house in a fashionable section—salary $3,600 per year, with beautiful apartment for my girls and self." Write for FREE BOOK.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Sta. BJ-501 Washington, D. C.

Candy Making Home-Made Pays Big

Our Home Study Method for ladies and men taught by retired manufacturer. Turn kitchen into Candy Shop, make money from first day. Many wealthy, started with no capital. Start quick—grow fast. In the Home-Made Candy business the little fellow has the big fellow at a disadvantage. We furnish tools. FREE Book explains. Capitol Candy School, Dept. AL-1903, Washington, D. C.

Big Profits in Home Cooking!

Alice Bradley, famous expert, shows just how to make and sell foods in big demand. How to cater, run profitable TEA ROOMS, Motor Inns, Cafeterias, etc.—over 51 Ways to Make Money. Quick profits assured. Write today for illus. booklet, "Cooking for Profit." It's FREE.
American School of Home Economics, 847 E. 58th St., Chicago

EXTRA DOLLARS AND PRIZES

Banjo ukes, wrist watches, cameras—may easily be yours. To earn them in your spare time write today to
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
981 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

WEDDING 100 ANNOUNCEMENTS $ 5.00
Script Lettering including two sets of envelopes. One hundred visiting cards—One Dollar. Write for samples.
OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1042 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

deal tonight and he looks kind of tired. He can't go to bed as long as I'm here and I haven't got any place else to go, so if you and Stella are maybe about through talking, why I thought perhaps ——"

The voice of Aurelia in his ear responded fiercely, "Oh, shut up!"

He set the instrument meekly down upon the table, sighed, returned to his chair, and again elevated his feet upon the gilt radiator. "I guess not," he murmured. "Seems like they probably want to talk a little more, Bill."

Bill assented; and for a time they sat in silence, smoking desultorily. Then they fell into talk concerning the N. K. U., Promotion Marks and business prospects. An hour passed before they heard a light step in the corridor; the door was flung open and the bright presence of Stella seemed to fill the room with color and a sharp illumination.

VII

"MY GOOD HEAVENS!" she cried, and her voice was high pitched with an excitement not lessened in this aftermath of her glorious evening, but heightened. "Haven't you two men any sense at all? Don't you ever know when it's time to go to bed?"

Henry Hedge laughed dryly, took his coat from the chair, folded it over his arm and with no other response to Stella's sally than to bid her and William good night, departed—and left the Greeleys alone together.

With the closing of the door William took a step toward his wife, and there was a movement of his arms that denoted an impulse to enfold her in a mutually congratulatory embrace. He was tired, somewhat enervated by the great evening, especially by the emotions incident to his oratorical effort, and what he wanted was to express a little affectionate satisfaction, to hear something of the same kind from Stella and then as soon as possible to get what he was thinking of as "some good old sound sleep." Smilingly, he half yawned as he took the step toward her. "Well, old lady," he began, "we've certainly had a grand ——"

But Stella turned quickly to her dressing table and sat down before the mirror with her back toward him. "I wish he wouldn't smell up this apartment with his cheap cigars," she said, and, leaning closer to the glass, unclasped the necklace of crystal beads her husband had given her upon the fifth anniversary of their wedding. She dangled them between her eyes and the light above her mirror, then held them against her gold hair, like a wreath or slender coronet made of glittering little drops of ice; she gazed intently at this effect in the glass as she spoke. "I do wish if he's got to smoke in here he'd buy better cigars."

"OLD Henry?" Her husband, a little disappointed, turned aside and, having already begun his undressing, hung up his coat and waistcoat in a shallow closet in the wall. Then he sat down to remove his shoes. "Poor old cuss, I was just thinking that we'll miss him—and Aurelia, too, of course—when we move away from here. Henry was a mighty good friend to us when we first came to this town, and we four have always got along mighty well together. Of course we'll see a lot of 'em and all that; but naturally things aren't going to be quite the same as they have been here."

"Won't they? You think they won't?" his wife inquired, and, putting the crystal beads down upon the table, she slowly unfastened one of the earrings that matched them. "I expect we'll see just about as much of them as ever."

"Oh, yes, of course," he assented. "But it won't be the same as running in and out of each other's apartments the way you and Aurelia do here—not with us living in a house over a mile away."

"Won't it?" Stella uttered the short laugh of superior knowledge. "There are other houses in that neighborhood."

"What?"

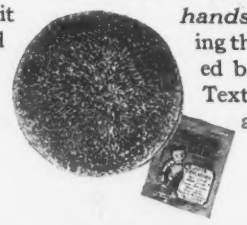
Clever Little Mrs. Jordan...

You would never guess she does her own housework

Smartly gowned and chic, her appearance suggests a personal French maid far more than the maidless household which is reality. (You would never dream that just an hour ago she was rinsing the last of the dishes.) Even her hands do not betray her.

And that's her secret. Knowing that dishwashing, more than any other household chore, makes inroads on a woman's beauty, she has the Chore Girl help her with the dishwashing.

The Chore Girl is an all-copper knit sponge ball. Because of its patented construction, it cleans even the most-difficult dishes and pots and pans almost like magic; and shortens the time your hands must be in the soapy water that is so fatal to their beauty.



Because it is knitted throughout of soft copper, the Chore Girl can not rust or splinter. Nothing has ever been found which more surely guards your hands, making unsightly blemishes and irritating scars of housework a thing of the past.

You will find the Chore Girl a truly marvelous help in the kitchen—and even more important *it saves your hands*. If you have trouble obtaining the Chore Girl at the stores listed below, send 10c to the Metal Textile Corp., Orange, N. J., and a sample will be mailed to you.

The **CHORE GIRL**

10¢

At Woolworth's, Kresge's, Kress', McCrory's and all other 5 and 10's, at Department and Hardware Stores.

. . . . . SAVES YOUR HANDS . . . . .

Clapp's ORIGINAL APPROVED BABY SOUP AND STRAINED VEGETABLES

The Badge of Health Foods for Baby

FOODS FOR GROWING BABIES

Prescribed by over 5000 specialists to supplement the milk diet, these foods save mothers 24 hours a week in cooking and kitchen time. Cost less than if made at home.

In 4 oz. Glass Jars

Ready to dilute, heat and serve. They keep indefinitely when sealed and are equally convenient to use at home or traveling. *Clapp's* BABY SOUP. An appetizing combination of Beef Juice, Vegetables and Cereals. *Clapp's* LIVER SOUP. ½ Calves Liver and ½ Vegetables with the Liver strained raw and cooked in the jar. A combination taken most readily by baby. *Clapp's* STRAINED VEGETABLES, Spinach, Carrots, Asparagus, String Beans, Peas, Beets, Tomatoes, Prunes and Apricots, are all scientifically prepared from carefully selected materials, especially for growing babies and are immensely liked by them.

Ask your Doctor and Write Us for Dealer's Name
HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC.
1335 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

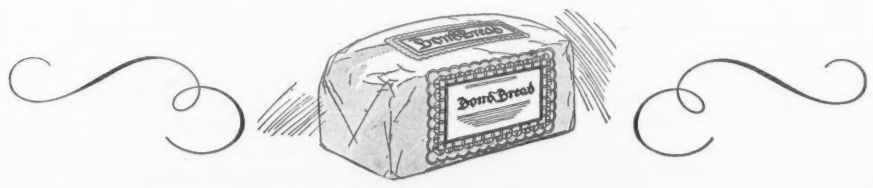
TO WOMEN who would observe the formalities and the fashion, No. 4711 Eau de Cologne is a daily essential. A mildly astringent base for cosmetics, a refreshing adjunct to the bath, a lotion superb, a gently stimulating restorative when one is fatigued—a priceless aid to feminine allure! And, for gentlemen, the perfect conclusion to tub or shower, and an exhilarating yet soothing complement of the morning shave!

No 4711 *Eau de Cologne*
(In the bottle with the blue-and-gold label)
Made in U. S. A. by
Mulhens & Kropff, Inc.
25 West 45th St., New York

WHY IS Bond CALLED THE HOME-LIKE LOAF ?

BECAUSE it is the kind of loaf housewives themselves told the General Baking Company how to make. Only the purest and finest ingredients, they said, would insure the inviting look, the firmness, and the delicious, appetizing flavor that distinguish home-baked from ordinary bread.

For twelve years, without variation, the bakers of Bond Bread have followed these directions. In more than a million homes every day, housewives see Bond maintaining the standards of quality which they set. In the firm, close-knit texture they recognize the substantial loaf that retains its freshness. But above all, it has the true home-like flavor. Bond is called the home-like bread because it *is* home-like.



Bond Bread is delivered fresh twice daily to most grocers in and near these cities:

Baltimore	Detroit	Newark	Providence	Toledo
Boston	Enid	New Haven	Rochester	Tulsa
Brooklyn	Hartford	New Orleans	St. Louis	Washington
Buffalo	Hutchinson	New York	Springfield	Waterbury
Canton	Jersey City	Omaha	Steubenville	Wheeling
Cleveland	Kansas City	Philadelphia	Syracuse	Wichita

Protect *your babies against chills*

Don't take chances with tricky March weather—protect your babies' health by dressing them in Duofold Health Underwear. The fabric of this unique garment is made of two thin *separate* layers. The outside layer contains wool combined with silk, rayon or cotton for warmth and protection; the inside layer is made of soft cotton for comfort—no wool can touch or irritate the skin.

Duofold provides warmth without weight—greater health protection and wearing comfort than heavier, thicker underwear. Exquisitely made—they wear well, wash well and cost no more than other good garments. The Duofold line is complete—shirts, bands, binders, sleepers, union suits, etc. Ask for Duofold at your dealer's. If he hasn't it, use the coupon below for descriptions of garments, prices, etc.

Duofold *Health* **Underwear**

Bands, Binders, Shirts, Union Suits, etc.

Duofold Health Underwear Co. LHJ M
Mohawk, N. Y.
Send descriptions, prices, Duofold for Infants and Children and free Booklet.
Name .....
Address .....
Town ..... State .....

CAMPBELL'S

Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?

Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

Why Suffer Needless Pain?

If you or some friend have a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing. May be used safely by anyone.

Relieve Bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Flu and many other ailments.

Tell Us Your Trouble
Get Our Book on Infra-Red Rays

Quotes leading authorities as well as users

Infra-Red Rays have brought wonderful results for others. Let us send you their letters. Write today for our book giving details.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY
1055 Union Avenue • Alliance, Ohio

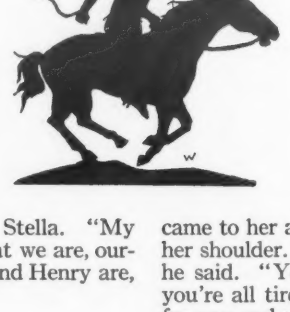
"Certainly," Stella said. "Aurelia's absolutely decided it. They're going to rent a house near ours, and she and I are going up there to look for one right away. It's all set, and she's going to tell Henry about it tonight."

"Why, he can't afford it. They can't do it—especially not in that neighborhood. Henry's salary couldn't possibly stand it."

"Couldn't it?" Stella laughed again in the same superior manner. "Perhaps the salary he's getting now couldn't; but he may have a higher one before long, you see. I think there won't be much difficulty about fixing up a raise for Henry."

William shook his head ruefully. "Stella, there isn't any chance of it. Good old Henry's fixed just where he is for the rest of his days; he knows it himself, and he likes it."

"Aurelia doesn't," Stella said. "Do you suppose she likes living here in this terrible old beehive? She almost cried when we were talking about it tonight before we decided what to do. This place is just about half full of small-town people that have only been in the city a few years, and Aurelia loathes 'em."



William was carrying his patent-leather shoes to the closet. "'Small-town people that have only been in the city a few years!'" he repeated. He dropped the shoes upon the floor of the closet and turned toward Stella. "My goodness! Why, that's what we are, ourselves! It's what Aurelia and Henry are, too, isn't it?"

"NO," STELLA answered quickly. "Maybe it's what we used to be, but not any more. If there's one thing in the world I hate it's this small-town gabble you hear all over the place—from these new N. K. U. people especially—and Aurelia hates it worse than I do. If there's one thing on earth that makes her go just raving crazy, she always says, it's anything that's jay. She says that what Mr. Cooper was talking about tonight in his speech means that now there's going to be more of that than ever—people from the chain of hardware stores getting promotions and coming up to the city. They're just the kind to move in here, and she says she absolutely cannot stand it; they're just as small-town after they get here as they were in their own awful little county seats. What she says is true too. She was talking about what a miserable, cheap, one-horse greenhorn life we all led in Bennettsville before we got a chance to get out of it. Well, we thought the Warwicke Armes was grand when we moved in here; but now we know that it's just about half full of Bennettsville kind of people, and it makes Aurelia sick to think of staying here. You might just as well know it once for all, Bill; I intend to keep Aurelia near me and I'm going to see that she has a house as close to ours as we can find one."

HE WAS perturbed and stared at her, frowning. "Why, of course I'd be as glad as anybody," he said, "if I could see any possible hope of Henry's salary getting raised so he could afford it. I'd certainly do anything I could; but there isn't any way to ——"

"Isn't there?" Stella smiled surreptitiously to the mirror and gave her lovely head a little toss. "I think it can be managed."

"You do? I wish *I* did! I'd give a good deal to see how I could ——"

"You?" Stella interrupted coolly, again glancing into the mirror. "Oh, no; you couldn't do anything."

"You see, Stella, the way Cooper and his father before him built up the N. K. U., the factory manager stands right next to the Big Boss; but in spite of that the manager's never been allowed to have much to do with the upper department promotions. I couldn't ——"

She swung about suddenly in her chair to face him and to his utter astonishment the expression upon her beautiful face seemed to be one of cold hostility. "Who's talking about you? Nobody's asked you to do anything, have they?"

"Why, Stella ——"

But again, with her little laugh superiorly knowing, she cut him short. "Never mind! I expect if I got you where you are I could prob'ly do a little thing like this!"

Her husband, dazed, stared at her hard. "If you got me where I am?" he muttered. "You got me ——"

"GOOD gracious!" she cried sharply. "Do you think I don't count for anything? You act like you thought I was nothing at all and you were everything!"

"Well—but Stella, look here!"

"Yes, you do!" she cried. "You behave like you thought I was just a mere nothing except to pick up your collars and clean up your apartment after your friends have left ashes from their cheap cigars all over the floor, and do a hired girl's work for you, and never be anything of the slightest importance myself. That's the way you've always behaved to me from the very first day we were married, and I guess it's about time for you to understand that I'm getting tired of it!"

The good William was greatly troubled. He came to her and tried to put his hand on her shoulder. "My gracious me, Stella!" he said. "You've been on a strain and you're all tired out. It's been too much for you and you're getting hysterical."

This effort to soothe was apparently misplaced. She drew back from his hand and jumped up. "Don't touch me! I'd think you'd be man enough to understand that after the fine speech you made tonight I wouldn't be caring to have you trying to paw me!"

"Oh, golly!" he moaned. "You weren't any more ashamed of me for that speech than I was of myself, Stella; I expect you're right; it certainly was a terrible thing. I don't blame you."

"Yes, it was terrible," she agreed angrily. "But you don't know yet half how terrible it was."

"Oh my! Oh my! Yes, I do. Nobody could think it was awfuller than I do, Stella. You couldn't possibly think any worse ——"

"OH, YES, I could," she said, and laughed bitterly. "You haven't got gumption enough to see what you did and how it made you look. Honestly, I should think you'd rather have died than get up there before all those people and do what you did to me!"

At this he was sure of her hysteria. "Now, for heaven's sake, let's go to bed and get some rest! I don't believe you know a word you're saying; it actually sounds like you're out of your head."

"You think so!"

"Why, yes—talking about what I did to you ——"

"You don't see it yet? When Mr. Cooper and every one of those men said what they did, and then you got up and said what you did! Did you hear what those other men said?"

"Well, I suppose I did—in a way. I was so flustered trying to remember what I was going to say, myself, and worrying about it and perspiring and all ——"

"Oh, you heard them!" she interrupted sharply. "Don't pretend to me that you didn't hear them simply because they praised your wife."

"What?" he gasped. "What in the world ——"

"Yes, you did! You heard every word. You heard Mr. Cooper himself say how responsible I was for your success and how you'd never in the world have

(Continued on Page 240)

To Be Sure of These Great Movie Books—Make Your Choice Now!

NOT for many months ahead will the Journal make an offer similar to this—and you're sure to find here just the sort of novel you like best. For instance, you may choose *Forlorn River*, a dramatic story of the Old West written as only Zane Grey can write it. Or you may select *The Bellamy Trial*, by Frances Noyes Hart, one of the most talked-about mystery stories published in *The Saturday Evening Post* in recent years. Did you see and hear Al Jolson in the "talkie movie," *The Jazz Singer*? Then you will surely want to own the book. Just make your selection from the popular list below—then follow the simple directions at the right.

Books Pictured

Forlorn River, *Zane Grey*
Tender romance and high courage in the days of cattle-rustling.

The Bellamy Trial, *Frances Noyes Hart*
A tale of blackmail, suspicion and the final disclosure of the murderer of Mimi Bellamy.

Under the Tonto Rim, *Zane Grey*
A lovable girl takes a hand in taming a backwoods community.

The Keeper of the Bees, *Gene Stratton-Porter*
A shell-shocked veteran finds work and love in California.

Lilac Time, *Guy Fowler*
Love comes to a wartime aviator on the battlefields of France.

The Jazz Singer, *Arline de Haas*
A young cantor is torn between the call of his people and the call of the stage.

Paul de Kruif, eminent writer-scientist

A Special Treat

You may feed a herd of cattle abundant food, yet see them starve before your eyes. You may cross two varieties of runty maize, yet make them yield the finest corn. You may plant wheat on land that is worse than useless, yet see it prosper mightily. These are some of the warm scientific facts that Paul de Kruif deals with in *Hunger Fighters*—facts and the men who struggled to make them known. It's a book you'll want to keep forever. Select it, if you wish, in place of any of the novels on this page.

Further Choice

Wings, *John Monk Saunders*
A small town feud smoulders and breaks forth on the battlefields of France.

Abie's Irish Rose, *Anne Nichols*
A hilarious novel of New York's lower East Side.

7th Heaven, *Austin Strong*
The love story of a Parisian street sweeper.

The Winning of Barbara Worth, *Harold Bell Wright*
The passions, the loves of strong men and brave women in a desert background.

So Big, *Edna Ferber*
A best selling novel, winner of the Pulitzer Prize, and a great picture.

The Mine with the Iron Door, *Harold Bell Wright*
Bandits, rustlers and wild Mexicans in the Arizona mountains.

How to Claim Your Copies

For any *two* of the books described on this page, send us only two new or renewal subscriptions for the *Ladies' Home Journal* from people *outside your family who do not live at your home.* Collect only $1 each for any address in the United States or Canada; for foreign addresses, collect $2.50.

Mail the full amount you collect with your request for the books. You need not be a subscriber to qualify, but your own subscription cannot be counted. We will forward the books at once, postage prepaid, to any address* other than that of one of your subscribers.

For three books, secure and send *three* subscriptions; or send just *five* subscriptions for any *six* books. Only orders for two or more books will be accepted; *do not* send one subscription for one book.

*Be sure to include R. F. D. on every address. On account of imposts, no orders can be accepted for books to be shipped to foreign countries. And for each book ordered for Canada, add 10c to cover duty.

Al Jolson and May McAvoy lift The Jazz Singer (Warner Brothers Production) far out of the commonplace.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is responsible for the glorious picturization of *The Bellamy Trial*

Ladies' Home Journal

957 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A Telephone Call is the nicest sort of Remembrance

A Bell System Advertisement

ANNIVERSARIES to be remembered . . . friends convalescing . . . children away at school and feeling homesick . . . birthdays coming. . . .

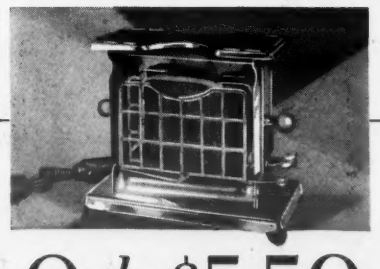
Whatever the occasion, an out of town telephone call is the nicest sort of remembrance.

It is the quickest way to reach people. It carries with it your voice—a touch of intimacy no other means of communication can give. And it is surprisingly inexpensive. Few gifts cost so little, yet pay such big returns in appreciation and affection.

Upon many occasions a telephone call is most appropriate. From your own home, you can bid friends bon voyage. Wish them success in new undertakings. Invite them to social events—and know immediately whether they can accept Make "voice visits" with them no matter where they are, or conduct business promptly and efficiently. Conclude vacation arrangements. Reserve hotel or camp accommodations. Plan to meet friends and relatives when traveling.

And "family solidarity" is so easily accomplished. Even though other members of the family are in distant places, you can keep in close touch with them *by telephone!* Make it a practice to telephone friends and relatives regularly.

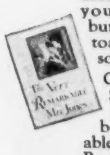
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM



Only $5.50

for crisp quick toast this new way···send for free booklet

New Torrid Pushomatic Toaster offers remarkable value. Toast-carrier turns automatically when you press cool button—no burned fingers. Makes perfect toast every time—either crisp or soft, as you prefer.



Colorful, smart, inexpensive. $5.50. Insist on Torrid. At most dealers'. Write today for free booklet describing 12 remarkable electric appliance values. The Beardsley & Wolcott Mfg. Co., Dept. 3L, Waterbury, Conn.

TORRID·· Electric HOME HELPERS

Colorite

STRAW HAT FINISH

Makes old straw hats like new~

25¢ at Drug and Department Stores

30¢ in Canada

Also try Colorite Fabric Dyes

Made by CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Choose correct announcements for the happy event in the quiet leisure of your own home—so much more satisfactorily than on a hasty shopping trip. My Sample Book, with its helpful suggestions, is so complete that it will delight you. Sent FREE upon request, with dainty book of "Wedding Etiquette." For prompt service, tell me about how many announcements are required. Anne Kieran, THE CATHEDRAL OF ENGRAVING, INC., 1 Langenberg Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from Page 238)

amounted to anything if it hadn't been for me! You heard them all, one after the other; you saw them stand up there and say what they did about me—and then you get up and make an exhibition of yourself that's just pitiable, and I guess everybody in that whole place wondered why, if all those other men thought I deserved the appreciation and praise they gave me, my own husband didn't even utter a single word about me. That was a nice thing for me to endure, wasn't it? When all the others ——"

"Oh, my goodness!" William moaned. "I just never thought of it. I wrote out that terrible speech of mine in the office and tried to learn it by heart, and kept practicing it whenever I was alone all afternoon. After I got on my feet I couldn't have changed it, or said anything different, even if it had occurred to me that it would be proper to put in a compliment to you, or something."

"AND of course it never occurred to you to put one in while you were writing your speech! It never occurred to you that you owed me anything for getting you where you are. It never occurred to you even when you heard what Mr. Cooper and those other men said about how you owed your success to ——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" William, mystified and distressed, was becoming also a little nettled. "I tell you I couldn't have changed my speech after I got started to save my soul. Those other men all know how to speak, and they put in what they said about you just on the spur of the moment, as it were. They know how to do things like that and I don't, and I'm sorry I don't; I wish I did. But, see here, they said all that about you a good deal because you were looking your best tonight, Stella, and for heaven's sake don't get to thinking they meant it seriously, and don't let it give you the big head, Stella. And that reminds me, there's something I wanted to talk to you about—I didn't mean to bring it up until tomorrow morning at breakfast; but I guess I might as well go ahead with it now."

"Go ahead with it," she said, breathing rapidly. "Go ahead with it!"

"Well, it's just this," William began somewhat doggedly. "It's just this, Stella: The way it looks to me, all that flattery and everything you heard tonight I thought was just fine while it was going on; and I'll admit I was kind of proud myself to hear them making such a fuss over you; but, good land! I didn't dream it was going to upset you and start you to thinking you've done all this and that, instead of my own work's doing it, and I certainly never dreamed it would start you to high-hatting people you ought to be friendly with. I certainly never dreamed any such a thing as that, Stella."

"Who did I high-hat?" she asked.

"LISTEN!" he said. "How did you treat Miss Nelson at the reception? What did you do when she came up to shake hands with you?" Then, as Stella gave a gasp of anger and started back from him, he lifted a hand of entreaty. "Now wait! I'm not saying it amounted to much, or that I meant to take you to task for it exactly; and anyhow it might have been partly accidental ——"

"No, it wasn't," she interrupted. "Don't think for a minute that there was any accident about it. You have the nerve to stand there and ask me how I treated Miss Crystal Nelson? I treated her the way I'm always going to treat her, and if you don't like it you better look out!"

With that, she swung away from him and began to pull her dress off over her head. As for her husband, he dropped down upon a chair. "I don't know what's come over you," he said. "You've never been the same since the day after I landed the big job. I noticed the difference in you right away then, Stella; but I didn't say anything about it because I thought as soon as you got used to it you'd be more like yourself again. But every single minute you've acted flightier and flightier—until now I actually believe you've plumb lost your balance. What in the name of common sense have you got against Miss Crystal Nelson?"

FROM within the sack of cornflower-colored chiffon in which her head and upper body were enveloped the voice of Stella came viciously. "Oh, dry up!" Then, as she emerged and went to hang her dress in a closet opposite that wherein William had hung his coat and waistcoat, and deposited his shoes, she sent him a shrewish glance over her pretty shoulder. "Ask Mrs. Thomas! Ask Mrs. Peale!"

Upon this, William was completely blank. "Ask Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Peale?"

Stella turned away from the closet. "I'll let you know right now that what happened to them isn't going to happen to me!" she said.

"What happened to Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Peale? What did happen to 'em?"

"Miss Crystal Nelson happened to 'em," Stella answered grimly. "If you don't know what goes on under the surface in the N. K. U. it's about time you learned."

"You mean to say ——"

"Listen!" she interrupted imperiously. "It's about time that young woman's activities ended. Mrs. Peale couldn't stand her husband having that girl for his secretary, and so she made him resign, then when Mrs. Thomas couldn't stand the same thing any longer Mr. Thomas had to resign. That isn't going to happen to me."

William rubbed his forehead. "My land! Do you have to believe every piece of crazy gossip you hear? Peale had to quit because the Big Boss decided he was losing his efficiency, and so did Thomas."

"IS THAT so?" Stella returned scornfully. "Perhaps you didn't know they both retired at their own request because their wives made them."

"That's pure nonsense. Everybody high up in the N. K. U. 'retires at his own request.' That's just a form when a tip from the Big Boss gets into the air that there's going to be retirements. I'd be 'retired at my own request,' myself, if I began to get wind of such a tip."

Quickly and surprisingly, upon this, Stella uttered a loud and shrill laugh. "Yes, I guess you would! Maybe you better look out you're not retired at somebody else's request."

"Somebody else's? Why, whose?"

"At mine!" She came toward him furiously. "Oh, you needn't sit there and goggle at me because I tell you, right here and now, something like that's liable to happen if you don't watch your step mighty carefully. Let me tell you I guess I know quite a few things about your Miss Nelson!"

"She isn't my Miss Nelson, and just for instance what do you know about her?"

"I know one thing: You're not going to sit there day after day dictating to her!"

"You're right about that, Stella," he returned promptly. "But it looks to me as if you were mistaken in thinking you know so much about her. I don't dictate letters to Miss Nelson; there's a stenographer for that. I don't think you understand. I'm supposed to run the N. K. U. plants. My secretary looks after all the office details, and let me tell you that's a pretty

important job because it includes the Big Boss' office details, too—his own secretary is the kind you're thinking about; just takes dictation and runs errands. Miss Nelson's been with the N. K. U. a good part of her life; she knows it like a book and, while she's mighty quiet and never puts on anything to be important, she's always there with the goods. What's more, I said a while ago that I'm holding down a job that puts me right next to the Big Boss himself; but I'm not so plumb sure about that as I might be, and for just this reason: Cooper only spends about two hours a day at the offices, and about all he ever says to Miss Nelson when he comes in is just 'Good morning.' But the longer I've been with the N. K. U. the more I've sort of thought she had a good deal of influence with him. What I mean, if there is anybody that's more next to him than the factory manager, why it's the factory manager's secretary. That's why I think that if you thought that you had to begin high-hatting people, Stella, you began at the wrong place."

"OH, I DID, did I?" Stella was angrier than ever, and again she laughed shrilly. "Because your Miss Nelson has so much influence with Mr. Cooper and not because she's already got so much with you? Oh, no! You aren't concerned about her at all, and yet by your own confession all he ever says to her is just 'good morning!'" Stella's laughter became louder and shriller. "I never heard anything like it in my life! You're not very hard to see through, Bill Greeley. Do you suppose I don't see what you're fixing to tell me?"

"I'm not fixing to tell you anything," he turned, irritated. "I don't know what you're talking about. What am I fixing to tell you?"

"You're going to try and put it over on me that if you tried to fire her Mr. Cooper would interfere and wouldn't let you; that's exactly what you're trying to do."

"I am not, and I'm not thinking of firing her either."

"But if you were," Stella said mockingly. "If you were, Mr. Cooper wouldn't let you, would he?"

"I don't know whether he would or not; I kind of think he wouldn't; but what's that got to do with it? I'm not thinking of firing her."

"Why aren't you thinking of it?" she demanded.

He jumped up, facing her. "Because there isn't any reason on earth why I should do such a thing."

"No? Not if your wife demands it?"

WILLIAM, goaded, was becoming desperate. "Stella, you're acting like a crazy woman! What on earth's Miss Nelson ever done to you? She's never done anything at all except attend to her own business, and I've always had the highest admiration for her on account of the way she does attend to it. Then just the little time since I've been factory manager and had her working with me has made me see I could hardly run the place without her, though I could pretty nearly believe she could run it without me. I'd no more think of handing her out her walking papers than I'd ——"

"What about your own?" And now there glistened a sudden water of anger along Stella's eyelids. "What about your own walking papers? You don't think you're in any danger of my handing you out yours when you dare to talk to me like that?"

"What?" he gasped.

"I mean it!" she cried. "After your talking to me like this, that woman either goes or I won't live with you. You dare to stand up here and defend her and praise her to my very face? You call your wife a crazy woman and in the same breath you gush and mush all over *her*—you call your wife a lunatic and then go ranting around about how you been admiring Crystal Nelson for years and years! You can get along without your wife, all right, but you can't get along without Crystal Nelson. Your wife ought to be put in an asylum, but Crystal Nelson is a goddess that runs the whole N. K. U.! Crazy am I? Let me tell you, William Greeley, I'm not as crazy as you are if you expect me to sit and bear a thing like this and not do anything about it. Either I get rid of that woman, or I leave you!"

HER unfortunate husband was at the end of his resources. "Well, either you're crazy or I am. You're certainly behaving like a crazy ——"

Stella screamed aloud. "Crazy! You call me that again, do you? I'll show you which one of us is crazy. You may find out that you and that woman aren't running the whole N. K. U.! Crazy am I? I'll show you who ——"

"Stella! Stella!" he begged piteously. "You'll have everybody in all the apartments around here hammering on our door to see what's the matter. For mercy's sake, stop your noise!"

Stella threw herself full length upon the maroon velvet sofa, and wept aloud. "I'll show you!" she sobbed. "That woman's a goddess and your wife's a lunatic! You'll find out! Yes, and she'll find out too! She'll find out how much of a goddess the N. K. U. thinks she is when I have her put out of there. You stand up before a thousand people and can't say a decent word about your wife; and then you come home and call me a lunatic. You'll see whether I bear it or not! You'll see! You'll see! You'll see!"

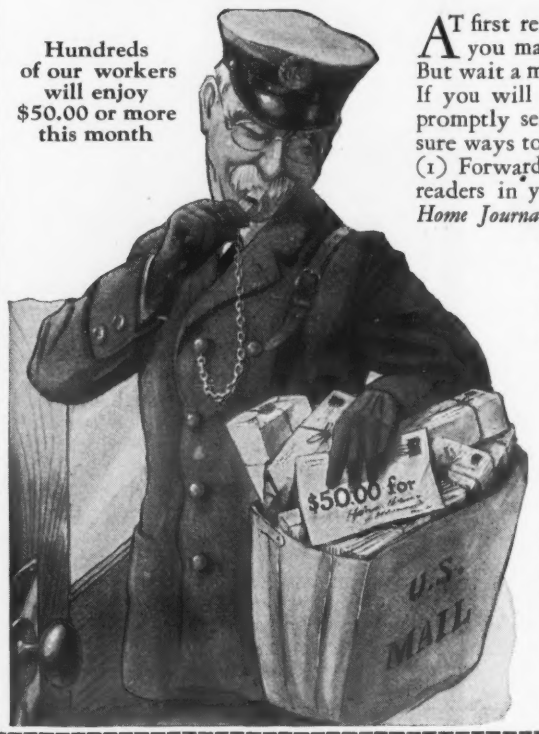
WILLIAM opened the mirror-faced doors that concealed the bed, which was already made up for the night; he pulled the bed down and sat upon it, groaning. "Oh, dearie me, dearie me, dearie me! Everything was all right between us until I got this big job. I wish to heaven the N. K. U. had let me alone where I was! I'd never have taken it if I'd thought it was going to do anything like this to us. I don't understand it; honestly, I don't understand how on earth such a trouble as this could have happened to us, Stella."

His wife continued to sob into one of the two maroon-colored velvet sofa pillows, and he remained sitting upon the bed, muttering woefully to himself at intervals. Never in his life had he known greater distress, or puzzlement so acute; and in this latter phase, his emotional bewilderment, he had not much the advantage, if he had known it, of his wife. For Stella, suffering although she was from the jealousy she had built up within herself, did not know why she had built it, and beneath all the tumultuous surface of her agitation she felt almost as profound a puzzlement as William did himself.

(To be Continued)

DEAR OLD LADY: "I AM RETURNING THESE TIME-TABLES; YOU SEE WE HAD TO CANCEL OUR TRIP"

Will He Bring $50.00 to YOUR Home?



Hundreds of our workers will enjoy $50.00 or more this month

AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit:
(1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman;* (2) securing new subscriptions and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as gifts.

No Experience Necessary

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50.00 or more. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon below. It will bring you, without charge, all the information and equipment you'll need to get started right away.

Mail This Coupon

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 979 Independence Square, Phila., Penna.

Please send to me by first class mail everything I'll need to make an extra fifty or more.

Name..... *Age*.....
Please print name and address
Street.....
City..... *State*.....

GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off! **W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 18, East Orange, N. J.**

WEDDINGS
ENGRAVED OR PRINTED INVITATIONS ETC.
FREE SAMPLES: 100 VISITING CARDS $1.00
CAPITOL SOCIAL ENGRAVING CO.
428 EVENING STAR BLDG. WASHINGTON, D.C.

GARTSIDE'S IRON RUST SOAP
Removes ink, rust, fruit, medicine, nicotine, mildew, iodine and mercurochrome stains. On sale Drug, grocery, department and hardware stores 25c. Or 30c mail.
Dept. J, 677 N. Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Big Profits in Candy Making!
Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to *make* and sell her APPROVED Home-Made Candies. Equipment, work sheet, formulas, boxes, adv. cards, selling plans—*everything* provided. Make money after 1st Lesson! Quick profits assured. Write today for free "Work Sheet" on *FUDGE*.
American School of Home Economics, 847 E. 58 St., Chicago

In Your Living Room
Moore Push-less Hangers
THE HANGER WITH THE TWIST
Safely hold heavy pictures without marring walls.
10c Pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Phila.
No hammer needed when you use Moore Push-Pins.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
Relief for Throat Troubles
BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous **DENTIFRICE**
A SUPERIOR TOOTH POWDER
Samples on request.
JOHN I. BROWN & SON BOSTON, MASS.

KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG
Tedious treatments unnecessary if the soap used for daily cleansing is
Resinol

HERBERT C. CHIVERS, ARCHITECT
Plans 1% OF COST OF BUILDING Sketches $15
To get away from that local sameness, I will design building and your local man can superintend it. 14 Morningside Ave., N. Y.
Send $1.00 for 25-foot Model house plan.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME or in an easy position. Cake making, candy making and Catering is fascinating and profitable. Send Now for free book L, "How I Made Good" written by a successful student.
The Iridor School, 669 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

WEDDINGS
100 Engraved Wedding Announcements $10.50. 100 Imitation Engraved $5.00. Correct styles. Engraved Calling Cards. Write for samples.
Adelphia Eng. Co., 826 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Tea Room Managers in Big Demand
Hundreds of new tea rooms, cafeterias, lunch rooms, motor inns, now opening every week are calling for trained managers. Shortage acute. We receive daily calls for managers, assistant managers, hostesses, table directors, buyers, etc.—both men and women. *Big salaries paid to trained executives.* We teach you entire business in your spare time—and put you in touch with big opportunities. Write for **Free Book** "Pouring Tea for Profit." **Lewis Tea Room Institute,** Dept. BJ-549, Washington, D. C.

YOU can eat your way to health and enjoy it! No dreary, tasteless diet, but delicious, appetizing foods that tempt your palate! A famous nutrition authority who has studied this subject for 50 years has written a 64-page book, "Healthful Living." This will be sent you free on request. Describes with recipes, foods used with such excellent results in the famous Battle Creek Diet System. Send for it right now, without obligation. The Battle Creek Food Company, Dept. 18–16th St., Battle Creek, Michigan.
64 Page DIET BOOK FREE

WOMEN Make $50 Weekly EASY
You can make $18 to $35 weekly spare time—$50 to $75 full time—showing beautiful Lingerie "V" Chains. New invention—**positively prevents shoulder straps slipping.** Real comfort at last! Women buy eagerly. Not sold in stores. **Free Chain Offer.** Write today; no obligation. Have your own income. No experience needed. **LINGERIE "V" COMPANY, 23 Beach St., North Windham, Conn.**
Retail Price, $1.35; with Pearls, $2.25

All for 10¢ 6 Yds. **BOIL-PROOF BIAS TAPE 10¢** and Needlework Book
Regular 25c Value. 6 yds. No. 5 Lawn; all popular colors, also black and white. Absolutely boil-proof. Choice of single or double fold. Name color and fold wanted. 40-page Needlework Book with 500 New Ideas also sent. All for 10c.
Virginia Snow Studios, Dept. 2237-B, Elgin, Ill.
(37)

Want $100?

To learn how you may earn it in your spare time send the coupon below today

Miss Eleanor Brown of Montana has made over $6.00 extra in a single day as our subscription representative. She started without experience—with just the desire for some extra money regularly to do with as she liked. She succeeded from the first. So can you.

Without Experience

The Curtis Publishing Company
983 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How may I earn up to $1.50 an hour extra in spare time?

Name.....*Age*.....
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Mrs. Hoover Knows

(Continued from Page 6)

Her fixed glance met his with a final toss of her head. She won. She had physical presence in Tientsin in her favor.

"Hum-m-m!" he grumbled and, head down in his intent way, started on whatever errand he had in hand without attempting further discussion.

"All right, Bertie," she called after him happily, now gracious in victory.

"All right, Lou," he replied but still somewhat grumpily, as if wondering what in the devil was a man to do with a stubborn wife like that. He had thought that she had more sense and he could always reason with her.

Again it was what every woman knows. She knew how careless her Bertie was when his mind was set on business in this crisis of his young fortunes. If she were not there to watch him he might be starting off through the Boxer country as the only means to the end which preoccupied him. Her own business was to keep watch of her man; and there were no lapses in her sentry go.

Some women make one home which is permanent, and there they stay bringing up their children on the same street in the same town. Mrs. Hoover was to make many temporary homes other than that Tientsin cottage for her Bertie, whose range as a mining engineer was not cities but deserts, jungles and remote mountain ranges which had stores of mineral wealth. A steamer's cabin, a hotel room, she must make a home. Where she went with him there was home; and he wanted her always with him. Housekeeping might be set up for a few weeks in a shack near a mining property.

Wife and Mother

THERE were sweet memories of the Tientsin cottage where the ambitious young couple began their team play which was to carry them so far; and sweet memories, too, for all his subordinates to whom it was also a home. His plans in China had been as shell-shocked and mauled as the cottage by the Boxer uproar. But out of the chaos he wrought a new company, financed by the London firm that had sent him to Australia. At twenty-six he was made a partner in the firm, the technical director of all the many mining properties it managed.

And the next semipermanent home she made for him was an apartment at Hyde Park Gate, in a very quiet part of the West End of London, which they sublet. On his way to and from business he had to walk across Kensington Gardens to the subway, which she knew was good for him.

They did not think that they would be in London long. They saw themselves just as passengers in that English world. Their dream, as exiles, was to return to Stanford. He talked, once he had an independence, of becoming a professor of mining in his college and giving his life to its development.

So active a pair settled in academic shades! I could not see the picture as holding the bliss of their anticipation.

"You are drawn in, one venture will lead to another. You cannot escape!" I suggested.

"I know better," he said. And she added, "Of course, we shall travel some for pleasure."

Next I saw them in the famous old eighteenth-century Red House. The red door at the street entrance, set in a long wall, suggested that it must open into a great mansion; but the house was not large. It was the garden in the big walled space in the midst of rows of houses which gave the sense of a home of lordly proportions.

She had given it the touch of her personality. The old house had an American atmosphere.

It was a restful place to have awaiting the travelers back from the South African Rand or the frontier of Burma or the Russian steppes, back from the roar of stamp mills and railroad trains and the throb of steamer engines. He could appreciate it better than the man who never travels; but not better than the brief homes she made for him in the distances with his work a part of her life in his world-wide game.

The telephone rang oftener at the Red House than at the Hyde Park apartment—that is, it rang oftener in the periods when it was learned at his London office that the Hoovers were in town, and not in Australia, India or California.

As their travels spread and his interests spread their circle of friends had grown. Larger and larger were the number of his business associates and of engineers who worked under him and for whom she made the Red House home. She knew each one and his family; understood each one's trials and problems and tightened their faith in him as their chief.

The friends of the Hoovers sometimes called the Red House the Hoover Club. For they entertained much, most generously, in their own way, which was a "drop-in" friendly hospitality.

When you went there to dinner you might find two or three others or perhaps ten, usually from the ends of the earth. Mrs. Hoover might not know how many there would be until the afternoon, all depending upon who called him up to announce another arrival of a friend in London. From the modest days to the more plethoric she had her allowance for running the house in her own account; and she did the managing housekeeper's rest, which was a good deal.

Lack of what is called "social fitness" never occurred to her as barrier to any of his workers or associates. As hostess she had training for her gift in making the rough diamond feel at home and sparkle. He might bring much that her husband wanted to learn, more education and power for both. She knew how to make people talk and whom her Bertie liked to hear talk.

The gardens of the Red House were the playground for the two Hoover sons. She was very pleased that the first son in his childhood much resembled father; and father was pleased, too. A reminder of this was one of the few things that indicated he might be susceptible to vanity. He would make it another occasion, perhaps, to slip into the dining room before dinner began and return munching nuts he had purloined from the table.

Making a Background

AFTER the children came Mrs. Hoover was between the calls of being near them and with her husband on his trips.

There was much council on the upbringing of little Herbert and Allan. Feeding and care must be on the most advanced scientific methods of the day which are now generally accepted. They must be educated on American lines. It was certain that Leland Stanford would be their college.

I remember once mentioning death in little Herbert's presence when he was about four, and I had a warning look from Mrs. Hoover which made me change the subject. Afterward she explained that they did not plan to tell him about death until he was old enough to understand its meaning in the true sense.

I recall, too, the father's satisfaction when he remarked one day that he had put aside enough money to care for his wife and children—man's first duty to his family—whatever happened to him, or whatever the turn of his fortunes in the future.

Before the boys were old enough to go to school, when both wife and children with him now meant home, they were often taken with their parents on their journeys. When they were in school and she could leave them in hands that could be trusted, she went alone with her husband for short trips.

It was partly the thought of the children's future which urged the traveling mother to set up another home, the first really permanent home in the Hoover view. This was at Palo Alto, near Stanford University, which the boys would attend.

Either at the Red House or at Palo Alto the wife organizer by telegraph would have dinner ready for the husband organizer when they stepped off the train; and people called in from the Stanford faculty to join them if he chose. In hospitality as well as in business the Hoovers were all for action.

"My part is to make a background for Bertie," as she said.

He was forty and they were still in London. From Pole to Pole he was known in the mining and financial world as a big man, equal to greater things; and so was she as a woman. He would walk in the garden of the Red House in the evening, still dreaming of Palo Alto. Sundays they would go for an automobile ride; or up the Thames for a picnic luncheon. He had rather let the boat rest than row much.

First Lady of the Land

"BERTIE is such an organizer that he would like to organize other people to exercise for him," she said once. But he kept well. Both Hoovers have constitutions of iron. She knew when fatigue made it quitting time for him. She sent him to bed when he remained up far into the night at work after his guests, who had given him relaxation, were gone.

And when he was forty another human hurricane, that of the German army advancing into France, shook his widespread enterprises at the same time that it shook the world. Then the finger of destiny touched the world pair in the sudden flash of fame. They wanted to do their "bit" in the war. Both minds long trained in team play saw opportunity which the two pairs of hands seized with experienced grip.

When I saw the Hoovers in the Savoy Hotel in August, 1914, in London, they were again dealing with refugees, American tourists in flight from the hurricane. Mrs. Hoover was passing along a row of tables, her smile much in play.

Behind the tables were young women, college women favored of course, whom she had chosen as assistants. A queue of tourists waited their turns; and "Next!" meant that another American would have his uncertainty resolved and get a card which assured him of the earliest steamer passage possible. Such was her part in the team play of her husband's impromptu organization to meet a war emergency.

This job finished, it led to the greater one of feeding and caring for the people of Belgium, which had been overrun by the German Army. I recall a trip with the Hoovers to Belgium in the early days of the Belgian relief work when German soldiers took passports at the frontiers and patrolled roads and streets.

Thus far the pair had won place solely by their own initiative and resource; but now the world came to meet them and set them under the spotlight, on the world stage, for a future for which their world range had well prepared them. The hostess' circle of the Red House broadened to include world leaders who were the husband's associates.

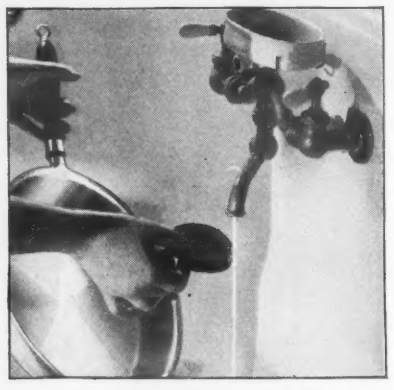
At last the exiles were to come home, to Washington—not to Palo Alto as they had dreamed. In Washington for eight years, whether three or twenty to dinner, the hostess' part was the same as in the Tientsin cottage, or the Red House, broadening the circle of those who had faith that nothing was too good or great for her Bertie.

And now she is to make another home for him in the White House just a little more than thirty years after the honeymoon trip across the Pacific.

"See how they sparkle and shine!"

Even broilers can be cleaned quickly!

You know how hard grease burns onto your broiler. You scour and scour to get it off. Now—try S. O. S.! A few brisk rubs, and your broiler is clean. The hardest part of your kitchen work made easy.



Just wet the pad — and rub!

That's all you do, with S. O. S. No soaps, powders or cloths are necessary. So quickly that it will surprise you, S. O. S. will remove the blackest burns and most stubborn stains. It is the *modern*, easy way.

It's easy with S.O.S. *the modern way* to clean Aluminum

THREE times a day your favorite aluminum kettles, pans, and skillets stare you in the face — burned, stained, greasy. To clean them easily and quickly, that's what you've always wanted.

With S. O. S. you can now do this hardest part of dishwashing with such ease, so quickly, that you find a new joy in owning beautiful aluminum, for you can keep it always bright and clean—just like new.

S.O.S. cleans and polishes in one simple operation. No other cleaner is so convenient to use.

Just wet a pad of S. O. S. and rub! The *modern*, simple, easy way to clean aluminum. No *extra* soap or powder to bother with, for S. O. S. contains its own special grease-cutting and scouring materials.

S.O.S. has many other uses. Quickly removes every trace of stubborn burned spots from tin, baking glass, and enamelware. Tarnish and stain vanish from nickeled stoves, faucets, drainboards and linoleum. Whenever things are hard to clean, remember—S. O. S. will do it *easily*.

You will appreciate S. O. S. for what it does; for the time and effort it saves. Hundreds of women have taken the trouble to write us how happy they are to have it on hand always. It is economical too, for you can use a pad of S. O. S. over and over again.

We recommend a full-size package of S. O. S. for a good trial. Your store can supply you. Or, if you prefer, send the coupon below.

In 3-pad and 6-pad packages. Sold by leading grocery, hardware, department and variety stores.

©1929, S.O.S. Mfg. Co.

S.O.S

Pat. Jan. 15, 1918—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Magic Scouring Pads

(Not good after September 30, 1929) L. H. J. 3

Mail to THE S. O. S. MFG. CO., 3500 South Morgan St., Chicago, Ill., or S. O. S. MANUFACTURING CO. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Gentlemen:

Please send me your FREE trial package of S. O. S.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Dealer's Name and Address .....

Keep the Health Squad on duty . . . through the *Danger Months*

By giving this food-combination make sure that these four policemen guard your child's health.

You can visualize the four vitamins as four policemen. They stand guard against disease. They promote healthy growth and development.

Vitamins, in variable quantities, are present in certain foods. Yet even when you plan your meals for vitamin-content you cannot always be sure of getting enough vitamins. Many things affect them. In vegetables, ripeness. In meats, the food of the living animal. The only sure way of calculating vitamin-content is in the biological laboratory.

But you no longer have to guess about vitamins. Some months ago, a biological chemist of recognized standing (name and copies of his report furnished on request) reported that a simple food-combination, prepared by adding Maltine With Cod Liver Oil to orange juice, contained the four vitamins—A, B, C and D in adequate quantity for health. This report is of far-reaching importance in the feeding of children.

Add Maltine With Cod Liver Oil to orange juice and take the guesswork out of your child's daily menu. It will furnish that little body simple and *effective* protection against the diseases that follow vitamin deficiency.

Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is easily administered and as easily digested. Keep a bottle in the kitchen cabinet and see that your children take it regularly.

Write for "The Doctor Talks about Vitamins"

Medical men have acclaimed this brilliantly-written booklet one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of vitamins. Its every-day language is interesting as well as authoritative. May we send you a free copy? The Maltine Company, Brooklyn, N. Y. Established 1875.

The A B C's of vitamins

A "Officer A" *is essential to normal growth and helps protect against certain infections, especially those that attack the respiratory system. Cod liver oil is the recognized richest available source of vitamin A.*

B "Officer B" *is also necessary for growth and health. Lack of vitamin B results in loss of appetite, a cessation of growth, and the appearance of certain nervous disorders. Vitamin B is found in whole wheat grains.*

C "Officer C" *prevents scurvy. Orange juice is everywhere recognized as very rich in vitamin C. That's why we recommend this policeman.*

D "Officer D" *enables the body to use the minerals contained in food. A deficiency of vitamin D causes rickets, that weakener of child bones. This factor is meager or lacking in all our ordinary foods. Cod liver oil is nature's gift of rich vitamin D.*

Maltine
WITH COD LIVER OIL

Accepted by the Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association

Index of Advertisers

March, 1929

	PAGE
Adelphia Eng. Co.	241
Allen-A Company, The	212
All-Year Club of Southern California	197
Aluminum Wares Association	124
American Chain Company, Inc.	118
American Farm Machine Co.	155
American Kitchen Products Co.	116
American Radiator Company	199
American School of Home Economics	237, 241
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	240
Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation	168
Arden, Elizabeth	189
Armstrong Cork Company	44, 95
Artcraft Studios	235
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., The Great	71
Audel & Co., Theo.	154
Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The	73
Babbitt, Inc., B. T.	156
Baker & Co., Inc., Walter	215
Baker Co., Franklin	72
Ball & Socket Mfg. Co.	154
Battle Creek Food Co., The	241
Bauer & Black	229
Bay State Fishing Co.	170
Beardsley & Wolcott Mfg. Co.	240
Beechnut Packing Co.	118
Blaetz, J. H.	245
Bookhouse for Children, The	85
Boott Mills	237
Borden Company, The	96, 133
Breneman Co., The Charles W.	213
Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc.	119
Bristol-Myers Co.	250
Brown & Son, John I.	241
Bryant, Lane	222, 231, 236
Buettner & Co., T.	236
Buist Company, Robert	154
Burgess Seed Co.	156
Burpee Co., W. Atlee	154
California Fruit Growers Exchange	80
California Packing Corporation	120
Campbell Company, The William	204, 238
Campbell Soup Company	39
Canners League—Asparagus Section	110
Cannon Mills, Inc.	249
Capitol Candy School	237
Capitol Social Engraving Co.	241
Carbona Products Company	230
Carnation Milk Products Company	169
Carpenter-Morton Company	240
Cathedral of Engraving, Inc.	240
Chautauqua School of Nursing, The	236
Chesebrough Manufacturing Company	127
Chicago School of Nursing	230
Chivers, Herbert C.	241
Clapp, Inc., Harold H.	237
Clark Bros. Chewing Gum Co.	208
Clay Equipment Corp.	236
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	46, 55
College Inn Food Products Co.	230
Compton & Co., F. E.	147
Conard-Pyle Co., The	155
Condon Brothers	154
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	89
Corning Glass Works	113
Corn Products Refining Co.	211
Cream of Wheat Company	II Cover
Cudahy Packing Co., The	51, IV Cover
Curtis Companies, Inc.	223
Davis Company, R. B.	131
Denison & Co., T. S.	236
Dingee & Conard Co., The	154
Dodge Brothers Corporation (Division of Chrysler Corp'n)	178
Drackett Chemical Company, The	114, 146
Dreer, Henry A.	154
Drew Co., The Irving	121
Duofold Health Underwear Co.	238
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I.	177
Dwight Manufacturing Company	132
Dwinell-Wright Co.	234
Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.	134
Eastman Kodak Company	68, 69
Eaton, Crane & Pike Company	207
Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.	220
Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., N.	188
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company	103
Fels & Company	53
Ferris Nursery, Earl	154
Field, Marshall & Company, Wholesale	235
Fireside Industries	232
Fleischmann Company, The	83
Floral Book Co.	156
Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association	167
Ford Motor Company	81
Fremont Canning Co.	204
French Company, The R. T.	94
Frigidaire Corporation	78
Frostilla Company, The	181
Fuller Brush Company, The	128
Gartside's Iron Rust Soap	241
General Baking Co.	238
General Electric Company	79, 112
Gibson Refrigerator Co.	187
Glass Co., Henry	230
Glazo Co.	163
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	184
Gulden's Mustard	248
Heller Bros. Co.	156
Heublein & Bro., G. F.	226
Heywood-Wakefield Company	225
Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., The	135
Horlick's Malted Milk Corp.	82
Hormel & Co., Geo. A.	221
Hudson Motor Car Company	150
Hunt-Rankin Leather Company	119
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	100
Hygienic Products Co., The	104, 192
India Tea Bureau	235
Iridor School, The	241
Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, Inc., The	198
Isbell Seed Company	154
Ivers & Pond Piano Co.	226
Jell-O Company, Inc., The	64
Jergens Company, The Andrew	41, 70
Johns-Manville Corporation	206
Johnson & Johnson	77, 107
Johnson & Son, S. C.	143
Joliet Macaroni Co.	226
Julian & Kokenge Co., The	101
Jung Arch Brace Co., The	232
Junket Folks, The	222
Katzinger Co., Edward	193
Kiel Furniture Co., The	229
Kingsbury Mfg. Co.	155
Kip Corp'n	218
Kirsch Manufacturing Company	219
Kitchen Bouquet, Inc.	236
Kleenex Company	194
Knox Gelatine Co., Charles B.	161
Kotex Company	63
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation	125
Kunderd, A. E.	154
La Choy Food Products Inc.	147
La France Manufacturing Co.	196
Lambert Pharmacal Company	186
Laundryowners National Association, The	76
Lea & Perrins	230
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	117
Lemco	231
Lever Bros. Co.	62, 105, 123
Lewis Hotel Training Schools	237
Lewis Tea Room Institute	241
Lingerie "V" Co.	241
Liquid Veneer Corporation	90
Log Cabin Products Co., The	61
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.	195
Lyon & Son, Inc., I. W.	74
MacLeod Mfg. Co., The	226
Maltine Company, The	244
Maxwell House Products Company, Inc.	111
McCall Co.	231
Mello-Glo Co.	110
Mentholatum Co.	149
Merrell-Soule Co., Inc.	226
Metal Textile Corporation	237
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	130
Mills, F. B.	154
Moore Push-Pin Co.	241
Mulhens & Kropff, Inc	237
Mullins Manufacturing Corp.	193
National Bellas Hess Co., Inc.	179
National Home Planting Bureau	141
National Piano Manufacturers Ass'n	137
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.	230
Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company	182
Nazareth Waist Co.	170
New York Skin and Cancer Hospital	237
Northern Paper Mills	142
Norwich Pharmacal Co., The	151
O'Cedar Corp'n	202
Odorono Company, The	191
Olson Rug Co.	166
Orinoka Mills, The	176
Ott Engraving Co., L.	237
Pacific Coast Borax Co.	104
Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., The	129
Parsons Ammonia Co.	218
Paterson Parchment Paper Co., The	218
Pepsodent Company, The	171
Pet Milk Company	157
Phillips Chemical Company, Charles H.	217
Pike, S. W.	156
Plant Company, Thomas G.	227
Plymouth Motor Corporation (Division of Chrysler Corporation)	49
Pond's Extract Company, The	42, 43
Postum Co., Inc.	56, 67, 97
Princess Pat, Ltd.	65
Printz-Biederman Company, The	205
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2, 58, 59, 84
Quaker Oats Company, The	126
Quaker Products Co.	231, 236
Ragsdale, W. Hillyer	235, 241
Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., The	102
Red Cross Shoes	75
Remington Arms Company, Inc.	192
Reo Motor Car Company	165
Resinol Chemical Co.	241
Richards Co., Elmer	192
Rit Products Corporation	159
Robertshaw Thermostat Co.	224
Rogers Bros. 1847	92
Rogers & Son, Wm.	162
Rome Company, Inc., The	98
Royal Baking Powder Company, The	209
Russell Cutlery Co., John	204
Sanford Mfg. Co.	222
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	201
Scott Paper Company	106
Scranton Drapery Fabrics	183
Selby Shoe Co., The	174, 175
Shumway, R. H.	154
Simmons Company, The	158
Simoniz Company, The	74
Singer Sewing Machine Co., The	216
Skinner & Sons, Wm.	144
Skinner Mfg. Co.	222
Sodiphene Co., The	236
S. O. S. Mfg. Co.	243
Spencer Corsets	247
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	99, 109
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.	203
Standard Textile Products Co., The	217
Stark Brothers	155
Stein & Company, A.	134
Steinway & Sons	180
Storkline Furniture Corp.	210
Strouse-Baer Co., The	184
Swift & Company	152, III Cover
Taylor Instrument Companies	231
Thayer & Chandler	235
Thomas Clock Co., Seth	215
Thompson's Malted Milk Co.	122
Three-In-One Oil Company	108
Three-Minute Cereals Company	205
Tricker, Inc., Wm.	155
Trimble Mfg. Co., E. M.	222
Underwood Company, William	94
Utica Steam & Mohawk Valley Cotton Mills	225
Valentine & Company	172
Van Camp Packing Co.	233
Vermont Marble Company	139
Victor Talking Machine Company	1
Virginia Snow Studios	241
Wamsutta Mills	214
Wander Company, The	185
Warren, Northam	190
Washburn Crosby Company	138
Waterloo Bulb Farms	155
Waters-Genter Co.	228
Watkins Company, The R. L.	93
Wellington, Sears & Company	145
Wesley & Co., Edward	218
Wesson Oil & Snowdrift Company, Inc.	66
Western Co.	136
Wheatena Corporation, The	160
Wildhagen Bulb Farm	154
Wright & Sons Co., Wm. E.	237
Yardley & Co., Ltd.	148

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Particularly in these early years

Stockings that fit are *vital* to *your* child's future foot health

Her first Birthday

"STOCKINGS AND SOCKS WORN BY CHILDREN," says a leading authority on orthopedic surgery, "deserve special mention as a factor in foot deformity and weakness. They are frequently too short and too narrow and made of unyielding material, so that the proper action of the toes is restrained.

"Particularly in babyhood and early childhood—when growth is rapid and when the soft, flexible cartilage of the baby's foot is changing into bone—the prevention of subsequent weakness and deformity is of first importance."

2nd Year

There you have the reason why American Baby Hose are made exactly as doctors say they should be made and why more American Baby Hose are bought than any other kind for children up to six years.

It is also why all American Baby Hose are *sized by inches and half-inches,* so that mothers can easily determine the proper sizes. To do this for your child, simply measure the little foot from the back of the heel to the end of the big toe. That measurement, in inches or in inches and a half, is the actual number marked on the correct American Baby Hose size for your child. If the measurement is less than the even inch or half-inch, always choose the next *highest* inch or half-inch measurement.

3rd Year

4th Year

Only the finest materials are used in American Baby Hose. *Knit and shaped* (never stretched) to exact size and half size—as perfectly finished inside as outside—non-acid dyed, peroxide bleached—they cannot bind or irritate. *Permanently* elastic, a child can put them on alone—yet they always hold their shape.

5th Year

6th Year

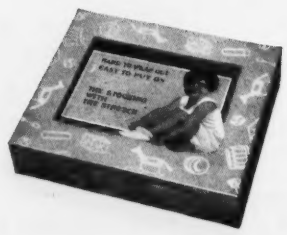
Made in 30 styles, for every need and every purse, including the smartest patterns and colors. *Insist* on American Baby Hose and insure *your* child's priceless foot health.

J. H. BLAETZ
Mascher and Allegheny, Philadelphia, Pa.

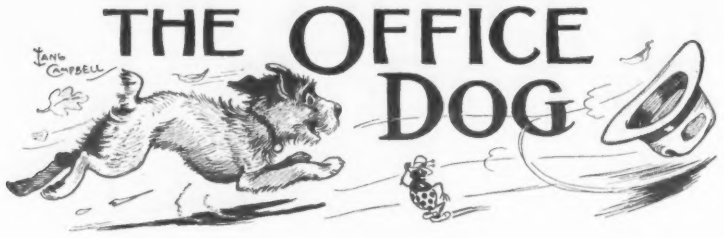
AMERICAN *Baby Hose*

The stocking with the stretch

Write for Free Booklet "The Care of Baby's Feet"



THE OFFICE DOG



"YOU DON'T EAT IN FRONT O' NUMBER 215 NO MORE, BILL." "NAW, I DON'T CARE FOR THAT THERE BYZANTINE STUFF"

A City Man Takes a Country Hike

1:00 to 1:30 P.M.—Walks through city to car line.
1:30 to 2:30 P.M.—Rides standing on street car to subway.
2:30 to 3:00 P.M.—Rides standing on subway to bus terminal.
3:00 to 5:00 P.M.—Rides standing on bus to small town.
5:00 to 5:30 P.M.—Hikes in country and gets breath of fresh air.
5:30 to 9:30 P.M.—Returns home, standing on crowded bus, subway, and street car, and has breath of fresh air squeezed out of him.

—HAZEL BORING.

Can You Imagine?

"SO FRED isn't to be trusted with a car?"
"No, when he had mine he ran over a couple of pedestrians and never bothered to get the bumper straightened."

And Saturday Night

INTERVIEWER *(to manufacturer)*: Mr. Goofus, it is known that you have made a million in the soap business. To what do you attribute your success?
MR. GOOFUS: To clean living.

FIREMEN were called to Mound and Spring streets this morning where an auto caught fire from a crossed wife in the car. —*Coshocton (Ohio) Tribune.*

The result of back-seat driving.

"GEORGE, I'VE LEFT MY BAG AT THE TOP—I'VE GOT TO GET OFF RIGHT NOW—I INSIST"

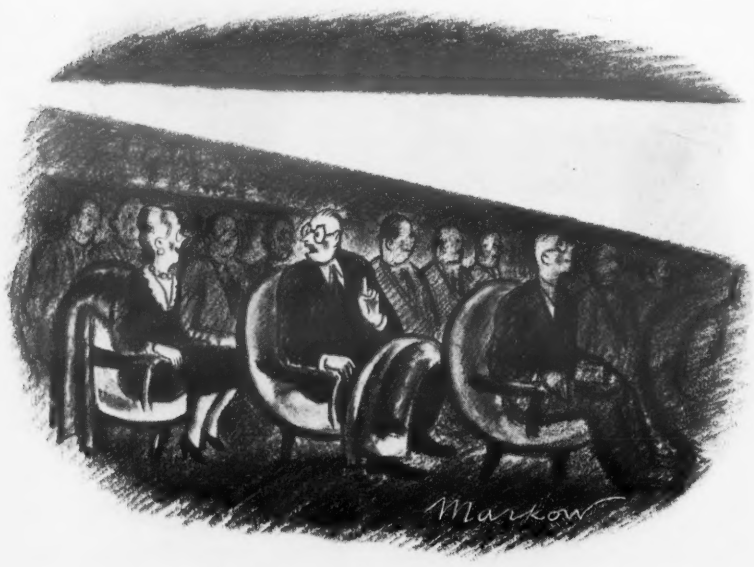
Equally Guiltless

AN ENGLISH bishop was reproving one of the clergy for his interest in hunting. "It is unfortunate," he said, gravely, "that your name should appear in connection with the sport—most unfortunate."

The clergyman had known the bishop for many years, and so without the slightest hesitation he ventured to murmur a query as to whether the bishop considered hunting worse than attending dances.

"I know to what you refer," said the bishop, with a slight accession of color. "But I wish you to understand that although my name appeared as that of a guest at Lady Throckmorton's recent dance, I was never in the same room with the dancers."

"And that," said the clergyman quickly, "is exactly my position. I am never in the same field with the hounds."



GENTLEMAN *(to chronic subtitle reader)*: "MADAM, THIS IS NOT A TALKING PICTURE"

"THE PEOPLE JUST AIN'T BUYING MONKEY JUMPERS THIS WEEK"

Had Lots of Practice

A SHORT business meeting was held at which time the plans for the play were perfected. The title of the play is Clubbing a Husband. The leading part will be taken by Mrs. I. M. Hefty, who is thoroughly experienced in this kind of amusement. All the characters have been chosen and practice will begin at once.

—*Akron Times-Press.*

"HOW ARE YOU GOING TO SAIL YOUR BOAT WITHOUT ANY WATER?" "WILLIE'S PRAYIN' FOR RAIN"

LOST—From home Saturday, female pointer white and speckled six months old, wearing collar with First National Bank attached. Finder please notify W. S. Graham, First National Bank, Gainesville, Florida. —*Gainesville (Florida) Sun.*

That's what you get for keeping the bank at home.

Ho-Hum!

MADGE: Do you often think of Gerald these days?
MAE: Every time I yawn.

WIFE: "HENRY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" HENRY: "I'M SNEAKING IN"

Can the devoted wife and mother conduct a successful business outside the home?

This is the inspiring story of one woman who found health and financial freedom through her own efforts

LESS than a year ago a woman sat counting over her household bills and staring at a mortgage statement about to fall due on her home in a small Long Island town.

"And there are so many things that I'd like to do for the children, all three of them," said Mrs. Wegener, to herself.

"Just then the chubby hands of my youngest child thrust a Ladies' Home Journal between me and my bills. 'See, mother, here's a lovely dress I'll buy for you,' she said. I only glanced at the dress, because I saw a question at the bottom of the page, 'Do you want to make money?'

"I not only wanted to make money but I *had* to, or face the possibility of getting farther into debt. So I hastily cut out the coupon, filled it in and hopefully sent it to The Berger Brothers Company, New Haven.

"In a few days I had a conference with the representative of the company and was offered the chance to establish myself in a new and most interesting profession in my own community.

"First of all, though, I had to enter an intensive training class to study with an expert on figure problems the Spencer way of diagnosing correctly the lines of the figure. For weeks I talked in my sleep about ptosis, lordosis, and the evil effects of incorrect posture.

"These first busy weeks I tested for myself the value of the service I was about to offer others by wearing a specially designed supporting corset to correct the condition of ptosis which had been troubling me for years. I not only looked like a new creature at once but could walk for hours without my usual backaches.

"At last I was pronounced a fully trained and competent corsetiere. Then a new life of community service and usefulness opened before me. I began to pay off my burdensome debts and buy pretty things for my three small children, but above all, I caught a vision of the new beauty and helpfulness I could bring into the lives of other women with Spencer service.

"There was the shy little woman down my street who had three small babies and needed a skilfully designed supporting garment to coax her figure back to loveliness of line.

"And the spirited old lady who takes all the care of her paralyzed son, a war veteran. She had fallen and was badly crippled from a sacro-iliac sprain. The Spencer garment specially designed to relieve this condition set her on her feet rejoicing.

"And there is always the pleasure of showing people how to look their best and most charming selves. Successful? Yes, if a growing balance in the bank, a home life made richer by my own efforts, and a changed outlook upon life, mean success."

May we tell you about Spencer Service?

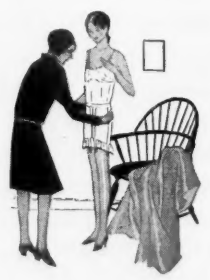
If you have a financial problem and would like to enter upon an interesting and profitable profession in your home town, send us the coupon below and let us help you achieve your ambitions.

If you have any problem with your figure, or want a garment specially designed to guard your figure from the ageing effects of fatigue, look in your telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere," and ask the Spencer Corsetiere to come to your home. This will not obligate you in any way.

How the Spencer Service is brought to you

The Spencer Corsetiere comes to your home and makes a study of your figure.

The Spencer Designers create a garment from this study to safeguard or correct your figure.



The Spencer Corsetiere shows you how to adjust your Spencer.

SPENCER

CORSETS, GIRDLES, BRASSIERES, BELTS, SURGICAL CORSETS

Sold only Spencer *through Corsetieres*

© 1929, The Berger Bros. Co.

THE BERGER BROTHERS COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONN. *In Great Britain:* SPENCER CORSETS, LTD., BANBURY, OXON, ENGLAND

WE CREATE A DESIGN ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

WRITE TO ANNE SPENCER TODAY

Anne Spencer will give you personal advice free upon any problem you may have about the control or correction of your figure.

Anne Spencer March, 1929
c-o The Berger Brothers Co.
141 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

Please send me a free copy of your interesting illustrated booklet, "The Way to Youthful Grace."

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....*State*.....

Do you want to make money?

Anne Spencer will tell you how you may build up a prosperous business in your community. You will receive all necessary training. Check the square to the right. ☐

WHAT DO MEN LIKE?

STEAK *from the* WALDORF

When the Chef at the Waldorf cooks Steak à la Gulden, he spreads each side of the steak, before putting on the fire, with a generous layer of Gulden's, then broils over a hot flame. The mustard forms a crust, thus retaining the juice inside of the steak, and the delightful seasoning blends with the meat juices.

CHOPS *from the* ROOSEVELT

The Roosevelt Chef suggests: "Cut a pork chop an inch thick and split so it will open like a book. Spread the inside generously with Gulden's. Close sides without pressing, with two toothpicks; season with salt and pepper. Cook slowly with some butter, basting frequently. When well done, serve chop covered with gravy left in pan."

Give him these famous dishes at home

STEAK, juicy and delicious—Chops, crisply appetizing—they are always favorites with men. But for a real treat, try cooking them according to the new method given here by the chefs of famous New York hotels. You will be amazed at the zest-exciting relish a change of seasoning will give.

Once you have used Gulden's to bring out the hidden flavor in meats, you will want to try it in all your cooking. This golden seasoning combines the finest mustard seeds to stimulate the appetite, and spices from far lands to give a savory touch to familiar foods.

It is this rare blend that makes Gulden's a favorite with chefs and an aid to the housewife, eager for new ways to please her family. You will be delighted with the *different* taste it gives to "the same old dishes." And the method is so simple that any housewife, in her own kitchen, can use this effective seasoning as easily as the great chefs do in famous hotels.

Gulden's Mustard is a perfect relish served with cold-cuts and in salads and sandwiches. In the same easy way, it glorifies the flavor of meats, fish and poultry when spread over them *before cooking;* makes left-over dishes and vegetables more delicious; and lends piquancy to sauces and gravies.

Each drop of Gulden's Blended Mustard carries a rich store of flavor, giving new appeal to ordinary foods. That is why it is the ideal seasoner for cooking.

63 Favorite Recipes Free

Check coupon for attractive new recipe booklet compiled by expert cooks. If you also want 2-oz. sample bottle enclose 10c. Charles Gulden, Inc., Dept. Q-4, 50 Elizabeth St., New York City.

GULDEN'S MUSTARD

Use it as a seasoning in cooking

MAIL THIS COUPON

CHARLES GULDEN, Inc., Dept. Q-4
50 Elizabeth St., New York City.

☐ Please send me a free copy of "Seasoning Secrets," containing 63 recipes with a new taste-thrill.

☐ I enclose 10 cents for a 2-oz. sample bottle of your delicious seasoner, as well as recipe booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Table of Contents

COVER DESIGN BY ROY SPRETER

FICTION

	Page
Young Mrs. Greeley (In three parts): Part I—*Booth Tarkington*	3
"Open Season"—*Bernice Brown*	7
Life Isn't Like That—*Samuel Merwin*	8
A Daughter of the Arts—*Mella Russell McCallum*	14
The Enchanting One—*Gerald Mygatt*	15
The Golden Pound—*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	16
A Hoot for Social Position—*Nina Wilcox Putnam*	20
Skippy Sings a Requiem—*Percy Crosby*	24
Illusion: Part III—*Arthur Train*	28
Cedars Must Have the Wind—*Sophie Kerr*	32

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Mrs. Hoover Knows—*Frederick Palmer*	6
New Orleans—*Sketches in color by Charles W. Simpson, R.C.A., Text by Harris Dickson*	10
Lopez Speaking—*Announced by Mary Margaret McBride*	12
The Three Ruths in Congress—*Anne Hard*	13
The Strength of Sweetness—*Woods Hutchinson, M.D.*	26
Wedding Bills—*Graeme Lorimer*	27
Two Women at the Counter—*Julius Klein*	35
Women of the A. E. F.—*Gladys Moon Jones*	115

FASHIONS

	Page
Eleven Paris Gowns Distinguished by Chic Details	36
Lucile, Joseph Paquin and Renée Afternoon Frocks	38
Illustrating the Genius of the French "Coupe"	40
First Spring Fashions Glimpsed in Paris Cables	42
Daytime Dresses for Early Spring	45
Why Our New Paris Patterns Are Different—*Pamela Coyne*	47
New Weaves and Designs From France—*Constance Miller*	48
Chic Paris Equipment for Rainy Spring Days	52
Spring-Weather Suggestions	54
Smartness for Early Spring	57
Coming Fabric Fashions	60
Charming Mothers-to-Be—*Helen Montell*	62

NEEDLEWORK

A Travel Ensemble Matches the Suitcase Lining—*Christine Ferry*	173
Peter Rabbit Plays an Ensemble Part—*Designed by Merle Munn*	179

THE PRACTICAL HOMEMAKER

Things That We All Want Alike—*Alice L. Edwards*	86
Crisp Rolled Wafers are Dainty Desserts	87
The Modern Fashion in Old-Style Vegetables	88
Cooking en Brochette—*Caroline B. King*	91
Menus for St. Patrick's Day Entertaining	93
We Test Our Readers' Recipes	94
What's New?	99
Charming Luncheon Sets Which Have Just Arrived From Paris	101
Signs of a Healthy Child—*S. Josephine Baker, M.D.*	103

INTERIOR DECORATION

Is the Antique Fever Waning?—*Ethel Davis Seal*	18
Two Studies Especially Planned for Men—*Designed by Howard and Frenaye*	19

ARCHITECTURE

We Create Our Dream Home—*Pearl Fisher Beach*	30
Three Garden Homes From One Plan—*J. Harold Hawkins*	31
Three Journal Garden Homes—*Designed by Ernest Flagg*	200
New Entrances for Old Houses—*David DeWitt*	204

GARDENS

Water Lilies—*George H. Pring*	22
New Aids and Accessories for the Garden	140
Six Unusual Rock Plants—*Anderson McCully*	142
Developing the Small Suburban Lot—*James Bush-Brown*	149
Two Gardens in the Modernistic Manner—*Designed by Mrs. George A. Robbins*	153
Three Small Fruits for Your Garden—*Clarence E. Baker*	156

MISCELLANEOUS

Editorials	34
The Sub-Deb—*A Page for Girls*	164
More Money for Every One of You!—*Manager of the Girls' Club*	166
Women in Business	213
The Office Dog	246

A Special Word to Subscribers

WHEN you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name exactly as it appears on your present address label.

A request for change of address must *reach us* at least 5 weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect—6 weeks before, if you live on the Pacific Coast. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Should your subscription expire with this issue of the HOME JOURNAL your renewal should be sent promptly to insure receipt of the April issue before it is "sold out." We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Subscribers should always use Postal or Express money orders or Bank drafts in remitting. All Rural Free Delivery carriers can supply Postal money orders.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *The Saturday Evening Post* (weekly) 5c the copy, $2.00 the year—52 issues (U. S. A.), 10c the copy, $3.00 the year—52 issues (Canada) and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Our Advertising Branch Offices

[For advertising business only. Subscriptions not received.]

PHILADELPHIA: Independence Square
NEW YORK: 366 Madison Avenue
CHICAGO: 231 S. La Salle Street
DETROIT: 3044 W. Grand Boulevard
CLEVELAND: 925 Euclid Avenue
BOSTON: 30 State Street
SAN FRANCISCO: 1 Montgomery Street

Towels you're proud to own . . .

AT PRICES YOU CAN EASILY PAY

CANNON TOWELS

TRADE MARK CANNON REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

HAVE you ever thought what a difference it would make to you if you had an abundant supply of towels in your home? No worrying on that score, if wash-day turns out to be rainy. No anxiety if an unexpected guest visits you for the week-end. No sense of hopelessness as you try to make your bathroom immaculate and inviting—an impossible task when mussed towels slump on the racks.

If you will take just a few minutes to inspect and price Cannon towels, the next time you go shopping, you'll discover how easily and inexpensively you can have this carefree supply of towels. Beautiful towels. Towels you can take pride in, no matter who your guest may be. Towels in new colors to match the newest shades in bathroom fixtures! But at such low prices that they really demand an explanation.

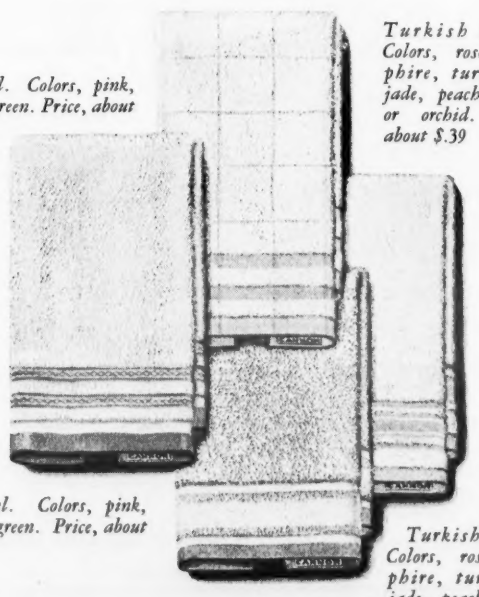
You can buy Cannon towels—good-looking, usable, long-wearing towels—for as little as twenty-five cents! And the whole explanation is this—the name Cannon. Cannon towels are made in the largest towel mills in the world with an efficiency that permits the greatest economy. The result is better towels at any price you wish to pay.

This unique combining of high quality and low price has made it entirely practical to have enough towels to furnish every member of the family a fresh, clean Cannon towel every day. Practical indeed—it costs so very little. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

The keenest judges of towel value are, of course, the hotels. They buy on the basis of tests and long experience, for their annual towel requirements are enormous. Their preference furnishes a trustworthy buying guide for the housewife. A large majority of the hotels in this country specify Cannon towels. They've done it for years.

Turkish towel. Colors, pink, blue, gold or green. Price, about $1.25

Turkish towel. Colors, rose, sapphire, turquoise, jade, peach, maize or orchid. Price, about $.39



Turkish towel. Colors, pink, blue, gold or green. Price, about $1.25

Turkish towel. Colors, rose, sapphire, turquoise, jade, peach, maize or orchid. Price, about $.50

You can now take advantage of Cannon values in your purchases of sheets, as well as in towels. The better department and dry-goods stores sell Cannon sheets in three different grades. Each grade offers a better quality sheet than the price ever bought before. And Cannon Lavender Lawn, the top grade, is, unquestionably, the finest sheet in the world.

How can I escape this modern plague of gum disorders?

Questions: *by You*

Answers: *by the Dentists*

YOU: *"This morning when I brushed my teeth, my gums felt tender and bled a little. Do you suppose I could have pyorrhea?"*

DENTISTS: "Probably not. The chances are it's nothing more serious than a soft and tender spot somewhere on your gums."

YOU: *"But what could be the cause?"*

DENTISTS: "Lack of exercise, more than likely. In this day of soft foods your gums grow weak and flabby because they have no vigorous chewing to do."

YOU: *"But I can't change the household arrangements about meals."*

DENTISTS: "No need to. Simply massage your gums twice a day at the time you brush your teeth. Use your brush or your fingers, whichever is more comfortable."

YOU: *"What good does that do?"*

DENTISTS: "It stimulates the flow of blood through the gum walls. It builds up and tones the tiny cells. It makes your gums firm and healthy."

YOU: *"Sounds sensible."*

DENTISTS: "It is. And if you want to get better results, use Ipana Tooth Paste for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning of your teeth. Brush *both* your gums and teeth with it, thoroughly, twice a day. If you do this conscientiously, you'll see an improvement within a month. Your gums will be firmer in texture, pinker and healthier in color."

* * *

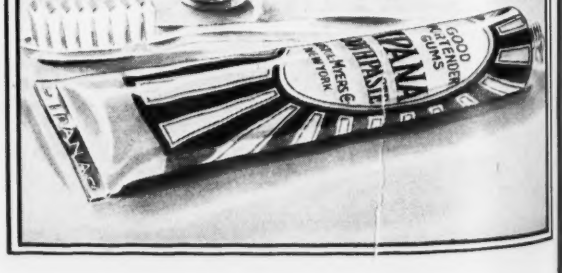
An imaginary dialogue, you say? Yes—in form, but not in substance. For Ipana's amazing growth rests upon its professional support—the clearest proof that thousands of dentists are daily speaking to their patients in the vein of this conversation.

Ask your own dentist about Ipana. Let him point out the benefits of its marvelous cleaning power, the refreshing sense of health it brings to the whole mouth. And, most important, let him tell you why he sees it as a weapon in the fight against gum troubles.

For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating antiseptic and hemostatic long used by the profession. Its presence gives Ipana the power to tone and invigorate weakened gums—to build them back to sound and sturdy health.

Ipana deserves a full month's trial

The coupon offers you a ten-day sample, gladly sent. But the full-size tube awaiting you at the nearest drug store makes the better test. For it contains 100 brushings, more than enough for a month. So get a tube today and let Ipana start tonight on its good work for your teeth and gums.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-39
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© 1929

In Chicago's smartest suburb, her dinners are *outstanding events..*

Cecilia Benner, famous *"professional"* cook to the fashionables of Lake Forest, *gives her recipe for a favorite entrée*

Cecilia Benner, celebrated "professional" cook of Lake Forest, Illinois. Among her many distinguished patrons are:

Mrs. Paul Wilder
Mrs. W. Scott Linn
Mrs. Tracy Buckingham
Mrs. Howard Peabody
Mrs. Edward Hasler
Mrs. William Mitchell Blair
Mrs. J. T. Bowen, Jr.
Mrs. Farwell Winston
Mrs. Edward Birmingham
Mrs. Leslie Wheeler
Mrs. Charles Glore
Mrs. W. E. Clow, Jr.

Spinach Molds with Premium Bacon *are delicious as an entrée or as a main dish for dinner or luncheon. Mrs. Benner here gives her recipe (above at right) simplified for a family of six.*

Spinach Molds
with Premium Bacon

Wash 4 lbs. of spinach and boil 25 minutes in ½ pint water. Put through a strainer and chop very fine. Then add 2 tbsps. butter, 2 tbsps. cream, 1 tbsp. grated onion, and salt and pepper to taste. Pack in individual molds. Place molds in a pan of water and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven (375°F.). Turn out molds on a platter and wrap each with one or two strips of broiled Premium Bacon. Garnish with parsley and deviled eggs, cut in quarters.

As an entrée for a formal dinner Mrs. Benner serves the Spinach Molds with Premium Bacon on rounds of toast and broiled tomato with thick cheese sauce. The dish is garnished with grenadine pears.

How many notable and charming dinners she has prepared in Lake Forest—this village of beautiful homes and princely estates!

For years Cecilia Benner has been the best known "professional" cook in Chicago's smartest suburb. Among her patrons are many of the noted families in the world of fashion.

On important occasions when the hosts wish to outdo themselves—for stately dinners or informal luncheons, it is Cecilia Benner who is called in. She plans the menu, decides what kind of food to buy, and cooks the main dishes herself.

One of her celebrated dishes

Among the many successful dishes which Mrs. Benner has served at brilliant dinners, is the entrée described on this page. Velvety green spinach molds, circled with dainty, golden-brown strips of bacon. So exquisite to look at—so delicious to taste!

When telling how to prepare this entrée, Mrs. Benner says: "For the correct mingling of flavors that means the success of this dish, I always use a particular kind of bacon—Swift's Premium. Its unusual delicacy and mildness blend deliciously with other foods, and yet it is distinctive. I never could mistake any other brand for Premium. I always use it in all my cooking, whether in my own home or for entertainments."

In these words Mrs. Benner is only echoing the choice of wise housewives the country over. They know and appreciate the rare goodness of Premium, its special, savory mildness, its uniform proportioning of fat and lean. For the daily breakfast, or to serve in tempting combination dishes for lunch and dinner, they are careful to choose Premium.

Does your family know the rich, appetizing flavor of Swift's Premium Bacon? To them, as to the distinguished patrons of this famous cook, it will mean added pleasure at the table.

Swift & Company.

Premium Bacon comes in 1 lb. and ½ lb. cartons or in the whole slab. If you buy the slab, look for the name "Swift" branded in dots down the sides.

Swift's Premium Hams *and* Bacon

Old Dutch safeguards your family with *Healthful Cleanliness* and protects porcelain and enamel

It is a recognized fact that perfect cleanliness is essential to the preservation of health. For that very reason the tub and the washbowl should be cleaned with Old Dutch Cleanser after each using. This is an important protection that should never be neglected because Old Dutch removes all impurities and safeguards health against their ever-menacing influence.

The high standard of cleanliness which Old Dutch has definitely established meets the most exacting requirements of *hygiene . . . good health . . .* and *good housekeeping.*

Old Dutch Cleanser is safe because it cleans without injury to the surface. Contains no harsh, scratchy grit, acid or caustic—doesn't harm the hands.

Old Dutch is efficient because it cleans thoroughly, quickly, easily and economically. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles possess natural detergent qualities and wipe away the dirt with a smooth, clean sweep.

Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness because it takes away the invisible impurities, as well as the visible dirt, water rings, stains and discolorations.

The distinctive quality and character of Old Dutch make it perfect for snow-white and gayly colored porcelain and enamel; tile, painted walls, woodwork and nickel. Old Dutch protects their beauty and keeps them shining with *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Old Dutch is economical—
a little goes a long way

Chases Dirt
Protects the Home

© 1929 The C. P. C